

# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

OVER 290,000 COPIES Sold Every Week FREE NOVEL

Vol. III. No. 29.

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1935

52 PAGES. PRICE 3d.

SYDNEY

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY  
18 DEC 1935  
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

## CHRISTMAS Shopping!

*T*HERE are balls and yachts and  
wooden trains,  
And heaps of other toys.  
But you ought to see the aeroplanes,  
And the rocking-horse with leather reins  
They have for little boys.

There are money-boxes shaped like frogs,  
And dolls with yellow curls;  
There are funny little squeaking dogs  
And a Micky Mouse and gollywogs,  
All meant for little girls.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.





# RICHARD DIX *May* *Star in FILMS HERE!*

Keen Interest Stirred in Hollywood  
by Secret Negotiations

Miss Helen Twelvetrees is not to enjoy for long the distinction of being the only specially imported film star in Australia.

National Productions Ltd., through Gaumont-British, who are contracted to distribute any films made by them, are sifting England and Hollywood for suitable stars for their first production, "The Flying Doctor."

Our Hollywood correspondent reports, by cable, that there is a strong probability that Richard Dix will fill the principal role in this picture.

By cable from Our Special Correspondent in Hollywood.

A GREAT deal of interest has been aroused in the colony by the news that an Australian studio, through a representative of Gaumont-British, is endeavoring to secure the services of well-known stars.

Conjecture is running high as to the identity of the Hollywood personalities who have been approached, but I have it on good authority that negotiations with Richard Dix have reached a stage where very little is needed now but the signatures on the contract. If this be true, it is almost a certainty that early in 1936 Australians will be seeing in the flesh this actor who, up to now, has only been a shadow shape to them.

Color is added to the information I have received by the fact that a trip to Australia would not be Richard's first desertion of American studios. Gaumont-British tempted him away to star in a feature that has just been completed, "Transatlantic Tunnel," which will probably be shown in Australia as "The Tunnel."

## World Figure

THIS picture, just released in New York at the Roxy, has created a big impression over here. Acting in distinguished company—Leslie Banks, Madge Evans, and C. Aubrey Smith—are among the cast—Dix has done excellent work, and nothing could be more natural than that Gaumont-British, who, I understand, are tied up as distributors for National Productions Limited of Sydney, Australia, should endeavor to secure him for the first picture they are to handle from the studio of this company.

Richard Dix is known the world over. Add to that the credit that is coming his way from his first English picture, and you will realize that an Australian film with Dix's name heading the cast will stand a fine chance of getting world-wide releases and, incidentally, of earning big money for the studio and distributors alike.

If this actor does visit Australia, he

will cause quite a flutter among the women and not a little heartburning among the males. Born in 1895, he is just at that age when a man is supposed to be embarking on the prime of life. Six feet tall, and just under 130 lb., he is no bad figure of a male, and if you add to these attractions dark brown hair, brown eyes, and features that are masculinely attractive, you will get a bird's-eye view of a star who has never lacked a strong following of female fans.

Although Dix, of late, has not enjoyed as much prominence in the screen world as was his a few years ago, he has been kept consistently busy.

During 1933, '34, and '35, R.K.O. had him working in their studio, and among the films in which he starred during this period were "West of the Pecos," "Stingaree," "The Great Jasper," and "Ace of Aces." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer starred him in "Day of Reckoning."

His experience has been wide. Born in St. Paul, Minnesota, he went from the State University to the North-West School of Dramatics, graduating from this institution to the St. Paul Stock Co. Further experience in stock acting came his way with the Pittsburgh Stock Co., so that, before Hollywood claimed him, he had received a thorough training in the actor's art.

Last of all, his real name is Ernest Carlton Brinner. A bit of a monthful after the terseness of Richard Dix, but don't let that worry you; he doesn't use it—much. And only very personal friends are allowed to call him Ernie.

## Negotiations Admitted

INTERVIEWED by a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly, Mr. A. J. Williamson, Australian representative of Gaumont-British Pictures, would not commit himself regarding the identity of the stars who have been approached for National Productions Limited's first picture, "The Flying Doctor."

Mr. Williamson stated, however, that

representatives of Gaumont-British in Hollywood are at the moment negotiating with seven well-known stars—four male and three female—but nothing has yet been finalised, although, in view of the limited time that remains before production is scheduled to commence, arrangements will have to be concluded within the next week.

In all probability two male leads will be imported for this picture. If National Productions, through G.-B., can secure sufficiently strong masculine stars, they will not bring out a feminine lead. Mr. Williamson, voicing the opinion of himself and the studio management, said that, for "The Flying Doctor," sufficient talent could be found among Australian girls, and, given a male star whose name would carry weight in the English and American markets, Australian actresses would get their chance.

The interest that Gaumont-British, as distributors, take in National Studios Ltd. and its sister company, National Productions Ltd., is shown by the assist-

ance the British organisation is giving to the infant Australian companies. Gaumont-British have lent, for the making of "The Flying Doctor," Miles Mander, one of their directors, T. D. Connachie, unit manager, and Captain Orton, scenario writer. The purpose of these men is not only to make a good job of the film they have come out to make, but also to train an Australian personnel to carry on after their return to England.

Behind the activities of Gaumont-British to secure acting talent for the picture is the same idea, namely, to do everything possible to make the first Australian picture they handle one that will find an international market.

A star whose name means something to English and American audiences would go a long way towards selling "The Flying Doctor" abroad. The appearance in it of Richard Dix, following so closely on his success in "Transatlantic Tunnel," would ensure good bookings.



RICHARD DIX, world-famous screen star, who may soon be coming to Australia. The starring of this popular male lead would go a long way towards securing overseas markets for an Australian film.

## WORKING ON THE SET with Helen Twelvetrees Beautiful Actress is by no Means Temperamental

By Our Special Commissioner.

Every star must have a setting, but the setting for Helen Twelvetrees, beautiful Hollywood star, who is making the Australian film, "Thoroughbred," at Cinesound studios, is something that cannot be taken in at a glance.

A glimpse behind the scenes is diverting. It bears all the appearances of a well-contrived and enthusiastically-run madhouse, yet behind it all a great job of work is being done.

THERE is atmosphere aplenty. As one enters a beautifully-framed picture of Lady Godiva leans against a stable door. This may be fitting enough, since the script of "Thoroughbred" tells that she "put everything on a horse." Then men with muddy clothes and disreputable looks sit around and smoking at a table laid for a banquet.

Having passed these by, the visitor engages in conversation with an exquisitely-garbed gentleman, who says: "Excuse me, sir, I'm only an extra, the gentleman with the dirty chin has a big part."

You sigh and turn away to see a man seated on a magnificent Chesterfield lounge change a pair of muddy boots for dancing slippers, or a glamorous lady sharing smokes with "The Ringer" or someone very much like him, and enjoying it too.

Then there was a man walking about with a hammer, but he didn't hit anything. Every time he tried, a bell rang and someone said "Silence, please."

## Spot Marked X

IN parts the studio resembles a newspaper office. There is the spot marked "X" where Miss Billie Andrews, "staid in" for the star, waits patiently and rehearses until Miss Twelvetrees is ready to face the cameras.

They have their merry interludes as well. One set calls for a magnificent Gainsborough picture, and when everything was ready to shoot, director Ken

poise which helps the rest of the cast tremendously.

"Temperament? No, I haven't any, thank goodness," said Miss Twelvetrees. "That's an old pose, done with years ago. Besides, I'm too busy."

And that is perfectly true. The hardest worked person on the set is the star. Through "takes" and "retakes" she weaves her smiling way, only resting during brief repales until she hears the voice of her taskmaster. "Lights! Camera! Miss Twelvetrees, please." Which means another shooting party.

## Silent Sound

THE happiest men on the set are the workmen. Their smiles rival the great Klieg lights in warmth and intensity. Just as it seems that they will get down to serious work outside, a bell rings and a siren sounds—the signal for complete and profound silence, and all work ceases.

It is rumored that two men have been trying to move a plank from the front of the studio to the back for a fortnight. But, of course, everything heard in a film studio cannot be believed.

There is another star out at Cinesound who runs a close second in popularity to Miss Twelvetrees—Antique, the thoroughbred which cost £2000 as a yearling. He hasn't been an outstanding success as a racehorse, but wins in the prize-ring long indicated his success as a movie-star.



Helen Twelvetrees gets down to work in a scene from the Australian film, "Thoroughbred," being made at the Cinesound Studios, Sydney.

WIDE AWAKE  
CELIA...

stole a march on Beauty. Went to her dressing table looking just ordinary, [such an indifferent skin] came away a vision of breath-taking loveliness. She found the gift of a radiant complexion waiting her in her pretty box of Revelry.

**Revelry**  
that artful, flattering Face Powder

2/6 Box  
— of all Chemists and Stores

Also Revelry Face Cream, Revelry Talc and Revelry Perfume... achieving the same exciting fragrance.

J. & E. ATKINSON (AUSTRALIA) LTD.  
067.32



# LET'S Talk About—



ENGLISH CONDUCTOR

STEPHEN YORKE, who is the conductor of the Australian Broadcasting Commission's National Military Band, is carrying on the excellent work begun by Captain, now Major, Adkins, director of Kneller Hall, the Royal Military School of Music in England, from which Mr. Yorke graduated. Mr. Yorke is regarded as one of the finest musicians in the British Army, and has served in various parts of the world. He is a Londoner, and began his military career in the South Lancashire Regiment in 1908. He served with that regiment in England and Ireland, and in 1914 went to France, where he saw four years' active service. For bravery at the first battle of Ypres he was awarded the D.C.M. He has a charming wife and small son, John, who has already visited many foreign parts.



MUSSOLINI'S CHOICE.

FULVIO SUVICH, the Italian Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was chosen as Signor Mussolini's chief assistant in 1932. Until his appointment to the Foreign Office his diplomatic preparation, in a general sense, may be said to have been negligible. He had specialised in financial questions which only indirectly allowed him to come in touch with the current problems of foreign politics. On the other hand, he had a very deep knowledge of the political problems of Central Europe and of the highly intricate interplay of economic ties and economic discords between the Succession States. His political career was assured from the outset. His appointment as President of the Financial Committee of the League of Nations was the first public recognition of his exceptional merits.



—Rembrandt, Adelaide.

## WORKER FOR UNEMPLOYED.

ALD. J. R. CAIN, the well-beloved Lord Mayor of Adelaide, leaves no stone unturned to help with the relief of suffering and want among the poor. At the moment he is organising a huge Christmas appeal. His scheme for putting poor families on the land is only awaiting the report of the Department of Agriculture before it is put into operation.

Mr. Cain has been a member of the Adelaide City Council for 18 years, and in this, his third year as Lord Mayor, he has raised £11,000 for unemployed. He arrived in Adelaide from England as a very small boy, and used to be an enthusiastic debater and member of literary societies. Hidden away in a drawer is the manuscript of a novel written several years ago.

# WHAT are you GIVING ME for CHRISTMAS?

## A Simple Solution for All Your Troubles

By JACK GELL

Friends, flappers, countrywomen!

Lend me your purses. I come not to tell you what I want, but just to let you know what I *don't* want for Christmas.

Doubtless you have been worrying. If you haven't, I have. But cease, stop, desist, abstain, discontinue, or at least pause.

TO start with, I do not want a safety razor. I have a dozen of them already, all shapes and sizes, some of them guaranteed to lather, rub, and shave all in the one motion while I am reading the morning paper, and at least one that will play "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze," or the "Barcarolle," according to the mood I am in.

Enough safety razors in short to mow the longest face that was pulled under the depression. And that's what you might call real shaving.

But the fact is, I don't use a safety razor, have never used one, and am never likely to use one so long as my old trusty straight blade sticks around the house. Maybe a fancy cigarette-lighter has caught your eye! But don't misunderstand me when I say that my supply of cigarette-lighters is getting a trifle low.

## Consider My Friends!

WHAT I want to convey is that every Christmas since cigarette-lighters were invented I have averaged three a Christmas, and even if no more are given me and I do not change my attitude towards my friends so far as these very attractive little adjuncts to a smoker's outfit are concerned, I will still have enough to give three away every Christmas until 1941.

But what is more to the point is that I don't use and never have used cigarette-lighters, and if you must know the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, I don't smoke cigarettes.

Which immediately suggests a pipe. A very sensible gift and one invariably appreciated. And, of course, none of my friends will think of a pipe. Oh, dear no. None of them know I smoke a pipe. And none of them has ever given me one.

But while I may be a pipe-smoker, I'm not a tobaccoist's shop, and if anybody gives me a pipe this year I'll simply have to double my output to my friends.



and, after all, if you don't want to consider my better feelings—presuming always that I have any—please have a thought for them.

Now there are the thousand and one little gadgets to titivate a motor car—flower-vases, ash-trays, and what not. Well, I don't like flowers in motor cars. They remind me too much of funerals, and I hate looking so far ahead.

Also, I still have sufficient strength to throw matches and that sort of thing out the window. And, to be perfectly honest, I don't own a motor car, and don't see any prospect of ever securing one.

## Serious Objection

I DON'T want golf sticks. I still have quite a good set I don't use, on top of which I possess a magnificent array of graded clubs that were presented to me three months ago.

Likewise, I don't want any of the million and one helps to golfers that are to be had for 1/- or 5/-, and are guaranteed to improve my game. I've tried all of them, and my game can't be improved. Ask any professional at any golf club who has tried!

I have enough slippers to do me for



TWO ACUTE ANGLES on a not-so-merry Christmas.

the next 17 years; pyjamas look like lasting out nearly as long; my supply of shirts is fairly good, thank you; collars and handkerchiefs ditto; and I have enough pull-overs to match any variation of complexion.

But, talking about ties! Yes, let's talk about them. Ties certainly constitute an excellent Christmas present, particularly now that they are done up in colored cellophane with appropriate cards inside. But although I never scorn a tie (or ties) when my supply is running short, which it isn't, there is one decided objection to them.

People—my friends at any rate—have such execrable taste, and it simply means that for the first week in the New Year when she should be cleaning up the work I have neglected over the festive season, my secretary has to spend her time chasing round the shops and changing the ties for ties of reasonable colors.

No, I don't want any of the things you think I want. I've got too many of them already. I know I'm making the problem difficult, but I'm simply presenting facts as they are.

Still I'm anxious to be helpful. Go

about it in this way. Make up your mind what you think you would like to give me; then decide that I am sure to have one, and that the gift agreed upon must be eliminated.

## Please Help!

BUT while adopting this highly sensible attitude, always keep in mind what the present you have decided not to give would have cost. That will simplify matters tremendously.

But don't hesitate! Write out a cheque at once and forward it immediately, for the Postmaster-General has asked me to help him in this matter so that there will be no cluttering up of the mails just before December 25.

IF YOU WILL ONLY DO THIS I WILL BE IN A POSITION TO BUY MY WIFE SOMETHING USEFUL FOR CHRISTMAS—A NEW MANGLE OR A LAWN-MOWER—OR A COUPLE OF NEW SUITS FOR MYSELF, BECAUSE I KNOW NOTHING WOULD PLEASE HER MORE.

# WOMEN... Through Women's Eyes Novelists Set New Standards

Women novelists are becoming cynical.

Their latest ruling for married happiness is apparently that the men shouldn't tell, and the women shouldn't ask. Here are some extracts from recent novels:

ADA BARNETT in "Here is Freedom":

He thought he looked like a man who might tell his wife everything. Married men were incredibly foolish in that way.

Dorothy Black in "The Broken Lute":

A good wife never asks her husband questions as to where he has been, as long as he comes back.

Kathleen Kewitt in "Decorations":

Caution forbade his confiding in Janet. It didn't do to tell a girl everything. A man's highest praise of a woman is to liken her to a man.

Sara W. Bassett in "Shifting Sands":

All women are alike. They desert a man when he needs them most. Their affection has not toughness of fibre. It snaps under the first severe strain.

Olive Baxter in "The Spin of a Coin":

There's something wanting in all women, some quality that makes for friendship, good comradeship.

Janet Lynn in "Happy Rest":

She was that rare thing, a most incurious woman where anyone's feelings were concerned.

**Tek**  
TOOTH BRUSH

cleans the  
tartar zone  
...inside

Ordinary brushes can't fit this curve, where tartar forms. Only Tek cleans all your teeth, inside and outside surfaces. Tek at 2/- is better value too. Its better bristles keep their better shape. For the children, Tek Junior ..... 1/3

Johnson & Johnson  
Makers of Johnson's Baby Powder, Medico, etc. B1.35



# FAMOUS BEAUTY Shows New FASHIONS to Women's Weekly

Mrs. Anthony Hope Osborne, Toast of Two Continents, Poses Exclusively for Our Readers



LANVIN MADE the day frock in which Mrs. Osborne is photographed above. It is of an exclusive new fabric named jacquard, which rather resembles a peasant linen, but is of much softer texture. Bias cut, it is closely figure-fitting and is devoid of adornment except white bone buttons.



MRS. ANTHONY HOPE OSBORNE is photographed here in her favorite English-made evening gown. Of white silk crepe, it is charmingly printed in a tracery design of pink and black, and features a slight fishtail train. The belt is of blue-and-pink grosgrain.

BEFORE BUYING YOUR

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

See our intriguing display of imported Xmas Novelties. You will be delighted with their originality and will spend less than you anticipated having to pay.



Finely modelled China Rock-ends in bright colours, 7/6 pair. Others from 4/6 pair.



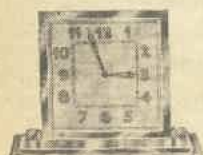
Royal Doulton Jug, "Salvage Camp," 15/6. And other Doulton characters.



Combination Cigarette Case and Lighter, 15/6. Others from 2/6.



Imported French Evening Bag, beautifully hand-beaded in the newest colours with steel relief, 12/6. We have a fine display of French Bags.



An Attractive Chrome Table Clock, luminous dial, 4 x 3 1/2 in. 12/6. With Alarm, 16/6.



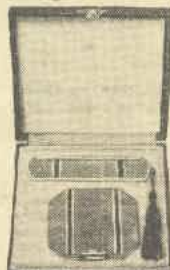
English Hide Case Brush, Comb and complete Shaving requisites, £1. Others, 16/6 to £3/6.



Novelty hat and Cloth Brush Holders with brushes, 5/6, 6/6, 7/6 to 15/6.



Novelty Keels, Kookaburra, Waratah, Chrome, 2/6. Silver, 4/6.



Flag Jack and Comb in Case, 7/6. Varied assortment to 20/6.

A Special Catalogue of this year's Xmas Novelties sent post free on application.

**PROUDS LTD.**

THE GIFT STORE

CR. KING & PITT STS.

SYDNEY

FROM the moment she stepped off the Strathaird attired in mole corduroy velvet slacks and blue silk shirt, and strolled casually to the Hotel Australia, where many members of the well-known Osborne clan were waiting to receive her, Mrs. Anthony Hope Osborne has startled, thrilled, and enchanted Sydney!

At first the town was a bit stunned by her unconventional attire. In London the bright young things are a law unto themselves, and should one wander into Claridge's or any other famous rendezvous in a brief backless sun suit she would scarcely cause a ripple of excitement in the throng. But Sydney is Sydney, and is not as yet accustomed to younger members of its staidest families thus flouting its unwritten sumptuary laws.

### Quick Conquest

MOST of the other guests at young Mrs. Osborne's welcoming luncheon party were attired with scrupulous regard to fashion's conventional edicts, so her entry caused the greatest sensation which luncheon at the well-known hostelry have enjoyed for many a day. Mrs. Osborne completed her slacks and shirt outfit with toeless sandals. She wore no stockings, and her head, veritably "swimming over with curls," was devoid of covering. Those privileged to meet and talk to Mrs. Osborne soon realised that her happy-go-lucky attire was merely an attractive reflex of her character. Her simple, frank, and vivacious manner has already taken captive even those who at first were inclined to criticise her adversely.

And she has since shown, at formal and informal gatherings, that she has a flair for fashion which no trained mannequin could excel! Her trunks contain the loveliest of creations from famous Parisian and English couturiers.

When approached by The Australian Women's Weekly, she at once consented to pose for our readers in her favorite London-made gown and her favorite Paris model. The Hotel Australia management kindly fitted up a room for our

fashion photographer, and the photographs on this page are the interesting result.

Mrs. Osborne before her marriage, which took place in Delhi this year, was Miss Primrose Salt. She is the daughter of Major-General and Mrs. Salt, and created a furore when she was presented at Court. Her beauty and charm made her one of the season's most sought debutantes, and her portrait was painted innumerable times by the foremost painters of the day, that by J. D. Barchoud being the picture most favored by Mrs. Osborne herself.

### Few Cosmetics

HER manner is simplicity itself, and her beauty is quite natural and entirely unsophisticated, with the exception of her heavily made-up eyes. Her eyes are deep violet in color, and their devastating appeal is tremendously enhanced by a thick brushing of mascara on her long, thick lashes.

Frequently her perfectly-modelled lips are innocent of lip-rouge, and her face has just a dusting of cream powder. She uses no rouge and no foundation creams. At night she uses pure olive oil for cleansing purposes.

Her naturally curly hair is bright golden-brown, and Mrs. Osborne prefers to wash it herself in luke, and dry it in the sun. It is drawn severely (if curly hair can ever look severe) over her ears to a simple knot at the nape of her neck.

### Loves Outdoors

EXPERIMENTING with different-colored powders was once a hobby of Mrs. Osborne, and she found that a green powder enhanced the transparency of her skin under artificial light. She had to have a complexion quite free from sunburn for the experiment, and as Mrs. Osborne is essentially a lover of all outdoor sports this was hard to achieve. Mrs. Osborne has a breeziness of manner and camaraderie which one might easily associate with a typically outdoor Australian girl.

It is only natural she regrets that Widgeon Gully station, situated on the banks of the Murrumbidgee River in the Coolangubra district, and one of the loveliest of country homesteads, is no longer her husband's home.

In marrying a great beauty, Mr. Anthony Hope Osborne has kept up a family tradition. For at least four generations, the Osborne men have married wonderfully lovely women.



# BAD LUCK Can't Last

Tony woke up that morning with a strange feeling that something terrible was going to happen. Would Molly turn him down again?



It is a curious thing that I woke up in the morning of the day before Christmas with an odd feeling that something horrible was going to happen.

You know how it is. You do feel that sometimes. I couldn't think why, because, by all the rules of the game,

I ought to have been feeling pretty cheerful. I was going down to spend Christmas at Limsfield with the Bradfords, and there's nothing horrible at all about that. Quite the reverse, in fact.

Still, there it was. I had the conviction that this was not going to be my lucky day. I wasn't a bit surprised when my landlady's white cat came into my bedroom with my morning tea and sat on my chest. (Perhaps that is not very clear. I don't mean to say that the cat brought my morning tea. That would have surprised me. It just arrived at the same time.) I wasn't surprised, because, of course, it is a well-known fact that white cats are unlucky.

When I got down to breakfast I looked anxiously at the knives. Sure enough they were crossed. That didn't surprise me either. The only thing that did surprise me was that I hadn't broken my looking-glass while I was shaving.

When the taxi came to take me to the station, I gazed earnestly into the driver's face. The man asked me if he had a smut on his nose, and he seemed quite irritated when I told him, with perfect truth and honesty, that I

By  
**LYDDON  
SURRAGE**

moment for proposing to her. The atmosphere isn't right.

But I had hit on what I thought was a pretty good scheme. It would catch her unawares, so to speak. I had bought an engagement ring and I was taking it down to give her as a Christmas present. She wouldn't know what it was until she had opened the parcel, and then it would be too late to talk about butcher's meat.

Of course she might give it back to me. Still, you never know your luck.

I had wrapped up the little ring case in heaps of paper, so that it made quite a fair-sized parcel. I had done that partly because when we were children she had always liked to have her presents given to her like that—she loved unwrapping all the sheets of paper—and I thought it would be rather touching to work the sort of ruse I had used; and partly because while she was undoing the parcel it would give me time to pull myself together and think out a good opening sentence.

I was carrying the parcel in my hand. Naturally I wasn't going to risk leaving it in my suitcase in the van. It would go astray or be stolen or something—especially with all this bad luck coming.

It wasn't long in coming either. The first bit of bad luck came along while I was in the taxi, driving to the station.

There was a loud explosion and a jolt, and the taxi drew into the kerb and pulled up. The driver clambered out of his seat and leered at me in an evil way through the window. At least it struck me at the time as being an evil leer. But possibly I was doing him an injustice. It may have been merely his squint.

"Puncture!" he announced.

"I know that," I said. "Make haste. I've got a train to catch."

"I 'ope you'll catch it," he said gloomily. "But it wouldn't surprise me if you didn't."

"I might get another taxi," I said.

"You might," said the taxi-driver. "But I wouldn't 'old out much 'ope."

He was perfectly right. We were in one of those deserted back streets that taxi-drivers love to go through when they are driving to the station.

"Well, make haste!" I said sharply.

"I am makin' 'aste, ain't I?" replied the taxi-driver with cold dignity, slowly raising the lid of his toolbox.

It is my considered opinion that that man was deliberately trying to make me miss my train. I should not have believed it possible for anyone to take so long putting on a spare wheel. By the time he had finished and packed away his tools there were only ten minutes left in which to catch the train.

We drove into the station yard at last. I looked at my watch anxiously. There were two minutes to spare. I just had time to catch the train and no more. I grabbed the parcel with the ring in it, scrambled out of the taxi, paid the driver and hurled my suitcase at a porter.

"Label that," I said breathlessly, "and put it in the van. The 10.40 to Limsfield."

"Can't do it, sir," said the porter

Illustrated  
by  
**WEP**

"Can't!" I said. "What do you mean—can't?"

"Can't!" said the porter.

"Can't?"

"Can't!" said the porter

stolidly. "And I'll tell you for why."

"Why?"

"Because I'm only yewman."

said the porter.

"That's why. The 10.40 ran out a minute ago."

I stared blankly at the station clock. My watch was two minutes slow.

"You've missed it, in a manner of speaking," said the porter helpfully.

"When's the next?" I asked.

"12.40," said the porter. "But, if I was you, I wouldn't wait for that. What I'd do is to take the 10.50 fast. The Pullerton train. She passes like 10.40 and if you get out at Watchet Junction, you'll be able to pick up the 10.40 there. That's what I'd do, if I was you."

"Good!" I said. "That's what I will do. Get my suitcase and put it in the van."

I just had time to catch the 10.50 comfortably. I found an empty compartment in the rear of the train, put my precious parcel on the rack, and settled myself down with a paper.

At the last minute, just as the train was on the move, the door flew open, and a man flung himself into the compartment, alighting heavily on my feet.

He took off his hat, mopped his forehead, and then removed himself from my feet and sat down.

"Good!" I said. "That's what I will do. Get my suitcase and put it in the van."

I just had time to catch the 10.50 comfortably. I found an empty compartment in the rear of the train, put my precious parcel on the rack, and settled myself down with a paper.

At the last minute, just as the train was on the move, the door flew open, and a man flung himself into the compartment, alighting heavily on my feet.

He took off his hat, mopped his forehead, and then removed himself from my feet and sat down.

"Good!" I said. "That's what I will do. Get my suitcase and put it in the van."

I just had time to catch the 10.50 comfortably. I found an empty compartment in the rear of the train, put my precious parcel on the rack, and settled myself down with a paper.

At the last minute, just as the train was on the move, the door flew open, and a man flung himself into the compartment, alighting heavily on my feet.

He took off his hat, mopped his forehead, and then removed himself from my feet and sat down.

"Good!" I said. "That's what I will do. Get my suitcase and put it in the van."

I just had time to catch the 10.50 comfortably. I found an empty compartment in the rear of the train, put my precious parcel on the rack, and settled myself down with a paper.

At the last minute, just as the train was on the move, the door flew open, and a man flung himself into the compartment, alighting heavily on my feet.

He took off his hat, mopped his forehead, and then removed himself from my feet and sat down.

"Good!" I said. "That's what I will do. Get my suitcase and put it in the van."

I just had time to catch the 10.50 comfortably. I found an empty compartment in the rear of the train, put my precious parcel on the rack, and settled myself down with a paper.

At the last minute, just as the train was on the move, the door flew open, and a man flung himself into the compartment, alighting heavily on my feet.

He took off his hat, mopped his forehead, and then removed himself from my feet and sat down.

"Good!" I said. "That's what I will do. Get my suitcase and put it in the van."

I just had time to catch the 10.50 comfortably. I found an empty compartment in the rear of the train, put my precious parcel on the rack, and settled myself down with a paper.

At the last minute, just as the train was on the move, the door flew open, and a man flung himself into the compartment, alighting heavily on my feet.

He took off his hat, mopped his forehead, and then removed himself from my feet and sat down.

"Good!" I said. "That's what I will do. Get my suitcase and put it in the van."

I just had time to catch the 10.50 comfortably. I found an empty compartment in the rear of the train, put my precious parcel on the rack, and settled myself down with a paper.

At the last minute, just as the train was on the move, the door flew open, and a man flung himself into the compartment, alighting heavily on my feet.

He took off his hat, mopped his forehead, and then removed himself from my feet and sat down.

"Good!" I said. "That's what I will do. Get my suitcase and put it in the van."

I just had time to catch the 10.50 comfortably. I found an empty compartment in the rear of the train, put my precious parcel on the rack, and settled myself down with a paper.

At the last minute, just as the train was on the move, the door flew open, and a man flung himself into the compartment, alighting heavily on my feet.

He took off his hat, mopped his forehead, and then removed himself from my feet and sat down.

"Good!" I said. "That's what I will do. Get my suitcase and put it in the van."

I just had time to catch the 10.50 comfortably. I found an empty compartment in the rear of the train, put my precious parcel on the rack, and settled myself down with a paper.

At the last minute, just as the train was on the move, the door flew open, and a man flung himself into the compartment, alighting heavily on my feet.

He took off his hat, mopped his forehead, and then removed himself from my feet and sat down.

## Comedy of the Wrong Present

"A near thing!" he remarked

chastly.

"Too near!" I said, thinking of my

feet.

"Well, I'm blowed!" he exclaimed.

"It's Tony!"

I looked at him. Of course, I might

have expected it. It was only another

bit of bad luck. In other words, it was

Reggie Bradshaw.

FRANKLY, I did not

want to travel as far as Watchet Junction

with Reggie Bradshaw. Not that I

dislike him altogether. He's a good-

natured sort of idiot in his way. But

I wasn't in the mood for him at the

moment. He is one of those exhaust-

"Really, Tony," said Molly, "I—I don't think you ought to give me—things like this." "It's the wrong parcel," I gasped.

ing people who talk continuously, I've come back after a day's strenuous exercise, before now, feeling as fresh as a daisy, and gone to bed feeling half dead after an hour's conversation with Reggie.

Besides, I was feeling a bit suspicious about him, because I had an idea that he was dangle after Molly. His people lived down at Pullerton, which is the nearest town to Limsfield, and when he was at home he was always hanging round the Bradfords' house.

Not that I think that he would have tried to cut me out if he'd known the way I felt about Molly. He was much too good-natured to do a thing like that. But, of course, he didn't know. Like everybody else, he was obsessed with that infernal idea that Molly and I were sort of brother and sister to each other.

"Hello, Reggie!" I said gloomily. "Going down to Limsfield for Christmas?" inquired Reggie.

I nodded.

me mad. It was like trying to sleep with a bluebottle in the room. I stood it as long as I could, and then I got up.

"Well, I shall have to go now," I said desperately. "I—I—promised to meet someone on the train. I'd better go and look for him."

"I'll come along with you, old chap," said Reggie.

"No, no!" I said. "I mean to say—er—business to discuss and all that."

Reggie looked at me suspiciously.

"You did say 'him, didn't you?' he asked.

"Yes," I said. "Er—yes, of course—him."

REGGIE sat down again.

"Well, give her my love!" he said. I went along the corridor to the front of the train. I couldn't, I felt, put too much space between Reggie and myself. I turned into the first compartment in the train and sat down.

There was no one else there except a girl, who was sitting on the opposite side at the other end of the compartment. A fresh-air bond, I judged from the fact that she had the window wide open. I believe in fresh air in moderation, but not in half a gale blowing through a railway carriage. I pursued the usual tactics of turning up my coat-collar ostentatiously and looking injured.

The girl was reading a magazine, and she took no notice of me whatever. I put up my newspaper as a windscreen and devoted myself to gloomy forebodings on the subject of my coming interview with Molly.

When I woke up, the newspaper had fallen down. I glanced idly across the carriage at my fellow passenger, and sat motionless, stricken with horror at what I saw.

Please turn to Page 14



was looking to see if he was cross-eyed. I need hardly say that he was. I had expected it.

It was perfectly obvious to me that I was in for an unlucky day. Just the kind of thing that would happen on this particular day, when, because I had made up my mind to bring things to a head with Molly, I wanted all the luck I could get.

I had known Molly Bradford for years. We had been children together and all that sort of thing. Perhaps that was really the trouble. Familiarity breeds contempt, so they say, and I suppose she had got too used to seeing me about the place. She had got into the way of treating me like one of her brothers.

Anyway, what had happened was that I had fallen in love with Molly; but she didn't seem to be in love with me. She was always perfectly friendly, and all that—as good a pal as anybody could want. But it finished there. She wouldn't let it get any further.

Whenever I tried to edge the conversation round to a good starting point for a proposal, she would always start talking about the outrageous price of butcher's meat or something like that. And you can take it from me that, when a girl is talking to you about butcher's meat, it's not a good

### THE ARTIST

I DIDN'T should have done it, Nannie told me "Mustn't" twice.

But I thought a little painting ought to make the wall look nice. An' I made some scarlet daisies an'

I made a violet mouse, An' in the middle of the wall I did a largish House.

Now, of course, I'm very sorry For the flowers an' the mouse, But the minute Nannie looked at it

She KNEW it was a House! So, although they told my Daddy An' my painting things are hid, An' I didn't should have done a

House, I think I'm glad I did.

—Caryl Brahms.



# ELIGIBLE Young MAN



Illustrated by  
FISCHER

It was Lady Colvin, in a great flutter—and Cynthia, carrying a great armful of cherry-red and pink oleander flower.

BY....  
**Margaret Ferguson**

"I really is going to be the most ghastly bore, darling, for me." Cynthia Colvin's clear, imperious voice rang down the length of the deep, shady bungalow verandah to Bridget's unwilling eavesdropping ears as she sat round the corner busy with Lady Colvin's correspondence.

"I know what these men are like who have been out for months alone, trekking in the wilds. They forget all their manners and conversation and sit about all the time looking speechless and miserable. I really don't see why I should be burdened with amusing this particular one."

"But you won't be Cynthia," Lady Colvin said soothingly. "Of course he won't expect you to entertain him, but your father wants to talk over a great number of things with him, and in his own line, Bruce Challenor is quite an important person. And I don't really think he'll be as dumb and gauche as you imagine. After all, he comes of a very important Scottish family, and is heir to a very old and famous title, when his uncle, Lord Aberlister, dies."

"Lord Aberlister?" There was a sudden ring of interest in Cynthia's cool, bored young voice. "I didn't know that. What on earth makes him go off by himself on these depressing journeys into the wilds of Tibet and Turkestan if he's well off and heir to big estates like that?"

"Goodness alone knows," Lady Colvin said with a little sigh. "Young men do such curious things nowadays. Anyway, I think he'll be quite presentable socially, darling."

"If people knew about Aberlister, there'd be quite a lot of excitement," Cynthia said musingly. "I mean—we were all rather bored with the supply of men we have here and none of them are particularly interesting. Can't you see how thrilled Brenda would be at the prospect of meeting a real live heir to an earldom? I'd rather like to—to do her out of that thrill, darling—she's such a little cat!"

"I quite agree," Lady Colvin said placidly. "She is such a horrid little snob. Nobody need know who Captain Challenor really is, and I'm sure he's the last person to go spreading the information about. Shall we stroll over

to the club now and see who is there?" Their voices died away down the path and a drowsy silence enveloped the garden. Bridget dipped her pen in the inkwell again with an ironical little smile of amusement curling up the corner of her soft mouth.

How frightfully transparent Cynthia and Lady Colvin were in their artful schemes! This Bruce Challenor was to be kept strictly as their private property, with the secret of his importance and wealth, and Cynthia was ready to do battle with any other girl for possession of him. It would be rather amusing to see Cynthia and Brenda, the two rival beauties of the small Indian station, digging their claws into each other. On the surface they were devoted girl friends and confidantes, but underneath each one mistrusted and detested the other, and was ready to do her down as quickly as possible.

"Thank goodness I don't come into all this squabbling and jealousy!" Bridget thought. "I'm only a secretary and I don't count socially—for which heaven be praised! I'd as soon cross swords with Cynthia as with an angry scorpion!"

AND she bent her soft, cloudy dark head over the files of letters again and applied her mind to her work. Without knowing it, she made a very attractive picture sitting there in the barred light and shadow that filtered through the verandah pillars. Her dress was soft grass-green linen with demure white collar and cuffs on the short sleeves. Her hair, short and thickly curly, was very dark with a glossy sheen on it; the curves of her smooth cheeks were tinted warm, rosy apricot with health, and the thick, straight lashes made dark fringes of shadow on them. Still amused at what she had overheard and the

thoughts it had roused in her, that expressive mouth of hers was tilted up at the corner and one wing-like dark eyebrow was inclined to do the same.

Bridget Connelly was, as her name implied, Irish, with a very definite sense of humor. Otherwise she might have found this job of secretary to Lady Colvin, the Commissioner's wife at Gulampore, rather a trying one. It needed a sense of humor to keep one undisturbed and good-tempered under Cynthia Colvin's spoilt bad manners.

Lady Colvin was plump, placid, and kind-hearted, but she was ruled body and soul by her daughter, who was quite determined to keep this secretary of her mother's in her proper place as one of the staff. She was much too attractive to have moving in the social circle; it was bad enough

rescue. She couldn't afford to lose this extremely well-paid post and start on the weary round of job-hunting again. And it was really a very easy, comfortable and pleasant one as far as work and surroundings were concerned.

From the first moment of her arrival, Bridget had loved India—loved this untidy, cheerful station, loved the smells and colors of India, loved the sunshine, the bright flowers, the roared plain that stretched away to the distant, dim blue hills. And really she didn't lose much by not being "in society," which consisted of going to endless dinner parties, tennis parties, picnics, and club dances, squabbling, flirting, and fussing about new clothes.

THERE wasn't a man in the place yet whom she had longed to meet regularly, and she was quite intelligent enough to make her own amusements. A horse from the Commissioner's stables was always at her command, and she went for many long, early morning rides out over the plain, past little mud villages and groves of trees and ruined, blue-domed tombs.

What with riding, working, reading, exercising Micky, her young Airedale, and trying her hand at a little story and article writing, Bridget's time was full enough.

## A Long Complete Story!

having to cope with Brenda Laurence, who had suddenly arrived on a cold-weather visit to her uncle and aunt.

Straight from her London debut and first season, Brenda was the last word in sophisticated smartness, and Cynthia, who had been out in India for nearly two years now, had to look to her laurels. It would be more than she could stand to have an extremely attractive, amusing and lively Irish girl in competition as well, and so from the very first moment of her arrival it had been made clear to Bridget that she was a paid servant and that her place was in the workrooms of the big bungalow.

At first her Irish temper had been roused by this treatment and she had been ready to flare up, throw up the whole thing and leave. But luckily her sense of humor had come to the

So she sat there quite happily, her pen flying over the paper, Micky lying sprawled at her feet—and the man who came up the verandah steps seemed to find her worth looking at, for he stood quite a long moment, very still, his clear grey-blue eyes fixed on her intently.

Perhaps Bridget felt his gaze at last, for she looked up suddenly from the paper, saw him standing there, and couldn't help a startled little jump, while Micky bounced up and barked, and jumped round him on huge, supple paws, inviting a game.

"Oh!—Get down, Micky, and be quiet! Can I do anything for you? Are you looking for Sir James or Lady Colvin?"

She got up, grabbed Micky's collar and shoved him down, while the young

**TOIL**  
As the hands toll, so is the spirit raised  
Above the troubled motions of the mind.  
Through sense and touch, the doubts, the questions, find  
An interval of calm, gentle, amazed.  
Something unuttered, ample as the soil  
Flows out in benison—as the hands toll.  
—H. F. Stickney.

man blushed, stammered and said in a deep, slightly husky voice that had a marked Scotch "burr" in it:

"Thank you, but I don't want to bother anyone or disturb Lady Colvin. I'm Bruce Challenor, and they're expecting me to stay, but I must be a great nuisance to them. If I could just slip into a room and get tidied up a bit . . . I've arrived a day or two earlier than I'm expected, I know."

"Indeed, it's perfectly all right," Bridget stood upright and couldn't help looking at him with suddenly interested and curious eyes, though she tried not to stare at the famous Bruce Challenor. "You were expected any moment. I'm Bridget Connelly, Lady Colvin's secretary. I'm afraid everyone is out just now, but if you'll sit down for a moment, I'll see about your room and your kit."

"It's very kind of you, Thank you!" He sat himself down in a long chair, and the way he did it told her that he was very tired and that his bones ached for the comfort of soft cushions and a decent bed and rest from endless riding and marching. In fact, he looked as though he were in pretty big need of a complete rest, for his face was too thin and there were deep lines cut down it from nose to chin, and his eyes were sunk too far back into his head. But, of course, he was dead beat after eight months' solitary wandering in the wildest and most dangerous parts of Asia, entirely on his own, facing every danger single-handed, with nothing to fall back on for help.

Bridget came back quickly from giving her brisk orders, and a servant followed her with a tray laden with glasses, soda syphon, ice in a little glass bowl and various bottles.

Please turn to Page 32



# MEN and ANGEL

By Fanny  
Heaslip  
Lea



Illustrated by  
BOOTHROYD

**A**NGELA TODD, beautiful and talented, finds romance in Paris. There are two men in love with her, Neville, the handsome brother of her former sweetheart, and Capt. Talmadge, of the American Embassy in Paris. Angela quarrels with Talmadge regarding Neville, but when they meet again she is swept off her feet by the fascination of this brusque, crisp-spoken airman-soldier. Talmadge is going to Brittany for a holiday, and suddenly Angela decides to join him there. She throws discretion to the winds and dares the gossip-mongers. Now read on:

**N**OT long after that he took her back to the hotel. It was quiet and dim at the end of its alley. No one at the desk. Talmadge pressed a button on the wall and light showed on the stairs, till then unlit. They mounted in silence. At Angela's door they stopped. He took her hand. "Having a good time?" "Heavenly!" said Angela. "In no hurry, I hope. I've got a week." "I'll stay as long as you will." "Ought to be old friends by then." "You're laughing at me." "You're no laughing matter," said Talmadge. At which, and without warning, all lights went out. Angela smothered a little cry of fright. "That blasted switch!" Talmadge said. "The light stays on only just so

## HOSPICE

Within these grey walls Life begins and ends. Here, in this harbor, worn sea-weary ships Drop anchor, as the fading sun descends, And new-launched vessels start their out-bound trips.

—E. O. Laughlin.

long — till you're upstairs and inside your door, supposedly." Their groping hands met on the door-knob. He said: "Know how to find your lamp?" "Oh, yes," said Angela, breathless. "Then—sleep, well!" said the voice that stirred her heartstrings. She heard him going on up the stairs. Through the black darkness. Away from her. She shut her door and leaned against it, fighting a ghostly premonition of loneliness unendurable. Angela lay prone on the sand and Talmadge lay beside her. It was getting on to late afternoon, and for most of the day they had been on the beach. They had swum together, lunched together, run races along the water's edge together. Now they lay and looked into each other's sunburned faces and talked—endlessly. "Hard to believe we only came yesterday," said Angela drowsily.

"Neville," Angela said, "I couldn't bear it——" Her voice broke.

"Time," said Talmadge, "is only relative. Nobody ever tells you?" Angela murmured, "I'm forgetful in that way." Looking at Talmadge, Angela remembered a husky drawl, a too-red mouth, on the boat to Marseilles. "Those broad shoulders," Miss Brown had said, "and that slim waist—all I ever need!" Looking at Angela, Talmadge suddenly put the palm of his hand on her crimsoned shoulder. The sun had been ardent. "I'm sure you blister," he said. "Your skin's too soft." "Sorry," said Angela meekly. "Should have got you some olive oil." She wriggled protestingly. "I hate being all sticky." "Nevertheless," said Talmadge firmly. He pulled her hair. "Go on," he said, "about the caricatures. So Wheeler thinks you can do something with them?"

**S**HE had been telling him about the photograph Jim had sent back to London. She told him now about Howe saying she had a style of her own. "It seems that's the important thing." "That and a lot of hard work," said Talmadge. "I can work," said Angela. He leaned on one elbow and sifted sand through his fingers, watching her thoughtfully. "Yes, I think you could. If you wanted to. You're as stubborn as the devil, aren't you?" "So are you," said Angela. "I work all right," said Talmadge. "My job's not all gold lace and dancing with Colonels' ladies—don't you think it?"

"You seem to get about!" said Angela. "Know why?" he told her a trifle heatedly. "Because just at present there is no assistant attache in Paris for AIR. All the technical stuff's been coming down on the Military Attache, who's pretty well overworked. So from time to time he asks the Military Attache in London if he can borrow me." "And you have nothing to say about it?" "Oh, I don't mind going to Paris occasionally," said Talmadge. He pulled her hair again. "You're getting sand in it," said Angela. "Brush it out for you sometime," he told her. She pulled her hand down between them and held it there. "Then you'll be coming back?" "What do you think?" "No—I mean really." "Dare say I shall. Assistant Military Attache here is still away on leave. Until he gets back, the Paris office is badly understaffed." Angela thought, "I like him when he talks shop. His mouth goes tight and hard, as if he were used to being obeyed."

She said, "I've been worrying a little over what you said last night about its being not so good for you if it were known that you're here—with me." Talmadge smiled. He said: "As soon as you made your shameful proposition

I took care of that. Mentioned casually to a friend of mine in the French Air Ministry that I was returning to London via St. Malo. So no undue importance to it. Just a roundabout journey home. Otherwise——" "All that planning? You frighten me." "Otherwise," said Talmadge, "it's entirely possible I might have been under surveillance and my every move reported to Paris."

**A**NGELA paled under her sunburn. "But you're an officer——" "And my job's to get information. That's what any attache's job is. Naturally, our hosts like to keep track of us." Angela said, "Why didn't you tell me——" "Perhaps," said Talmadge, "I wanted you to come." He flung himself over on his back and, hands beneath his head, lay staring up into the sky. "It's been a good party so far, hasn't it?" "Best I've ever had," said Angela. "And only just begun. We haven't been for a walk through the town yet. Do that to-morrow morning. To-morrow afternoon we might find a boat. Like to fish?" "Love it," said Angela. "Fine," said Talmadge. Tremendous content in his voice. He raised himself on an elbow, and with a twist of his shoulders put his head in her lap. "You're burnt all right. Your nose'll be peeling by to-morrow." Angela laid her hand along his cheek. "You're scorching, yourself."

Would Angela fly to Paris to Neville, suddenly stricken with the fear of blindness, or would she remain with Talmadge?

He pulled her hand across his lips. "How's the room with the brass twins?" "Lovely," said Angela. "Its comfort has never been disputed." Silence fell between them like the slanting sunlight on his face looking up into hers. "Look here," he said at last slowly. "You know why I did that—about the room, don't you? You don't by any chance think it was what I wanted?" When she did not answer by more than the tremor about her mouth, he said: "Some day you might fall in love. See what I mean?" "You've been sweet," said Angela almost inaudibly. "In just five minutes," said Talmadge, "we've got to get dressed and go back. Kiss me, Dorree."

Her hair fell over his face as she leaned above him. **T**HE sun was slipping into the sea as they left the beach. When they came to the hotel, madame behind the desk greeted them waggishly. She observed that they had been on the sand. Also that the

beaches about St. Malo were of an uncommon charm. She produced a telegram from a pigeon-hole and presented it to Angela.

"Betty, of course," said Angela to Talmadge. "Talmadge said, 'Why not open it?'" Angela had carried it upstairs still sealed. She opened her door. "Come in for a minute, won't you?" He stood by the window, arms folded, looking out across roofs while she slit the envelope. When she cried out, he turned swiftly. "Nothing wrong?" "Look!" said Angela. She held out the bit of paper. "Poor boy!" she said unsteadily.

Talmadge read with a tightening mouth. "Neville in serious accident to-day concussion optic nerve possibly affected may lose sight of both eyes Jim wires me meet him at once—am leaving Paris within an hour take good care of yourself darling will write from Dresden!" "Too bad," said Talmadge. He folded the wire carefully and gave it back to her. "However, it may not be as serious as it looks. Concussion clears up eventually. I've known a lot of cases in flying." He watched Angela closely.

"But his eyes!" she said. "It's too horrible!" "All right. He hasn't lost them yet," said Talmadge. Angela said: "And Betty leaving Paris—the only soul from home who might have looked after him?" "Plenty of nurses to be had," said Talmadge. "A nurse isn't enough. He'll drive himself mad with fear." "Know him pretty well, don't you?" "Better than anyone in the world," said Angela. She did not know until she had said

Angela said, "I could kill you for that." Her voice strangled in her throat. "If there is anything I can do about putting you on your train—— He might have been speaking to a woman he barely knew."

Angela locked her hands together before her till they burned and ached. "Thank you, I can take care of myself."

"Then good-bye," said Talmadge. "I shan't see you again."

He went out of the room, and Angela began to pack. Not an hour before he had been saying:

"Kiss me, Dorree——" Angela stood in the Ile St. Louis with a letter from Betty in her hand. On coming into the flat five minutes before she had found it propped up on her dressing-table waiting for her. Apparently Betty had foreseen that Angela would come back to Neville at once. Come? Come running! What Betty had not foreseen was what that running would cost—Talmadge's glacial contempt. His final "I shan't see you again!"—spoken like the slash of a broadsword.

No time to think of that now. She had travelled sleepless all night to get back to Paris. It was already after eleven on a cheerless day, rain streaming down the windows. Leaves yellowing the poplars. Wind whistling thin and high down the empty chimney.

Angela read through mists of weariness and shattered nerves.

"Darling," Betty wrote, "Neville is in his own flat. He simply would not consider going to the hospital at Neville as I begged him to do. And he wouldn't have a nurse. I hate like the devil to be walking out on you like this, but it won't be long before we are heading back to Paris. Jim works fast once he gets going. So be a good girl, Angel, till we see you again, and don't forget what I told you at home—better be as certain as you can."

Angela put away her bag. The bag she had packed with such reckless anticipation—for St. Malo. She washed her face and smoothed her hair and put on her hat again. She was very tired, but until she saw Neville—how could she rest?

On her way she stopped at a bedraggled stall in the flower market on the Quai and bought half-a-dozen white roses, loose-petalled, smelling like wine.

She was holding them in one hand, gripping her dripping umbrella in the other when she came at last through quiet back streets to the door of Neville's place and rang. After an interval, Mrs. Morgan opened to her, to their mutual surprise.

Angela said: "How is Neville?" She came in unasked. Grudgingly, Mrs. Morgan closed the door. "Not so well to-day," she said, in a low tone. "I'll see if you can see him." As Mrs. Morgan turned away Angela heard Neville's voice calling impatiently from the room beyond the entrance:

"What the devil is it, Matty?"

"If you don't mind," said Angela.

**S**HE passed Mrs. Morgan swiftly and stood in the room with him. A rather large room, dark and full of old French furniture. Two windows, heavily curtained, opened on a narrow, aged street. There were books and magazines lying about, a wireless stood on a little table near a couch. Thin and soft the wireless was playing. Neville lay on the couch in a black brocaded dressing-gown over shirt and trousers. His eyes were bandaged. Angela had expected that. But at the sight of his dark hair boyishly roughed above folded guise an ache took her by the throat. As she looked at him he turned his face to the wall.

"Go on!" he said. "Who's there? Haven't I told you, Matty, I won't talk to a damned soul?"

Mrs. Morgan began unhappily: "It's not my fault, Neville."

Angela signed her to be quiet, dropped on the couch beside him. "It's Angel, Neville."

There was a curious pause.

"Oh, it's Angel, is it?" said Neville, facing her. Beneath the bandage his smile showed more than ordinarily bland. "Well—well! Thought you were week-end—"

"I came back," said Angela, "as soon as I heard."

Please turn to Page 46



# The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Laif.  
sketched by Petrov

## New NIGHTGOWNS of Filmy FABRICS

**A**RE they to sleep in or to dine in? might well be asked of the newest nightgowns. Banished are the shapeless gowns of a few years ago. In their place have come satin sheaths that fit closely to the figure, and diaphanous chiffon and georgette garments with floating trains.

**F**OR the trousseau, brides choose chiffon rather than satin gowns. Colors come in delectable tints, delicate shell-pink, palest blue, sea-green, pale primrose, yellow and orchid-mauve.

Floral chiffons and georgettes are second favorites; these have little well-spaced patterns on white or pastel grounds.

The plain chiffon nightgowns can be trimmed with coffee-colored alençon lace or, bound and appliqued with a matching satin, remain all chiffon. With alençon lace, the skirts are rather full at the hem and cut on the cross. They can fit the hips or be rather full and gathered in with a sash. Some have short puff sleeves, with the lace appliqued around the neck, others have the entire yoke of lace.

Long, full sleeves, gathered in at the wrists, are attractive by way of a change—if you have these, keep the neckline high in back, with a low square in front, with pieces of the lace cut out and appliqued on the bodice.

It is no longer necessary to have masses of lace to make a nightgown look attractive. There are so many fascinating styles that do away with lace altogether, and are therefore much less expensive.

Chiffon can look tailored if trimmed with satin, the skirt cut on the cross, and the bodice bound with satin or with satin shoulder-straps; a satin monogram or flowers can be appliqued.

### Sash to Match

**H**AVE a satin sash to match, either very narrow or very wide. The satin and chiffon can match or contrast—pale blue on pink, pale pink satin on green chiffon. Bodice are usually cut very low, the front neckline either in a low V, a wide square, or high, with a little Peter Pan collar.

All chiffon nightgowns have frills and flounces in place of lace. They may have little puff or long, full sleeves like the sketch on the lower right of this page. This one is of peach chiffon showing an extremely full skirt which flows into a train, a full bodice, huge, soft sleeves, and a high gathered neckline. A wide sash of turquoise-blue satin encircles the waist. Smocked yokes are sometimes seen in gowns of this type.

• **TOP ROW:** Peach-pink satin fashions a charming nightgown. The skirt is cut on the cross. The short sleeves are puffed. The lace is nigger-brown alençon.

• **PRINTED** washing georgette for the summery nightgown next. Red and blue flowers on a white ground. Hand-tucked ruffles trim the neck, sleeves and hem.

• **NEXT TO THIS** is a tailored satin nightdress in pale green, with deeper green satin bands, shoulder-straps, and monogram. The skirt is cut on the cross.

• **LOWER ROW:** Pale blue georgette spotted with dark blue is used for a gown with a slightly-trained skirt, which has a flared ruffle at the split hem. The ruffle continues up each side of the hem split.

• **YARDS AND YARDS** of pink chiffon for a nightgown with long, full sleeves, drapery neckline, and full trained skirt. Blue satin sash.



Long-sleeved models have fitted bias-cut skirts, and low, gathered, or square necklines. A low V neck, slightly gathered narrow shoulders, and the bias skirt coming to a point above the waist-line—as seen in the bottom left-hand corner of this page—is the most popular style. If made in pastel chiffon, with a contrasting sash, it could just as easily be a dinner or informal evening dress.

**O**NE model is in yellow chiffon with a long, wide cornflower-blue satin sash—when you wear the gown to bed, replace the sash by a narrow one of pale blue satin.

Another double-duty gown is of pale green chiffon with a deep green sash and little tie-on cape of deep green chiffon. Skirts can be left plain or edged with flared frills. Bodices can be frilly—with flounces coming over the shoulder and around the neck.

Very sophisticated are black or navy-blue chiffon nightgowns. I saw a navy one with a pin-tucked bodice and a cherry-red velvet ribbon around the waist. Black chiffon is trimmed with fine black lace; if you are a blonde or redhead, include one of these in your trousseau.

The floral nightdresses are so attractive that it is hard to believe they are not designed to be dresses. Little floral designs, bouquets of flowers sprinkled over a pale background, spots in all sizes. These are never trimmed with lace, but have ruffles and frills. Styles are the same as those suggested for plain chiffon; have the sash of the same material or of one of the colors in the print.

Attractive summer nightgowns can be made of flowered dimity or floral voile. These, too, are frilly, with colored bindings and sashes.

**S**ATIN still retains its popularity, in all shades of pink, pale blue, primrose, pale green, and white. It can be trimmed with lace, with chiffon, or with a contrasting satin. Tailored styles like the one in the top right-hand corner have darker satin bands and monograms; bindings in another color look well. Pin-tucked chiffon yokes are becoming with the satin appliqued on in an uneven design or with little pieces of lace covering the join.

Jeru lace is still popular. A new combination is nigger-brown alençon on peach-pink satin, as in the first sketch on this page. There are colored laces—pink, blue, and green. These do not look nice unless the lace is very good. Some of the new French lingerie is white trimmed with white lace, especially real valenciennes, but real alençon, whether cream, coffee-colored, nigger, or colored, is still the favorite.

## PARIS Snapshots

**A**FTERNOON dresses for mid-summer are in one-color crepe trimmed with spoke-stitching, shirring or hemstitching. The colors are delicate pastels, pink, blue, green, mauve, and primrose, and lots of white. They are worn with big white hats and white accessories.

**L**INEN underwear is cool for sports and holidays, the linen chemise and pants are made of the same color as the play-suit or sports dress.

**T**HE divided skirt has definitely been adopted by golfers abroad. The separation is visible when you walk, but in repose looks like an inverted pleat.

**T**O wear with a high-necked black dress, three short strings of big pearls, the centre one grey, the other two white.

**M**ORE and more head decorations for evening wear. We've seen flowers and floral wreaths and diamond clips; these are still seen as well as feather flowers and birds, aligrettes, and, newest of all, little Juliet caps of gold or silver cord dotted with jewels.

**D**RAPERY is the most important word in new evening fashions. Nearly every frock is draped and décolletés are all very low.



# FOR the SUB-DEB.

## Winsome Modes



•(1) SLIM modern maidens never neglect their daily dozen. For this energetic half-hour pyjamas of beige and scarlet milanese with matching three-quarter coat are most suitable.



2

•(2) TWO CONTRASTING debutante's frocks, showing a bouffant model (left) with taffeta petals, and (on right) a gown of clinging stiffened tulle with bands of taffeta.



3

•(3) SOFT AND SIMPLE is this befrilled frock of floral chiffon with a background of lime-green. Bows of orange velvet on the skirt.



•(4) TWO STUDY-HOUR frocks for the sub-deb. Left: Channel-blue cereal crepe with navy kerchief and accessories. And, right: Sage-green flat crepe with purple lining to neck ruffle.

•(5) CRISP WHITE organdie forms frill at neck of navy crepe afternoon frock (on left), and the new halo trend is seen in the baku straw hat to tone. Mushroom and nigger are cleverly combined for frock on right, which sports a Russian tunic effect.

Photographs by The Australian Women's Weekly Fashion Photographer.  
Fashions by courtesy Hordern Bros.



•(6) SUITABLY clad for a day on the links in a tailored frock of silk tweed linen. The color scheme is aqua and scarlet with sporting white felt hat trimmed with nigger band and nigger-and-white shoes.

5

6

FOR  
COUGHS

FOR  
COLDS

It heals as it soothes.

**Hearne's Bronchitis Cure**

is most comforting in allaying irritation and tickling in the Throat. Its expectorant action expels corruption and phlegm from the Lungs and Bronchial Tubes.

Hearne's Bronchitis Cure obtains its amazing results without the use of Narcotics.

FOR  
CROUP

For the  
CHEST



# An Editorial

DECEMBER 21, 1935

## THEIR CHRISTMAS



IN a few nights from now it will be Their Christmas—the kiddies'. When all other reasons for celebrating the occasion have faded from living memory, an un-divine far-off contingency, of course, that one will remain. Always we shall have this Festival of Childhood.

In a way—a big way, too—it is the re-creation of our own days of innocence, when it was bliss to have the wool of Father Christmas' whiskers pulled over our own eyes. Hence that continuing impulse down the years to give them something better than we had ourselves. We have none of us had a childhood that we cannot imagine having had possibilities of being happier still, and now, as never at any other time of the year, the urge is on us to make the little ones as supremely happy as we may.

It is something of the "true pathos and sublime" of life, too, that in seeking this happiness for them there is at the back of our minds the feeling that, maybe, these are their last chances for real happiness, a happiness we have long since lost in the trials and troubles of the passing, pressing years. The change-over from the joyous make-believe of childhood to the practical makeshifts of later life—let us drag it out for them as long as we can; so that they will not regret so much as we do.

Of course, there's a theory that they should be thrust up against and into the middle of the realities of life from their very earliest years. An excellent and perhaps provable theory—but not at Christmas. Let us pretend just once again: all of us, young and old. Indeed, let us be judged as to our health and our happiness by our capacity to believe that there IS a benevolent old gentleman who DOES come down chimneys, even though they be only vents for radiators.

The spirit is in us, and when you boil it all down to the essentials, the harder the make-believe the easier it is of accomplishment, and certainly the more delicious. In a collection of Christmas presents from the most elaborately mechanical device to the most unconvincing wooden train-engine—which is the favored choice of the healthy youngster? The engine, of course! It appeals to and demands his imagination.

On, then, with the motley! It's a far cry yet to the realities of 1936.

—THE EDITOR.

# POINTS OF VIEW

## Handymen

A DUTCH visitor, H. A. Nieboer, after careful intensive study on the spot, declares that Australian men don't know what to do with their hands.

"I have seen," he says, "a man enter a cafe, twiddle his hat uncertainly in his hands, and not know what to do with it. His companion has seated herself and glanced at the menu before he has squirmed into his chair."

Yes; but it's when his companion has squirmed herself out of her chair and is twiddling with her hat, that the man knows what to do with his hands—pay as he leaves.

## Technique

THERE is a general move apparent all over Australia at present, in favor of the cultivation of technical education.

One speaker put it that "from a chemist's test tube have emerged American industries that make products worth \$2,600,000,000 a year—21 per cent. of the value of the products of all industry."

Just as forcefully, women technically equipped for marriage with the essential principles of cooking, hygiene, and domestic science generally, will beget 100% products for the nation—happy homes and healthy children.

## Christmas Cheer

LATEST monthly summary of the National Bank of Australasia Ltd. brings real Christmas cheer.

There is "strong buying," a "spirit of confidence," a "greater readiness to buy good quality articles," and "less insistence on the price factor."

Best news of all, however, is that the production of boots is up 10 per cent. While a nation, like Napoleon's army, essentially marches on its stomach, it is really stepping forward to prosperity when it can afford boots and more boots.

## The Music-makers

THERE is official talk of bringing out a leading executive of the B.B.C.—preferably the chairman, Sir John Reith—to look over the A.B.C.

Quite a good idea; in fact, a regular exchange of executives between these two Empire broadcasting systems would be in the best interests of both, as to technique and as to programmes.

Pending any such move, there is much that could be done here and now in Australia, especially in the way of providing "star" items. As the leading entertainment makers in the Commonwealth, the A.B.C.'s first job is to entertain, even as J. and N. Tait or J. C. Williamson had to entertain in their private capacities. But never yet has the A.B.C. imported a Menuhin or a Kreisler, or anyone approaching their calibre. With £90,000 surplus to play with, what's to stop them introducing-Tauber, or Gracie Fields, or Maurice Chevalier, or Grace Moore? If it cost £5000 a week to introduce any one of these, they would get it back in concert fees and extra licences.

## Lyric of Life

### Honeysuckle

THERE is honeysuckle climbing  
On the garden wall,  
And a white and golden glory  
Where its blossoms fall.  
Its quiet leaves are green and dark  
As a summer night,  
And its blossoms are the morning  
Rich with golden light.  
And I wonder, dreaming idly,  
In the shade it casts,  
Just how long the peaceful beauty  
Of its blooming lasts.  
And should the winter wither it,  
On the garden wall,  
Will they cut it down and burn it  
When its blossoms fall?

—P. Duncan-Brown.

## Talking About Tours

THE retiring Governor-General and his wife, Sir Isaac and Lady Isaacs, are to be given a tour abroad at the expense of the nation: a proper, justifiable, well-merited gesture.

Now, wouldn't it be an excellent idea to give those other rulers of the nation at Canberra, the parliamentarians, a free trip round the Commonwealth, touring the slums and the outback with equal method and attention? Even if we had to make it compulsory. Anyhow, free and compulsory education is next to White Australia, the soundest of our national principles.

## A Woman's Job

HOW urgent it is that the womenfolk of the community should busy themselves with public affairs was revealed the other day in the New South Wales State Parliament.

The Minister for Local Government, Mr. Spooner, calmly announced that there were 102,501 premises in the Sydney metropolitan area without sewerage, although they are connected to the water supply. Most certainly this is a condition of affairs prevailing in every State capital and in other closely populated centres of the six States.

If the menfolk refuse to make the health of the people the supreme law, then it is up to



MR. P. LEISCHING, C.M.G., who has been appointed secretary to Sir Geoffrey Whiskard, the first British High Commissioner to Australia. This will be his third experience of British representation in the Dominions. He was on the staff of the High Commissioner at Ottawa before going to South Africa, and was also attached to the staff of the British delegation to the Ottawa Conference.

their womenfolk, upon whom and upon whose children the burden of the neglect falls most heavily and unhealthily.

## Without Comment

THE Institute of Family Relations of New York has completed a nation-wide plebiscite of the U.S.A. as to what is the secret of married life.

Here's the "Ideal Husband in per cent. of desirability":

- Sense of humor: 25%.
- Brains and common sense: 15%.
- Personality: 15%.
- Money-making ability: 15%.
- Loving and domesticated: 10%.
- Pondiness for children: 10%.
- Partner, not master: 10%.

All you have to do now is to go home and measure him. Very likely he'll say that the sense of humor ought to be 95 per cent.

# Women at War ... on the Home Front

## Hard Work and Willing Sacrifices by Italian Mothers

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London.

"The women of Italy are fighting the world with their hearts, their souls, and their jewels." In these dramatic words the Italian Ambassador in London summed up to me the attitude of Italy's feminine population.

While the women of Abyssinia are marching barefooted over the unbaked hills, accompanying their men to the forefront of the battle, I went along to the Italian Embassy to find out what the women of Italy are doing in the face of world disapproval.

ALL Italian women are working tremendously hard, from the Queen and the Crown Princess downwards. The Ambassador told me. "The Queen herself is in command of all military hospitals. She has made a hobby of improving the sanitary conditions of the people of Italy and bringing their Red Cross services up to date; and now, as in the Great War, the hospitals for the wounded are directly under her control."

"The Princess of Piedmont, who was Princess Marie Jose of Belgium, has done a great deal of nursing since she left school, and she is bringing her practical knowledge to good use now. She has taken complete charge of the management and equipment of all our hospital ships. She is living in Naples, and she personally inspects every hospital ship before it leaves the port and when it returns, herself checking up the medical stores and so on."

## Heavy Task

THE League of Mothers and Wives, an association for the wives and mothers of Italians killed in the Great War, is a very powerful organization, and to its members has fallen the heavy task of house-to-house propaganda.

"These excellent women go from door to door advising the housewives how to live more economically and how to cater for their meatless days. At the same time they beg for gifts for the State from every woman of the household... sometimes, it is fire-irons they want, sometimes gold, and when this is what is asked, even wedding rings go into the hungry coffers of the State."

"Sometimes they ask for the locks from the doors, or even the doors themselves, for the fires in the munitions factories must be fed. And everything is gladly sacrificed 'pro patria.'"

"Of course our women are working in the munitions factories, and on the land, too, they are doing the work that husbands, fathers, and brothers have had to leave."

## Egg Economies

ITALIAN women never accompany our men when they are campaigning. All the nursing in the war zone is done by men. As far as I know," said the Ambassador, "there are no Italian women in Abyssinia. Even during the Great War our women were not allowed nearer the fighting front than the base hospitals."

"The spirit of our women is fine. They are very cheerful, and they will not break the rules for meatless days even when the wily butchers try to tempt them to buy enough meat one day to carry them over the days of fast."

"But food of every kind is short in Italy now, and the housewife who used to have two eggs for a savory dish now tries to manage with half of one. The whole population is being asked to eat less; and such things as lemons, olives, and certain wines are unobtainable, as the entire stock is being used for the troops. Dinner on a meatless day consists of vegetable soup, eggs baked on flat plates, bread, and perhaps some fruit that was preserved last summer."

At the Italian Embassy it is difficult to imagine that the nation is at war. There is an air of peace and spaciousness about the lovely house in Grosvenor Square that makes any sort of tragedy seem very remote.





# IF THEY'D Only Kill Daddy CHRISTMAS!

## Direful Results of Shopping and Spending Early

By L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated  
by  
WEP

Well, we've spent the rent again.

It's about time somebody put a stop to this Christmas shopping business. I was allotted my usual job as pack-horse when the wife went shopping this week. Fat women bumped me, small children wiped their boots on me, old gentlemen endeavored to poke my eyes out with walking-sticks, and fellow pack-horses cursed me and trod on my feet.

I don't like these big department stores. I got lost four times, and the wife was very annoyed about it. It's very embarrassing to find yourself jammed up against the ribbon counter when the clarion call of duty summons you to the rocking-horse department.

ALL husbands who go shopping with their wives during the festive (Oh, yeah?) season should have numbered guernseys issued to them and be provided with small hand-carts while the wives would have police whistles or fox lures handed out to them.

Loud speakers would call, "Number 87 wanted in the Dried Apricot Department. Number 49 is to cease talking to the girl at the lace counter and join his wife in the Manchester Department immediately, and he is not to forget his hand-cart this time."

What I'd really like to hear

would be newsboys shouting, "Extra! Extra! Terrible death of Father Christmas!"

All the meal-tickets and pack-horses would hastily buy newspapers and read with relish: "At an early hour this morning the body of an old gentleman was found hanging out of a chimney at the gasworks. The police have established the fact that this remarkable old man's name was F. Christmas, commonly known to his intimates as 'Daddy,' and had attained the astonishing age of 1935 years. It seems fairly certain that he was kicked to death by reindeers.

Detectives working on the case expect to make an early arrest." (Loud cheers from the pack-horse.)

A rather fiendish scheme has been invented by the shopkeeping community in this country. It is revealed in the slogan, "Get your Christmas shopping done early." I have already eaten all the candied lemon peel and drunk most of the beer intended for the guests on Christmas Eve. That's what comes of doing your shopping early. It looks as if it'll have to be done all over again.

### Alias Bus Driver

STILL I hope I don't have to wear one of those paper hats this Christmas. And I hope I get a threepence out of the pudding this year. Last year I had five helpings and all I got was indigestion. But to get back to the shopping. My grandfather took young Egbert, the sister's little boy, to a shop to see Santa Claus, a retired bus-driver with a bomb-proof beard which smelt strongly of moth-balls.

"Well, my little lad," said Santa Claus, patting Egbert on the belfry, "and what can I do for you?"

"I want a bicycle," answered Egbert, "and a train and a rocking-horse and a picture-book and an air-gun and a box of crackers and an aeroplane and a pony and a cowboy suit and a scooter and . . ."

### How Fight Started

IT was at this moment that my grandfather struck little Egbert a shrewd blow in the nape of the neck, rendering him temporarily unfit for further conversation. There's no doubt we have a lot to learn from the older people.

They revived the child by means of artificial exasperation, and my grandfather bought him a balloon and took him along to a garage to have it pumped up, whereupon the child, with the business instincts of the family thoroughly aroused, resorted to blackmail and demanded an ice cream, stating that if it was not forthcoming he would tell his mother about the swipe in the neck doled out to him by Arburthnot.

Arburthnot, being a man of spirit, drew his clasp knife and punctured the balloon. Egbert then gave Arburthnot in charge for wilfully and maliciously damaging his property. At the subsequent trial, counsel for the defendant pleaded that it was merely the air which his client had let out of the balloon, and air could not be regarded as private property.

A riot started in the court and martial law was proclaimed. (It's no use trying to stop me, I've got a run on). Nevertheless there was considerable shooting from the house-tops, and the police made several baton charges which resulted in a number of casualties. Eighteen of the demonstrators were arrested and shot.

### Thoughtless Wife

THE result of the whole affair was a great influx of Irishmen to Australia, things being a bit too quiet in the Irish Free State.

(Sorry about that bit, but I just felt like it).

I must leave you now as I have to nail up the Christmas decorations in



A futuristic picture of the murder of Father Christmas. The whiskers mark the spot where the body was found.

the dining-room. You should be sorry for me. My wife waits till I'm standing on top of a step-ladder with my mouth full of tacks before she starts ordering me about, and in my efforts to answer back I swallow the tacks. Last year I had tacks poking out of me all over the place and I was thinking of hiring my-

self out to an Indian fakir so that he could lie on me while somebody broke rocks on his chest with a sledge-hammer. Anyhow the shopping is done. We'll be broke now till about August, 1936. So, thanking you for your kind attention, I beg to remain— But what does that matter anyhow!

## How does she keep her SLIM FIGURE

SHE'S got that slim attractive figure so much admired by the opposite sex. She's maintained her lovely line and kept in perfect health with the aid of her nightly Bile Beans.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable and can be taken regularly with perfect safety, for they not only improve your figure but your health as well.

So, if you want to gradually melt away those surplus pounds of fat and have radiant health, just remember to take a couple of Bile Beans nightly.



"My weight had got to fourteen stone eight pounds when on a friend's recommendation I began to take Bile Beans regularly every night. I have lost seventeen pounds of surplus fat in the past few weeks, and have every confidence that Bile Beans will still further reduce my figure to normal!"

—Mrs. M. Graham.

"I was putting on so much weight that my stage work was affected. Bile Beans have removed all excess fat, and I am now over a stone lighter. With the help of nightly Bile Beans I am able to maintain a slim and attractive figure, my skin is nice and clear, and I have plenty of energy."

—Miss P. Bosworth.

# BILE BEANS

113 & 31- EVERYWHERE



"I combine  
Health with Pleasure  
~in a glass of  
'OVALTINE' COLD"

DURING the warm summer days you will find that a glass of "Ovaltine"—served cold—is as delicious as it is health-giving and sustaining.

This refreshing, creamy drink, with a fascinating flavour, is brim-full of the nourishment which builds up energy, vitality and perfect fitness of body, brain and nerves. And this is just what you need at a time when the light summer meals you prefer are insufficiently nourishing to meet all the demands on your strength and vigour.

Prepared by exclusive processes from the highest qualities of malt, milk and eggs, "Ovaltine" stands in a class by itself for quality and health-giving value. But be sure it is "Ovaltine". There is nothing just as good. Reject substitutes.

TRIAL SAMPLE: A generous trial sample of "Ovaltine", sufficient to make four cupsful, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps, to cover cost of packing and postage. See address below.

PRICES: 1/9, 2/10, 5/-. At all Chemists and Stores. A. WANDER LIMITED 218 KENT STREET, SYDNEY

OCUMJS



## SOUND ADVICE FOR PAT'S MOTHER—



Not just white, but dazzling... after active PERSIL suds have whisked all the dirt away. Hard rubbing with lazy soap suds would never get clothes so white. It's the busy little oxygen bubbles that do the trick. There's only one PERSIL—

REFUSE IMITATIONS

PERSIL (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.



THE SIMPLE WAY IS THE PERSIL WAY!

## NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

## Australian War-Birds Find a Chronicler

While English and Continental authors, even before the war was over, were remarkably quick off the mark in the race for a public eager to experience vicariously the thrills and horrors of modern warfare, the Australian soldier-author was slow to make his appearance; so slow that, in the majority of cases, he arrived too late to benefit fully by the craze for war-books which swept round the world and then died away.

But, irrespective of the time of their arrival, several splendid books have been written by ex-members of the A.I.F., books which rank in quality with overseas works that have been accorded a great deal more publicity than the local product.

The latest addition to worth-while Australian war literature is "Aces and Kings," by L. W. Sutherland and Norman Ellison.

THIS book deals with the part played in the Palestine campaign by the Australian Flying Corps. It is a record of heroism and achievement, told in an unaffected, casual style, of which any unit of any army might be proud.

Mr. Sutherland was a pilot in No. 1 Squadron of the A.F.C., which formed part of the Royal Flying Corps wing of Allenby's army. As a member of this unit—which achieved the reputation of being the most redoubtable squadron on the Eastern front—he knew intimately men whose names subsequently became known the world over.

## Famous Men

Ross Smith and the well-known mythical T. E. Lawrence figure largely in this book, and the chapters devoted to them are fine examples of the way in which a sympathetic pen, plus the knowledge born of close association, can make human and lovable men whose achievements have carried them to a point where they seem to be made of different clay to the rest of us. "Aces and Kings" would be worth buying if only for what the authors have to say on these two figures alone.

Apart from the numerous personalities one meets in this book—all of them one hundred per cent. interesting—the work is noteworthy for the balance that has been preserved in the selection of material. Sutherland and Ellison have not—as they could easily have done, following the best Continental traditions—made the volume a record of dirt, disease and horrors. Humor is never absent for long, and it is the type of humor that will suit the Australian palate: sardonic, where it is not broad farce.

On the other side of the picture, when war has to be described in its most terrible aspects, the authors are equal to the job. The second last chapter of the book, "Nine Miles of Dead," is one that will never fade from the mind of any person who reads it.

The writing is splendid; the whole feeling of those four days of slaughter has been captured and set down; it is one of the most impressive pieces of war prose Australia has produced.

"Aces and Kings" is a book that has a double appeal. Historically, as an unofficial, but graphic, record of one squadron of the A.F.C. during the war, it is important. As a piece of entertainment it is something that should not be missed. Any doubt that may exist regarding this recommendation may be



## SHORT REVIEWS



"MADAME FEARS THE DARK." Margaret Irwin. This book provides a feast of creepy tales—seven stories and a play. But it is a good feast, and the palate does not grow as jaded as it would with most books of this type. Supernatural influences, mysterious religious rites, and black magic are included in the ingredients. (Chatto and Windus. 7/6.)

"THE Little Colonel Stories." Anne Fellows Johnston. The film version of these stories has been delighting audiences everywhere, and interest in this juvenile Kentucky heroine has grown in consequence. The local publication of the book at a moderate price should solve the Christmas gift problem for many. (Angus and Robertson. 2/6.)

"THE Children's Holiday Book of Verse"—chosen by Lorna Lewis. If you are in haste, do not open this book. It is too fascinating; that is, if the reader is not entirely bereft of imagination. It contains all the delightful rhymes of childhood, as well as selections from the moderns. One cannot put it down easily. (Arthur Barker. 7/6.)



MR. HUMPHREY JORDAN, whose latest novel is reviewed on this page.

—Women's Weekly photo

satisfied by a glance at the foreword, which is by P. M. Outlack, editor of "The War Letters of General Monash" and "The Official History of Australia in the War, Vol. 8: The Australian Flying Corps." (Angus and Robertson. 6/-)

## "TILL SHE STOOP." Moria Stuart.

There are some quite good pieces of character drawing in this book, although the types have been served up by novelists for generations past. The self-made man whose wife retains the simple, kindly outlook of her youth, the disappointing, self-indulgent son, the effete young man who thinks the sugar plums of life should drop into his lap, the flighty, extravagant young wife. The plot is thin. (Arthur Barker. 7/6.)

## WORK for Work's Sake

HUMPHREY JORDAN preaches the gospel of work in "Roundabout," and presents it as man's salvation rather than as his burden.

His chief character is an English aristocrat, happily married with an historic home and an income of many thousands a year. He had no consciously superior outlook, more a case of taking things for granted. He lived only as his family had lived for generations, served for a number of years in one of the Services, and then, while still a comparatively young man, settled down to the traditional life of an English gentleman of leisure.

But he awakened to realities with a jolt. The company in which all his money was invested failed with dramatic suddenness. He was left with a comparatively small income. From this point we get the picture of a man's changing attitude towards work, his conception of it first as a means of increasing his income and eventually his appreciation of it as one of the worthwhile things of life. He learnt to regard it, too, as one of the precious things, for he found his friends, men faced with retirement from the navy and army, grasping at every straw to achieve a "job of work" that would prevent them from being in the doldrums.

The tale is a good one. The man in question, Sir Henry Crad, gets a very small "job of work." It takes him to Australia, where much of the action of the story is set and where we are introduced to Snelly-Smith, the master mind of Smith's transports, and one of the most important and best-drawn characters in the story. His life and that of Crad are strangely interwoven. Mr. Jordan makes repeated reference to the Australian accent and such phrases as "chattered in Australian," "talked Australian," occur repeatedly. He does not refer to these things derisively, but much in the same manner as he writes of the Somerset accent, and so on. Still he rather suggests an alienation from the English language that the majority of Australians are not prepared to admit.

There are thrilling episodes of land and sea, which are well done. Mr. Jordan was in Australia recently—in fact, he received an advance copy of "Roundabout" while he was in Sydney. He will be best remembered by his "Creation's Cry" and "The Commander Shall." (Hodder & Stoughton. All booksellers. 7/6.)

**BRAN TUB No. 35**

**SHE AWAKENED HER HUSBAND WHO**

**as** **REP** **UTE** **INED**

**hiiii** **ices** **W** **He** **ED**

**3** **W** **E** **on** **B** **Diiii** **ED**

**A** **TE** **FOUR** **P** **aid** **F**

**A** **SIDER** **P**

**£50**  
**WON**

## RESULT OF "BRAN TUB" No. 32

The winning Competitor in this contest is:—

Mrs. M. McARTHUR, 14 Miff Plain, via Swan Hill, Victoria. Her solution, containing two errors, was the most nearly correct one received, and the prize of £50 in cash is therefore awarded to her, and will be posted on Friday, 3rd January.

**BRAN TUB** **£50** **MUST BE WON**

## Can You Solve This Simple Puzzle?

Don't miss this splendid one-week competition! It is just a short and easily-worded paragraph about CHASING A THIEF, which appeared in an Australian newspaper some time ago, and has now been put into puzzle form by our artist. The opening words, "She awakened her husband..." will tell you what it is all about—and for the rest the wording is simple, and the sense of the sentence will help you. Each picture or sign may mean part of a word, one, two, or three words, but not more than three. Solve the puzzle carefully and write your solution IN INK on one side of a sheet of paper. Add your name and residential address, and post the entry to:—

"BRAN TUB," No. 35V

BOX 4155X, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY. All entries must be postmarked not later than FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27th.

The First Prize of £50 will be awarded to the competitor whose solution of the paragraph is correct or most nearly correct. In case of ties, the prize money will be divided, but the full amount will be paid. Sealed Solution and £50 Prize Money is deposited with "Australian Women's Weekly," Sydney. A postal note of 1/- must accompany each initial entry, and 6d. each additional entry. (Where postal notes are not obtainable, 1/1 in stamps will be accepted in lieu of 1/- postal notes.) Any number of attempts may be sent on plain paper. Alternatives in single entries will be disqualified. Post Office addresses not accepted. Results will be published on SATURDAY, JANUARY 11th.

## SOLUTION TO "BRAN TUB" No. 32

He held up the light to look at the end of the protruding pipe, and no sooner had he done this than there was a sudden blaze, and he was knocked down. Simultaneously there was a report like the discharge of a gun.



# MRS. DIONNE'S Great SURRENDER! "I Did it for Their Sakes"

Her own reasons for first signing away custody of her quintuplet babies are revealed in this second instalment of Mrs. Dionne's life story.

Telling her own story in her own tongue and without restraint, Elzire Dionne relives the hours when the death shadow hovered over her and her five prematurely-born daughters in the Dionne farmhouse. Only her faith in Divine miracles, she believes, saved the six of them—to be parted by man-made law.

OVER in the hospital-nursery to-day—Oliva and I had gone there for a visit with our children—my mind kept shuttling back and forth, from present to past, from past to present.

As I held my babies in my arms, each in her turn, as I petted them and talked to them in French, I visualised all over again that horrible death shadow.

Watching their father, Oliva, at play with the little ones to-day, I recalled his tiptoed entrance into the room shortly after they were born.

I saw Oliva glance from me towards the foot of the bed, at the large market basket in which the babies had just been placed by the midwife and my aunt, Mrs. Legros.

"What do you think of . . . of . . . of our . . . ?" I'd started to say "of our five babies," but I checked myself and said "of them." I was still stunned and bewildered by their number.

"I don't know what to think, Elzire, of all these little ones, for the unheard of has just happened to us, hasn't it? But I do know I never could have imagined any babies so small. Aren't they the tiniest things to be alive?" "They're still alive and breathing, all five of them?" I answered.

"Yes, I'm watching them breathe."

## "Star Athlete"

AS I prayed, both while Oliva was with me and after he went out, I again heard whisperings: the faint, heart-moving appeals of five unbelievably small girls crying to their mother.

Scarcely an hour ago, in the hospital nursery, I picked up my little angels, one by one. I listened to them gurgle and laugh, something they never fail to do when I am holding them. I felt their



MISS YVONNE, first of the quintuplets to walk

arms about my neck. I felt them clinging to me in the way babies so naturally cling to their own mothers—and I thought of our first day on earth together.

We had hardly shown our faces in the hospital when Yvonne, seated in her nursery chair near the door, spied us and held out her chubby hands to her papa. And did he go running?

That little coquette, Cecile, she always ogles for her papa's attention! Her trick, all her own, of regarding a person through half-closed lids, then of closing the lids altogether as if to display to best advantage those dusky lashes about which so much has been written, makes me smile.

In her papa's arms Cecile smiled, prattled, laughed aloud and, on her own initiative, patty-caked and patty-caked for us to-day.

And Emilie, "our baby star athlete," her father calls her because she's the champion water splasher and the champion kicker of the five, put on a regular kicking exhibition in her ivory-colored bed.

By Elzire Dionne

As told to Lillian Barker

Marie's favorite pursuit at the moment was playing with a toy goose attached by elastic-pulley to the side of her bed.

## A Regular Party

I WAS spellbound by this antic and by Marie's laughing persistence. She's usually such a serious-looking little thing and not generally so active as the others.

The cute little darling kept on tugging at the goose till at last she abandoned the plaything and held out her hands to me. She wanted her own mother to hold and baby her.

You see, our family means everything to us. That is why we were so pleased when Mlle. Cecile Lamoureux, the gracious, charming new head nurse at the hospital, put our five little ones in the middle of the floor and suggested that we all have one grand playtime together.

A regular party it was, too. A crawling party, then a walking one.

Talk about competitions! The speed our little ones made! But Annette won by more than a foot, with Cecile, Emilie, Yvonne and Marie not far behind, each trailing in the order named. But when it came to walking, Annette walked off with all the honors.

To-day, when we finally had to tear ourselves from them, they crawled to the door and looked at us so longingly, as if they wanted us to take them along. All of which made me very sad, just as sad as I'd been glad while playing with them, my five baby daughters!

Trudging home, I kept thinking of the parting in the nursery. I kept seeing

those little ones creeping to the door and once again my mind shuttled back to the past. To the signing of the agreement with the Red Cross when the children were a little less than two months old.

The Red Cross, before donations, money, and other gifts began to pour in, had come to our aid in a moment of great need. It had—and I am glad to give credit where credit is due—sent out, by order of the Government, I've since been informed, two nurses to look after me and the babies.

This same organisation had also provided food for these nurses and furnished whatever other supplies were necessary in an emergency that we could not possibly have foreseen.

But when Mr. W. H. Alderson, impressive, grey-haired inspector for the Red Cross, came to our house on July 24, 1934, with Mr. H. R. Vallin, lawyer son of Judge Vallin, one of the babies' present guardians, and asked us to sign a memorandum giving the Red Cross "permission to look after our babies for a period of eighteen years," we would not even consider the proposal.

## Wanted Her Babies

IT stunned me. Eighteen years seemed like forever to me. I said so. Oliva said the same thing.

Afraid as I was, and still am, of legal documents, I thought:

"If the mothers' milk and all other supplies were withdrawn what would become of my five helpless, premature, incubator babies?"

We signed the paper surrendering our babies not for 18 years but for two years.

[Mrs. Dionne next week will tell of the stories of attempts to exploit the "Quins."]

# Summer Time is TEA TIME



"Tea steadies  
and invigorates" says  
Mr. Stan McCabe

"EVERYONE who plays cricket or any other sport knows the strain of playing and remaining alert and watchful for critical moments. You forget all about it in the excitement of the game, but when the interval comes, one is always ready for a good cup of tea. It bucks you up and renews your energy.

Some people, I know, prefer Iced Tea when they need a thirst quencher, and this should become a very popular drink this Summer."

## RECIPE FOR CREAMED ICED TEA

Two tablespoonsful good quality tea, 1 quart boiling water, 1 pint of cream (or 1 pint milk), 3 ozs. castor sugar, 1 lemon. Put tea in teapot, previously heated, pour the boiling water over the tea, allow to infuse for 5 minutes, then pour off into a jug. Place jug in freezer for two hours, then mix the tea with the sugar and cream (or milk) and place in freezer for further two hours. Serve with thin slices of lemon. Always be careful to strain tea carefully.

## RECIPE FOR RUSSIAN ICED TEA

Four teaspoonful of tea to two pints of freshly boiling water. Infuse five minutes, then strain carefully through a piece of muslin or fine strainer into a jug into which has been put previously ice, the juice of one lemon, the juice of one orange, and one teaspoonful of sugar.

Other delightful methods of serving Iced Tea will be found in the

## FREE RECIPE BOOK

which you can secure by writing to The Tea Market Expansion Bureau, Kyle House, Macquarie Place, Sydney. Just send your address and 1d. stamp to cover postage.

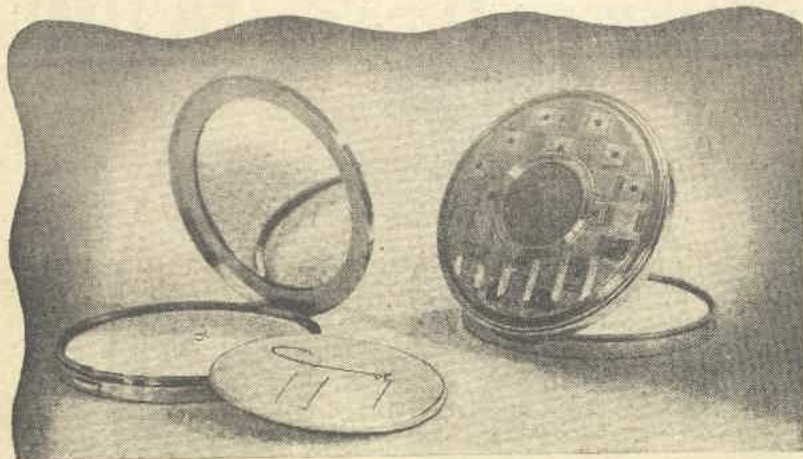
ISSUED BY THE TEA MARKET  
EXPANSION BUREAU

Hot  
or Iced

good TEA stimulates  
quenches







The Perfect Powder  
for the handbag is

**COTY**  
PRESSED POWDER

#### NOT A COMPACT

When you buy Coty Pressed Powder you are getting the compressed contents of a 3/9 box of Coty powder in various attractive containers, any one of which you'll be proud to take out of your handbag. The ideal gift for Christmas!

Every woman knows the nuisance of loose powder which spills and blows out when carried in the handbag. Coty Pressed Powder (which is not a compact) now provides the perfect solution to this problem. It is exactly the same powder as the Coty powder in the famous "powder puff" box. Yet it is specially compressed by a unique Coty process without the use of the usual adhesive ingredients which cause grittiness and affect the purity of compacts. You therefore have a handy "block" of pure Coty powder which is extremely economical in use—the slightest touch of the puff being sufficient. The contents are equal to a full box of "loose" Coty Powder and last three times longer.

5/6, 9/6 and 15/6, Refills 3/9

FRANK E. WRIGHT, Australian Representative, 39 YORK STREET, SYDNEY

## men only.

You can give a gift that will give greater health to the family, relieve your wife of much drudgery. Save your money and her time.

*The New Domestic Economy!*

Buy her a Vacola Bottling Outfit. She can then purchase delicious fruit by the case, preserve it the easy Vacola way, and have a store of beautiful fruit dishes always on hand.

**Fruit for a penny a pound—ALWAYS**

Apart from the money saving, think of the time saving of having sweet dishes for dozens of meals prepared easily in one evening. Everyone with a Vacola Outfit can afford lots of healthful fruit for the family, all the year through. Don't delay—act while fruit is cheap—order a Vacola Outfit for Xmas delivery. Ask your Grocer, Ironmonger or Storekeeper.

L1033

Manufactured by Fowlers Vacola Manufacturing Co. Ltd., Burwood Road, Hawthorn, E.2, Victoria.  
Sole Corset Dealers and General Storekeepers, Waterbury, Sydney. Interstate Representatives:  
Wentley & Co. Pty. Ltd., Mary Street, Brisbane. Robert Bannister & Co., Hordern Street, Melbourne.  
Girdle & Co., Adelaide. Crutchfield Bros., 14 Queen Street, Perth. E. J. Sidebottom, 14 Cameron Street, Launceston.

**FREE**

Please send me your booklet which tells more about the NEW Domestic Economy.

W.W.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

**FOWLERS**  
**VACOLA**  
FRUIT BOTTLING OUTFIT

## BAD LUCK Can't Last

*Continued from Page 5*

**S**HE was crying! She was holding her handkerchief up to her eyes, and when she moved it to find a drier spot I saw that her eyes were red, and the tears were streaming down her face.

What a ghastly situation! My first impulse was to creep silently away. But it seemed rather heartless to leave the poor girl to cry her eyes out all by herself. I felt that I ought to do something.

"There, there," I said.

The girl looked across at me.

"I beg your pardon?" she said faintly.

"I—er—I said: 'There, there.' It struck me how extraordinarily foolish a remark like that sounded when it was repeated. 'I mean,' I added hastily, 'don't cry.'

"I'm not crying," said the girl. "I've got something in my eye. A bit of cinder or something."

I heaved a sigh of relief.

"Shall I get it out for you?" I asked.

"Do you think you could?" said the girl.

"Oh, rather," I said. I crossed the carriage and sat down beside her. "If you'll turn round a bit toward me," I said confidently, "I'll soon have it out."

Five minutes later I wasn't feeling so confident about it. I don't know whether you've ever tried to get something out of someone's eyes in a train, but you can take it from me that it's not so easy as it sounds.

The train always swerved or jolted just when I'd got her lower lid nicely pulled down and spotted the cinder and was preparing to fish for it with the corner of her handkerchief. When this happened, her eyelid promptly slipped back again, I jabbed her in the eye with my finger, and had to begin all over again. By that time the cinder had wandered off elsewhere, and further investigation was needed before it could be found.

Fortunately, the train stopped presently in a station. I got to work, and, after several bad shots, at last I fished the thing out.

Just as I had done so, the train started again with a jolt. The girl was leaning towards me with her face close to mine, and the jolt flung her against me. I instinctively put my arms round her to steady her, and as I did so her forehead hit me violently on the nose.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" said a voice at the door.

I turned my head. Reggie Brainshaw stood in the corridor outside, and in his hand he carried what I recognised with a shock as my parcel. He grinned offensively at me.

"Hallo, Tony old chap!" he said. "I've been all up the train to look for you. Just discovered you left your parcel in the carriage back there. Sorry to butt in!"

He tossed the parcel on to the rack above my head, grinned even more offensively, and departed along the corridor.

I was appalled by the thought of how nearly I had lost that precious parcel. I must have been so dazed by Reggie's flow of conversation that I had forgotten all about it when I had left the carriage.

The girl, who had extricated herself from my arms and was doing things with a powder puff, smiled at me gratefully. She was a pretty girl—quite a remarkably pretty girl. Not, of course, a patch on Molly, but still pretty. I would rather, of course, have had Molly to talk to; but I am bound to say that this other girl and me had a very pleasant chat.

"This train," I remarked presently, "seems to take an uncommonly long time to get to Watchet Junction."

"Watchet Junction?" said the girl. "We've passed it."

"What?" I said.

"That was Watchet Junction," said the girl, "where the train stopped, when you were getting the cinder out of my eye. I saw the name up."

"But I've got to go to Limsfield," I said.

"I don't think this train stops before Pullerton," said the girl.

I looked out of the window. I knew the line pretty well, and I recognised it. We were half a mile or so from Limsfield Station.

All this bad luck had unnerved me a bit, I dare say. I acted on a wild impulse and did something that I could never have done in cold blood. I pulled the communication cord.

**I** REGRETTED it the next moment. I realised that I could quite easily have gone on to Pullerton and come back. But it was too late now. The train was pulling up and it came to a standstill in Limsfield Station.

I grabbed my parcel from the rack where Reggie had thrown it, said goodbye to the girl and jumped out of the carriage.

I was met at the door by the guard and the station-master. They were

very hurt indeed about the whole business. It was, they said, very, very wrong to stop a train, and dire penalties would be visited upon me for doing so. In order to assist the visiting process, they required my name and address. I gave it to them, together with the Bradfords', in case they wanted to start visiting at once. They then intimated that the interview was closed, expressing the hope that it would be a lesson to me.

I found Molly alone in the drawing-room, when I reached the Bradfords' house. It was the first thing that had happened to me that day, even remotely resembling good luck.

"Hallo, Tony!" she said. "How nice to see you again!"

I produced the parcel and handed it to her.

"I've brought you a Christmas present," I said. "I suppose I ought to keep it till to-morrow, really; but I'd—er—like you to have it to-day."

"Tony! How sweet of you!" said Molly. "What is it?"

"Open it and see," I said. "I—I hope you'll like it. It's—er—something I want you to wear."

She began to pull off the string, and I walked over to the window. Now it had come to the point, I was feeling horribly nervous.

There was a rustling of paper, and then I heard a sort of gasp.

"Tony! But—but what an extraordinary—"

I turned. The unwrapped parcel lay on a table. And in it, in a partly unfolded heap, was something that made my eyes start out of my head.

Something pink and soft and filmy. "Good heavens!" I said weakly.

"Really, Tony," said Molly, "I—I don't think you ought to give me things like this."

She turned the filmy thing over hesitatingly, and then gasped again.

"I—I can't understand it," I stammered.

"Can't you?" said Molly in an odd voice. "I'm—beginning to understand it now."

"It's—it's the wrong parcel," I said. "I know that," said Molly.

She picked up a small piece of paper that lay in the parcel and handed it to me. I gazed at it blankly. Scrawled across it in hastily printed capital letters were the words: "LOVE TO JEAN."

"Who is Jean?" demanded Molly coldly.

"I—I don't know," I said.

Please turn to Page 16

**"Why do I often feel like this?"**



**The Answer to a Question Many Women are Asking**

Thousands of women, and men too, live in a perpetual state of ill-health, and are at a loss to know the reason why. In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred the cause is acid dyspepsia. With the stomach in a constant state of sourness you are bound to get the following symptoms—Always tired and low-spirited, frequent headaches, disturbed sleep, over-strung nerves, loss of appetite, nausea, flatulence and indigestion. To restore normal health it is necessary to overcome the habitual sourness of the stomach and this can be most effectively accomplished with 'Bisurated' Magnesia, the supreme stomach remedy with over 20 years' reputation for unflinching efficacy. A teaspoonful of powder, or 2 to 4 tablets, three times daily after meals, never fails to work wonders. If you have the symptoms described above, why not try putting your stomach right? Get a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, powder or tablets, from your chemist and start your recovery to-day by taking the first dose after your next meal—its restorative effect will be a revelation to you.

**'BISURATED' MAGNESIA**  
**Banishes Stomach Ills**

A concentrated preparation, very economical. The package bears the 'Bismar' Trade Mark.



# SPiRiT OF THE TiMES



Showing Daddy what they want Daddy Christmas to bring them.



"And, please, will you ask Daddy Christmas to leave me a . . ."



Flowers will make it bright.



The best Christmas box of all—a letter from her "baby."



Just another letter for Daddy Christmas!



A laudable ambition, frustrated by sleep, to see the greatest man of the year.



To the sorters at the G.P.O. Christmas is represented only by so much extra work.



Selecting something for HIM.



Don't Let **CONSTIPATION** Wreck Your Life!  
Overcome it today — Safely — Swiftly, with

# LAXETTES

**YOU'LL** never know what it is to be really healthy until Laxettes have toned up your system, cleansed and purified it, cleared away all poisonous waste! You'll never be satisfied with any other medicine once you have experienced the gentle, easy efficiency of Laxettes. They're the purest laxative you can buy—compounded of the ingredients that will do the most good to your system safely.

**Use LAXETTES Yourself! . . . .**  
Give them to  
**Your Children!**

Laxettes are not expensive. Any chemist or storekeeper can give you the big tin for 1/6d.



READ  
THESE LETTERS

"For some time I had been ill with constipation. I took salts, castors and all other medicines, but no good. Then I tried two Laxettes and within one hour they gave just wonderful results."

(Mrs. H.W. — Sth. Melb.)

"I have always had trouble with my little girl with constipation, and have used all sorts of remedies. I gave her half a Laxette every other morning, and now have no trouble with her."

(Mrs. J.H. — Murrumbidgee)

"My baby girl—14 months—would go for three days constipated. I tried everything for daily efforts, without success. Now, I have tried Laxettes, which are wonderful."

(Mrs. J.H.)

Hirewood, S.A.

**PROVED  
SUCCESSFUL  
WHEN OTHER  
MEDICINES  
FAILED TO  
GIVE RELIEF!**

Countless men, women and children have benefited by taking Laxettes, and are now enjoying perfect health. You, too, can be as fit as they; you too, will be just as enthusiastic once you try Laxettes.



**MOTHER—  
Suspect  
WORMS!**

Watch for the danger signs. Bad nerves, night terrors, irregular appetite, itching and weakness are symptoms of worm infestation. At least 5 out of every 10 children suffer from worms at some time or another. Therefore, your child may be a victim.

Intestinal worms are easy to cure—if you use Baxter's Worm Tablets. Baxter's Worm Tablets are definitely guaranteed worm expellers and killers. They do not contain taintful or compounds injurious and upsetting. Write for authoritative literature to Dept. W.W.S., 366 Swanston Street, Melbourne.

An Xmas Gift  
dear to all —

JEAN-MARIE-FARINA  
Eau de Cologne  
by ROGER & GALLET  
lasting fragrance, refresh-  
ing and exhilarating.



In attractive  
Gold Cartons.



GIFTS of quality  
and distinction  
with a personality  
which is inimit-  
able and long  
remembered.

**ROGER & GALLET**  
*of paris.*

Perfumers for over a Century

## BAD LUCK Can't Last

Continued from Page 14

"**R**EALLY, Tony," said Molly, "you can't expect me to believe that. You don't give this sort of thing to people you don't know."

"But I tell you I haven't," I said. "I don't. I never should."

"Then you do know her?" said Molly. "I do not know her," I said desperately.

"Oh, don't be stupid, Tony," said Molly. "Of course it's unfortunate that you've mixed up my parcel with one you were going to give to some other girl—a girl called Jean!"

"But I haven't," I said wildly. "I—er—I mean, I wasn't going to give anything to Jean."

"I thought you said you didn't know who Jean was."

"I—I don't," I said helplessly.

**M**Y nerve was giving way. It was an absolute relief when the door opened and Reggie Brainshaw came in.

"Hullo, Molly!" said Reggie. "How goes it? I've just got home, and I came straight out in the car to look you up."

"How nice of you!" said Molly, and she bestowed a smile on him that nearly drove me mad.

"I wanted to see old Tony, too," continued Reggie. He turned to me and lowered his voice confidentially. "Who was that priceless girl you were with in the train, Tony?"

Molly came a step nearer. "Shut up!" I hissed.

"No, but, really, old chap," said Reggie. "I want an introduction to her. Prettiest girl I've ever seen in my life. Unless of course—I say, you're not engaged to her, are you?"

"Of course I'm not," I snapped, wondering desperately how on earth I was to make this blundering idiot shut up.

"That's all right, then," he said. "Come on, old chap! Give me an introduction."

"Was there a girl with you in the train?" demanded Molly.

"Er—yes," I said; "but—"

Reggie laughed. "I should jolly well say there was. The old dog! Told me he'd arranged to meet someone on the train, and when I toddled along the corridor later, there they were!"

"This was Jean, I suppose?" said Molly coldly.

"No, no!" I said incoherently. "She wasn't Jean. At least, I mean, she may have been Jean. I don't know. I mean, I don't know who she was."

"Oh, my dear old chap!" said Reggie. "You don't go about kissing girls you don't know."

Molly gasped. "Let me explain," I said desperately. "I tell you I wasn't—"

"There's something funny about this," said Reggie. "Look here, Tony, if you were kissing that girl against her will—"

"This is simply frightful," I said. "You won't listen. You won't let me explain—"

"I believe you were," said Reggie. "That would explain why she pulled the communication cord. I saw the guard turning you out of the train."

"She didn't pull it," I said. "I did."

"Are you trying to insinuate," said Reggie, "that she was kissing you against your will?"

"I tell you she was not kissing me," I shouted wildly. "She hit me on the nose when—"

"That settles it," said Reggie. "No girl would hit a man on the nose unless he—"

"Miss Pearson!"

We all turned as the maid opened the door and announced a visitor. A moment later I could have sobbed with relief. The girl I had met in the train walked into the room.

**S**HE looked round, smiled at me, and singled out Molly. "I expect you're Miss Bradford, aren't you? I thought I'd better come straight over here. You see, I travelled down in the train with Mr.—Mr. Benton, isn't it?" She waved her hand in my direction.

"Oh, yes?" said Molly distantly. Miss Pearson's eyes widened.

"I say," she said hesitatingly, "I hope you don't mind my butting in like this. But I thought it was the best thing to do. I'm spending Christmas with Jean Palmer, at Pullerton, and I forgot to pack her Christmas present. So I was carrying it in my hand in a parcel. But when Jean opened it, we found this."

She laid the little ring case on the table.

"Yes, I thought so," she continued, her eyes on the pink, filmy affair. "You've got my parcel here. I guessed that's what must have happened. They were rather alike, and they were both on the rack. I heard Mr. Benton give his name to the guard and say he was staying here. So I thought I'd better come straight over here by the first bus. I was afraid Mr. Benton might be anxious about a lovely ring like that. I—I couldn't help peeping at it."

"What would you rather do? Pay 22/- for the Cure or 3/6 for a Cure-all? One Nothing? Or Two Suffer From?"

**BLOOD PRESSURE**  
Get the Only Night Remedy—  
**ARTERIOI TABLETS**

Dr. Neubauer's Genuine German Remedy. Give them a fair trial, and if you do not feel a new man or woman afterwards, your money will be refunded. Nothing can be more generous. I have hundreds and hundreds of substantiated testimonials.

No more Depression, Giddiness, Pains in the Head, Irritability, Lack of Energy, Unsteadiness in Walking, Loss of Hearing, Weak Knees, Hot Flashes, Exhaustion, Tiring Memory. No more fear of a stroke or sudden death. Your blood pressure has gone and gone for ever.

Price: 12/-, 1 week; 22/-, 10 weeks (full course); trial supply, 5/6. Obtainable all leading Chemists or direct from C. WINTER, 61 Wellington Street, Kew, E.4, Victoria. 2222.

Molly still appeared to be several miles away, and Miss Pearson turned to me.

"How's the poor nose?" she inquired. "It was too funny, you know," she continued. "I got a bit of cinder in my eye, and Mr. Benton got it out for me. Just as he'd done it, the train started, and I simply fell into his arms and gave him a frightful bang on the nose!"

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Reggie. "And I thought—"

"What?"

"Oh—er—nothing."

"Well, I'd better be getting back to Pullerton," said Miss Pearson.

"Oh, I say," said Reggie, "let me run you over there. I've got my car here."

"I don't like to trouble you," said

### OLD WOMEN

I love the mellow minds  
Of old and weathered women  
Full of fondly hoarded loves  
And little dwindled hates,  
With here and there  
A vase of happiness, or a bowl of joy  
Still making fragrant  
The house of wisdom  
That they keep  
Open to you and me,  
Where we may seek  
What really matters  
After all.  
—Francis Alexander.

Miss Pearson, without much conviction. "A pleasure," said Reggie, and carried her off in triumph.

**I** WALKED over to the window and stood looking out in silence. Somehow, it seemed to be a frightfully awkward situation. I didn't know what to say, and Molly didn't say anything either.

I turned round at last, when I couldn't stand it any longer, and picked up the ring case.

"Well," I said, without looking at Molly, "I suppose you—won't want this now."

"No, thank you, Tony," said Molly. "I was afraid you wouldn't," I said gloomily.

"You see," said Molly, "the case is no good when one is—wearing the ring, is it, Tony?"

She held out her left hand with my ring on her third finger.

"Molly! Do you mean that you—"

"Yes, Tony," said Molly softly. "I didn't know until I—I felt so frightfully jealous of—the other girl!"

And I thought I was in for bad luck because of a wretched white cat and a cross-eyed taxi-driver! Perfectly ridiculous, these superstitions are! And, anyway, bad luck can't last—not even if you break your looking-glass!

(Copyright)

**Drink habit  
soon banished**

Put over 10 years' experience and won hundreds of prizes as a complete remedy for the drink habit. May be given secretly or taken willingly. Guaranteed harmless. Not costly. Hundreds of voluntary testimonials proving Eucrazy is absolutely dependable. Do not continue suffering. Call or write today for Free Sample, Booklet, Testimonial. Only Address: Dept. 18,

**THE EUCRAZY CO.,**

297 Elizabeth St. Sydney.

What Would You Rather Do?  
Pay 22/- for the Cure or 3/6 for a Cure-all?  
One Nothing? Or Two Suffer From?

**BLOOD PRESSURE**  
Get the Only Night Remedy—  
**ARTERIOI TABLETS**

Dr. Neubauer's Genuine German Remedy. Give them a fair trial, and if you do not feel a new man or woman afterwards, your money will be refunded. Nothing can be more generous. I have hundreds and hundreds of substantiated testimonials.

No more Depression, Giddiness, Pains in the Head, Irritability, Lack of Energy, Unsteadiness in Walking, Loss of Hearing, Weak Knees, Hot Flashes, Exhaustion, Tiring Memory. No more fear of a stroke or sudden death. Your blood pressure has gone and gone for ever.

Price: 12/-, 1 week; 22/-, 10 weeks (full course); trial supply, 5/6. Obtainable all leading Chemists or direct from C. WINTER, 61 Wellington Street, Kew, E.4, Victoria. 2222.

**LONELY MEN AND WOMEN**  
Send stamped, addressed envelope to obtain a free illustrated booklet and confidential particulars of my Matrimonial Correspondence Club. Make acquaintances all over Australia.

MISS ROWENA F. RUSSELL,  
Commercial Bank Chambers,  
Haymarket, Sydney, N.S.W.



# Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by .....

L. W. LOWER

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



"I know all there is to know about kissing."  
"I never knew you ever kissed anyone."  
"I don't; I used to be a taxi-driver."



BARBER: This hair-restorer is simply miraculous.  
CUSTOMER: Good! Grow me a head of dark brown hair, cut it short at the back and sides, give it a fringe, part it on the right side, and don't be long. I've got to catch the 5.15 p.m. train.



"Do you smoke cigarettes?"  
"Yes; what do you do with them?"



TRAPEZE ARTIST: I still think you said three swings and one somersault.

## Step into the Season's Smartest -put on KAYSER Lingerie



● Live up your wardrobe—forget winter doldrums! Put on Kayser Lingerie—smooth, sleek, suave. Here, for instance, is Vest and Scantees in the new Dull Pencil Stripes. Specially shaped and lace trimmed. Tea Rose, White, etc. Styles 411-412.

The other Scantees (Style 9266) are ravishing little things in the new heavy "Dull-little." Notice the trimmings—specially shaped lace. Pink, Spray Green, White

5/11

## Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"I DON'T like the look of your husband," said the doctor.  
"Neither do I," the wife replied, "but he's good to his children."

TEACHER had been instructing the class in decimals and wrote "63.3" on the board. To show the effect of multiplying by ten, she rubbed out the decimal.

"Now, Mary," she said, "where is the decimal?"  
"On the duster."

SHE: Don't you like a girl to have a fresh complexion?  
He: Yes, but not too often.

"DO you have many lines to speak in the play?"  
"No. I take the part of the husband."

TWO acquaintances, who had not seen Macpherson for some years, called at his home on a Saturday evening. Mrs. Mac. answered the door.  
"Does Macpherson live here?" they asked.  
"Ay, jist carry 'im in!"

DAD: Well, did you like the Noah's Ark I gave you for Christmas?  
Small Son: I think they swindled you with it. There are crowds of animals missing. Where's the gnu, the wombat, and the tapir? And they haven't even put in a pteropus!

"WHY does McCohen always go to Christmas Eve dances as Napoleon?"  
"He likes to keep his hand on his pocket-book."

WIFE (learning to drive): But I don't know what to do!  
Himself: Just imagine that I'm driving.

## ON YOUR FEET ALL DAY? —If So, You Need

## Zam-Buk

WHATEVER the daily task—whether you serve behind the counter, work in a factory or are occupied from morn to night with household duties—think of the strain you put on your feet. If you neglect your feet, no wonder they burn, ache and feel tired and you're too weary and irritable to enjoy your leisure and recreation as you should.

Here is a simple nightly treatment that not only brings untold relief, but maintains your feet in health and comfort. After bathing them in warm water and drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. As the refined herbal oils are absorbed into the skin.

### Pain, Swelling & Inflammation

are quickly allayed. Hard skin, corns, and bunions are softened, joints, ankles, toes and feet are made easy and comfortable, and you can again walk in comfort. Start with Zam-Buk to-night!

1/6 or 2/6 a box. Of all Chemists & Stores

**Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night**



"Constant standing at work caused blistered, tender feet. Sometimes I couldn't put my shoes on for the swelling. Zam-Buk is delightfully soothing and keeps my feet perfectly sound."  
Miss F. S.

"I was practically a cripple for a year with corns and hard skin on the tread of my feet. Thanks to bathing and regularly massaging them with Zam-Buk I can now do a twenty mile walk comfortably." Mr. E. W.



### Remember the Woman who Lived in a Shoe?

"THERE was a young woman who lived in a shoe, she had so many customers she didn't know what to do." That is the way Mrs. Anne Fleming paraphrases the nursery rhyme at this "Mother Goose" scene comes to life in Utah, the headquarters of Mrs. mondom. The giant imitation boot is used as a tavern, and its unique shape attracts thousands of visitors.



## PARENTS Turn Down Public EXAMS

### Prizewinners in The Australian Women's Weekly Plebiscite

Apart from the State-wide interest in the plebiscite conducted by The Australian Women's Weekly into the New South Wales system of public examinations, most interesting sidelights were the various attacks made upon that system by leading educationists at recent prize-givings.

Bishop Crotty, for instance, used practically the same phrasing as originally appeared in these columns when he queried whether the examiners were so much concerned with what examinees knew as what they didn't know.

AS originally announced, five prizes have been awarded in connection with the plebiscite—

one of three guineas to the writer of the best letter explaining the reasons for the voting, and four consolation prizes of half a guinea each. The winning letter came from MRS. H. JENNINGS, 2 MOORE ST., ROSEVILLE:

"BECAUSE of public competition for certain positions, some sort of test is necessary in order to assess the fitness of applicants. Public examinations under the present system may easily develop into a matter of chance. Some may be lucky enough to get questions on the section they have studied most, and even although they have been desultory students, and, at best, only have a superficial knowledge may easily carry off top marks, while others more conscientious and harder working, but less fortunate, may fail.

### Let Teachers Decide

"A MORE equitable and satisfactory test of students' abilities could be obtained from the teachers if a standard questionnaire were prepared requiring the teacher in each subject to provide an estimate of their pupils' ability, interest, application, etc. To this could be added a brief objective test which would ensure a general estimate of the pupil's knowledge without the strain of the long examination.

"The present examination system entails the long strain of preparation, the excitement of the actual examination and consequent nervous reaction, with detrimental physical and psychological effects.

"While giving so much time to exam, preparation students cannot do other subjects justice and really miss much of the joy of living and the real joys of life. Without time to develop cultural interests and helpful hobbies, life is robbed of much happiness and is developed along very narrow and circumscribed lines.

"For long weeks before the examination, the home atmosphere is decidedly murky. The student, or students, in the home have and claim their just consideration. Everything and everybody must stand down for the all-important chance. No wonder mothers are nervy and children fretful and miserable. The life they live is not natural and much of the information accumulated is quite useless for future reference and is really so much useless junk to be carried on life's journey.

### 76 Per Cent. for "Yes"

"MAY the day soon dawn that will see the exit of 'instruction' and the entrance of 'education' in the broadest and fullest sense."

The four consolation prizes go to:—  
Mrs. M. O. Crawford, Brown Muir, Congewai, N.S.W.

Mrs. A. Thornton, 4 John St., Woolahra, N.S.W.

H. M. Cowdroy (Please forward address).

Mrs. M. J. Smith, 17 Bennett Avenue, Fivedock, N.S.W.

The plebiscite resulted with 76.2 per cent. of votes in favor of the straight-out elimination or certainly drastic modification of the existing system of examination and 33.8 per cent. in favor of its retention with or without minor modifications. Strangely enough the papers voting "Yes" to all the questions in the plebiscite practically balanced those voting "No" all along the line.

### DON'T FORGET

Cocktail party in aid of Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children, Hampton Court Place, Ranelagh Rd., Eltham's Green, December 22, 8.30 p.m.

Zane Grey will autograph limited number of books written by him to assist funds at Flying Dutchman Services. For further information write to Mr. J. W. Collins, 434 Collins St., Melbourne.

## Everyone you know will appreciate these useful *Dunlop Gifts*

### Attractive and Durable Duperite and Harlequin Moulded Products



1. Reading Lamp; 2. Desk Set; 3. Cigarette Box; 4. Globe Ash Tray; 5. Counting Set; 6. Light Bowl; 7. Playtime Dishes. You will be remembered with gratitude for any one of these useful and colourful articles.

The famous DUNLOP GOLF BALLS in colourful cellophane covered cartons... These are in a carton. Three types available: "DUNLOP", "DUNLOP TUFF", "DUNLOP FEDERAL". From all Sports Stores and Professionals. The "NEVERLOST" TEE is true to its name. A small and inexpensive but extremely useful gift. Another useful little gift any tennis player would appreciate. There's nothing better than a DUNLOP RACQUET COVER to keep things dry and neat.

### DUNLOP SANDSHOES MARATHON

Style and comfort in these hard wearing men's shoes.



#### SUPER VOLLEY

A smart style for women. Black and white.

### DUNLOP GOLF JACKETS

A Xmas present that would give all the year round pleasure. Available in men's and women's styles.



Give her a DUNLOP RAINING CAP to wear in her costume. In a wide variety of hand-made and moulded styles. At all clothing and stores.

PRODUCTS OF  
DUNLOP PERDRIAU

### DUNLOP HOUSEHOLD GLOVES



Any woman whose hands are becoming coarsened and work-stained would appreciate a sensible gift like this.



### DUNLOP GARDEN HOSE

Give a coil of Dunlop Garden Hose and you give leisure. A turn of the tap brings the next best thing to rain!



### FOR THE BEACH GIRL

In tune with the holiday spirit this colourful and stylish beach wear is ideal for Xmas giving? For somebody extra special what about a cap, belt, and shoes? It's still an inexpensive gift!



DUNLOP SUNSHOES and a DUNLOP SUNBELT will complete her beach ensemble. Also available in colours to match any costume.





Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.



# READERS, NOTE!

The "So They Say" page is your page. Any topic you care to write about is welcome, so long as it is interesting — and provocative. Letters should not exceed 120 words.

## IS HONESTY BEST?

WHAT should one say when a woman friend asks: "How do you like my hat?" Is honesty always the best policy?

Criticism may be so cruel and upsetting. A sympathetic woman, who knows how crushing it is to have clothes viewed with disapproval, will hesitate before passing an unfavorable verdict. How often have we heard from just such a woman who has had to face just such a problem: "Of course, I wouldn't for the world tell her I didn't think it suited her. She'd be so hurt."

And yet you are being asked for an honest opinion, and if a friend announces herself open to criticism, she should be prepared for all kinds.

I think, therefore, that the solution is to apply tact and quickly when faced with this question. If we discriminate between people's feelings and sensitiveness we will solve the problem, and judiciously apply whatever suits the occasion—be it hypocrisy, frankness, or simply avoiding the question and turning the subject.

What do you say?  
£1 for this letter to Miss I. E. Mullen, 79 Stewart St., Brunswick, Vic.

## TOO MUCH SEASONING

CAN anyone give any reason for the maddening habit which most men have of seasoning their food with salt, pepper, sauce, etc., immediately it is placed before them, and certainly without giving themselves time to taste a mouthful?

Besides being anything but complimentary to the cook, it must sometimes be a risky proceeding, as cooks have been known to over-pepper or salt a dish!

As a rule, women are not guilty in this respect, but men decidedly are. Why?  
Agnes M. Boyle, 552 Pl. Nepean Rd., Brighton S.E., Vic.

## DOG-EARING BOOKS

WHY do people (women more often than men, I am sorry to say) turn down the corners of the book they are reading?

For years I have travelled by train and tram, and have noticed it so often that my curiosity has been aroused. Is it want of thought, or absolute laziness? I am quite sure there must be a piece of paper or an old envelope handy at all times that could be used as a bookmark.  
D. Ede, Croydon, S.A.

## How Wireless Waves Restore Health

Remarkable results of the restorative effects of Wireless-Wave Therapy was clearly demonstrated when a patient suffering from chronic Pleurisy presented herself for Thermo-Ray Treatment. Her record showed that she had an obstinate dry pleurisy covering a period of fifteen years. Treatment was commenced during the early part of 1934. In two weeks' time a marked improvement was observed, with an increase of appetite and a lessening of painful attacks. After ten weeks' treatment, the Doctor pronounced her cured. To-day, fourteen months later, an examination was made and no pleurisy symptoms whatever can be traced.

The patient is now managing a business in the city and declares that never in her life has she felt better.

Many cases similar to the above can be quoted where patients have recovered from endless suffering, and raised from the depths of despair and hopelessness to a joyful outlook on life, free from the constant torment of pain. Lung troubles, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Hay Fever, and Asthma, all respond quickly to the healing rays of Thermo-Ray Therapy. From week to week we shall inform the public of the remarkable results achieved by Wireless-Waves or Thermo-Ray Treatment.

Should you require information regarding any ailment you may be suffering from, our medical officer will advise you if this treatment will benefit you.

The Thermo-Ray Institutes Ltd., with its headquarters in Macquarie Street, has secured the services of a fully qualified medical staff, and of the Dutch Scientist who invented the Thermo-Ray Apparatus. Please address all letters: Thermo-Ray Institutes Ltd., "Wyoming," 175 Macquarie Street, or "phone BW-5142\*\*\*

## Are Our Beautiful Beaches Too Dull?

I AGREE with Mrs. E. Johnston's writing on "Brighter Beaches" (30/11/35). For a country as young as Australia it is very uninspiring not to be able to listen to really good music in the way she suggests.

We have ample space and promenades, besides good beaches and lovely scenery. Orchestras and small tables and chairs for light refreshments would be a notable addition. Thus we would have worth-while music without paying fabulous prices for it, and it would be an encouragement for tourists visiting or intending to visit Australia.

Miss E. Sigmund, 17 Warburton St., Marrickville, N.S.W.

## Beaches are Bright!

I AM an Englishman and know something about English beaches, which cannot be compared with those of your big cities for brightness, size, music, surfing, swimming, or sun-baking.

I went to one well-known resort which has an extensive beach, and I could hardly see the sand for the multitude of people lying or sitting on it.

I sat there for two enjoyable hours.

## BE UNSELFISH—GRACEFULLY

THERE are many unselfish people in the world, but how many are cheerfully unselfish? A sacrifice should be made willingly—not made so that the person making it may appear noble or assume the air of a martyr. Better to leave the deed undone than to be forever regretting the inconvenience or loss incurred thereby.

Mrs. H. Clacher, Avalon Flats, Brunswick St., New Farm, Brisbane.

watching the antics of the people in the water, listening to the music of a splendid band, and the funny stories from a loud-speaker belonging to a huge hotel on the beach. Sitting in canvas chairs on the beach, we were catered for by attendants with soft drinks.

I again went to the beach about 7 p.m. and was entertained by a tip-top band playing the latest music, which cost only what you liked to give.

No, sir! I don't think there are any in the world to beat Australian beaches for music, fun, brightness, and enjoyment (without the beer-garden).

E. J. Crompton, 456 Burwood Rd., Melbourne, N.S.W.

## Gentle Sarcasm

MRS. JOHNSTON'S letter suggests possibilities hitherto undreamt of. At each of the popular surfing beaches, one end of the beach could be transformed into a beer-garden. The other end might be laid out in a manner suitable for operatic performances and symphony orchestral recitals, while the middle section could be devoted to broadcasts.

Suitable promenade walks, perhaps, would be laid down, and in order that the tidal waters should not encroach on the "brightened" areas concrete retaining walls could be erected.

Meanwhile at the larger city theatres certain alterations might be put under way, such as the removal of seating accommodation, the installation of large swimming pools with water having a surf action. Sufficient sand could be placed round the pools to form beaches so that those persons who continue to regard outdoor recreation from the Australian viewpoint might be kept away from the sea beaches which they now use merely as bathing places.

Maxine C. Lang, 137 Arden St., Coogee, N.S.W.

## Simple Pleasure Best

RE Mrs. Johnston's letter. What better natural amusement could be afforded than the beaches of Australia offer now? I am an ex-ship's radio officer, and having seen a good many places abroad I'll say the beaches here will do me as they are. If musical beer-gardens are wanted, I suggest a bottle of beer and tune-in to an A-class station broadcasting the classics. And I am English, too.  
Mr. S. R. Dixon, Pendower, Todd St., Oatley, N.S.W.

## A Fillip to Christmas with some New Ideas and Suggestions

ANOTHER Christmas is upon us. We are on the last curve of the circle of 1935, and the excitement of plans and preparations possesses us.

Some of us will grumble and say it is all just a lot of needless expense, but when the time comes we'll enjoy it just as we always do.

There may be some Scrooges left in the world. We seldom meet them in modern times, and when we do, we can afford to laugh at them when there is so much happiness and love around us.

And, of course, we'll all overstep. Is there any one of us who doesn't at Christmas time? Who cares? We won't worry. "Christmas comes but once a year." Mothers buy dolls they can't afford for their children; fathers give up the idea of "that new fishing gadget" to buy their sons bicycles; sweethearts try to find the perfect gift which will carry their message for them; husbands ponder casually, then at the last moment search frantically for "something for the wife"; mothers of families plan carefully, but always find themselves over-spending, and they don't seem to care.

Peace on earth, goodwill to men. Let us join the chorus and make this a really happy Christmas.

A. R. Loring, Kyson, Neerawra Rd., Northbridge, N.S.W.

## Give Willingly

IN many cases Christmas giving does not seem to be what it ought to be, so far as the spirit is concerned.

A Christmas gift should be given willingly; one should not take into consideration the value of the gift that must be returned to them. This applies more particularly to girl friends giving to one another.

After all, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," so let us give in the right spirit and we shall find just what wonderful joy Christmas will bring to us.

Miss D. Ford, 210 Belmont St., Alexandria, N.S.W.

## Just Homely Advice

PLEASE, you people who may receive gifts from unexpected quarters this Christmas, do not be so ungracious and misguided as to stammer confusedly and say: "I've a present for you, too, but can't think where I've put it for the moment," and then rush out and buy something in return!

Why not be happy to take the token in the spirit in which it is given—admiration, or as an offer of friendship—instead of making it commonplace by hastening to reciprocate.

Mrs. E. W. Scott, 37 Collins St., Waga, N.S.W.

## Wrong Sentiment

IT is a pity that the true sentiment of Christmas has, in the last few years, been spoilt by friends giving too expensive presents. These days, instead of Christmas being a pleasure in the exchanging between friends of small gifts, it has become more or less a nightmare to many—how adequately to return gifts so received. The attitude, too, of "what shall I give her, she is sure to give me something," is only too frequent.

One young lady confided in me the other day that she always liked to receive her Christmas presents early so that she could give them away to others, and thus overcome her worries that way! Great sentiment there!

Certainly give presents to those whom you cherish, and not because you feel you "ought to," remembering at all times that "charity begins at home."

J. L. Francis, 67 Pacific Parade, Dee-why, N.S.W.

## Wonderful Spirit

TRAVELLING in a tram recently, I heard a well-dressed woman say to a friend: "Oh, I've told them all I'm not giving any Christmas presents this year; I'm not even sending any cards."

I just wondered if she realised that she was breaking away from a custom that had its origin over 2000 years ago, when the Wise Men of the East took just what they had to give to the newborn babe lying in its lowly crib. Imagine a world without Christmas!

It is the one great event that many people and especially little children, have to look forward to for a whole year.

Many friendships have been revived by a Christmas card received, and no one can estimate the joy of the person outback to know that someone still remembers and thinks of them.

Miss M. Raymond, 49 Dover St., Malvern, S.A.

CHRISTMAS! Nearly here, and with it that provoking problem of "What to give." Suitable gifts for Brother Bill, Sister Sue, Dad and Mum, Uncle Edward and Auntie Ann—what a list!

The vogue is for "sensible" gifts and "useful" gifts, but I don't like this kind at all. Uncle Bill's perfectly useless little curio of last year is much more appreciated than Auntie Ella's set of useful things, however well-meant the latter might be. (Neither has been used!)

The art of gift-giving has yet to be acquired by most of us Australians. Let us this Christmas, without straining our purses, choose "little gifts to please," gifts to make it a "Merry Christmas."

R. L. McAvaney, Spalding, S.A.

## Have One Christmas Day

TO the children of older times, Christmas came "but once a year." Either on the day itself, or on Christmas Eve, the presents were given, usually in some dramatic and definite way, and were appreciated by the little ones. But in these modern times, the Christmas gifts are purchased piecemeal many days before the Day of Days itself. They are then handed to the kiddies piecemeal in a shop, and so the big thrill is lost.

Isn't it better to let the little ones guess and wonder before they wake to find their stockings filled, or have unsuspected gifts handed them from a tree on Christmas Eve?

Constance McAdam, Dutton St., Dutton Park, Brisbane.

## Wake Up, Carol Singers

A FEW days, and then Christmas once again, with the usual plum pudding, bon-bons, nuts, toys for the children; but where are our carol singers to wake us at daybreak?

Surely this great old custom is not dying out! I always have my donation ready in case they come to my door, but for the past few years Christmas has gone by and the only carols I hear come over the air.

Please, you folks with voices, let yourselves be heard this Christmas, and I'm very sure you will receive a good reception wherever you may go.

Miss Phyllis Jones, 5 MacLaurin St., Herstville, N.S.W.

## Women's Economy

HOW mean women are to themselves! We would eat awful things if it were not for men! What self-respecting man would lunch off a sultana cake, a tart, or an ice? Show me the woman who has not done it. A woman feels that to eat well is a sheer waste—there is nothing to show for it—although she would not hesitate a moment to spend even more on something that she can show.

Which one of us has not seen a woman grow thin and sharp and old in the struggle to save pennies? It takes a big, broad-minded woman to know when to open her everyday purse-strings, and, perhaps, even a bigger and more strong-minded one to keep them always comfortably ajar.

Miss Miriam Chippendale, Rugby, Bowra, N.S.W.

Use for Christmas Cards

WHAT do people do with used Christmas cards?

They grow prettier and more artistic every year, and yet are doomed to oblivion when Christmas is over.

I recommend scrapbook-making. There is probably an old drawing-book in the house that can be used, and the cards arranged to cover up previous occupation of the pages. The cover should have bright cretonne or wallpaper pasted over it to make it attractive.

Last year's calendars, colored pictures in "drapers" catalogues and tourist folders, and advertisements in illustrated papers can be used when the card supply runs out.

Some child in hospital or the outback country will be thrilled to receive the finished scrapbook as next year's Christmas gift.

Miss M. Welsh, Toulon Avenue, Wentworth Falls, N.S.W.

## NOT A SPORTING VIEW!

HOW many women agree with the Irish novelist and playwright, Kate O'Brien, who says sport makes women team-spirited, uniform-minded, and increases stupidity? She thinks the "team spirit" an objectionable thing—mean and pointless.

There should be no "sides" in life, she says, and suggests that young women should not fool themselves about life with games and the analogy that one must play for one's side. This is unpleasant because it suggests that the world is, and should be, an affair of cliques and clubs and badges. She would discourage young women getting together in "hefty" elevens and other teams.

"Let them ignore their muscles for a while, and give brains a chance," she warns. This Irish woman may, or may not, have a little green in her eye. What's the verdict, sisters?

Mrs. M. Brown, 12 Armstrong St., Middle Park S.C.B., Melbourne.

STREET SEATS WANTED

WHY are there not more street-seats in the suburbs? One goes for a walk and passes a shady spot or busy corner, where, if seats were provided, it would be so pleasant to linger a while.

Mrs. G. Oakes, 24 Howard St., Milton, Qld.

TRUE CONVERSATION

TOO often, silence is looked on as an unpardonable offence among modern young people. They think it better to say something foolish than to say nothing. Everyone is possibly talking so fast that the utility of a remark will pass unnoticed, but that is no excuse for making the futile remark.

Women, especially the younger folk, should cultivate composure, cut out that often-heard harsh, or shrill, tone of voice, study current news or other subjects, learn to drop personal prejudices, and, above all, realise that gossip is never conversation.

More important still, be prepared to listen. There is no one as charming (although rare) as a good listener. Remember that conversation in its best form is a case of "give and take." Be prepared to listen, and to know that there is always time to say what you have to say, without rendering it as a duet, a trio, or as part of a chorus. It is the woman who has something worth saying, who can say it with expression, who leaves her personality on a little social circle.

Jo M. Standish, 72 Milson Rd., Cremorne, Sydney.

## The New Marvellous Complexion Restorer

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Le Charme cream. Le Charme cream is absolutely a complexion restorer. They work miracles on the skin, and they are the most ideal complexion creams on the market.

Le Charme Foundation cream is not a vanishing cream: vanishing creams only dry on the skin, but Le Charme Foundation cream keeps the skin supple firm and youthful. When thinking of other face creams remember that Le Charme creams are not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face creams you have ever used.

Le Charme Vitaminized Cucumber cream is the latest gift of science to those who are beginning to worry about old age. It will restore your youth, vitality, figure, and banish wrinkles and other disfiguring signs of age.

Then there is Le Charme Social Eye and Wrinkle cream. If this cream is smeared around the eyes at night every wrinkle will vanish as if a miracle had happened.

We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Le Charme cream. They will make the worst complexion perfect.

TRY LE CHARME CREAMS UNDER THIS INVITING OFFER!

Only the first-class stores and chemists have been appointed to sell Le Charme creams. If your favorite store hasn't yet been selected send letter to Le Charme agent, G.P.O. Box 1287, Melbourne, explaining your skin troubles (enclose 3d. for reply).

It has helped tens of thousands of women; it will help you, too. Unless Le Charme creams do for you what they have done for others—we will refund your money without question or delay.\*\*\*



# HEED NATURE'S WARNING

So many of the ills of women are due to habitual constipation, that attention cannot be too strongly called to the importance of keeping the bowels open. Weary eyes, bad breath, frequent headaches, pimples, the general air of lassitude are sure signs out of ten the result of constipation or indigestion. Women need Chamberlain's Tablets—a mild and gentle laxative, non-griping and non-habit forming.

**CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS**  
FOR THE STOMACH & LIVER

## CHOOSE Your PRESENTS by the STARS

Don't Buy Mr. Aries a Comfy Chair!

By JUNE MARSDEN, President of the Astrological Research Society of Australia.

Let the stars help you with your Christmas shopping! Do not scoff at the idea, for just as surely as the twelve Signs of the Zodiac show the characteristics and personality of individuals, so do they also indicate their tastes and preferences.

Get rid of your frowns and your auras of consternation and doubt, and cease worrying as to whether Bill would prefer a golf ball to that simply gorgeous tie. Let the stars come to your rescue, and you won't go far wrong in choosing your gifts.

**SAGITTARIANS** (born between November 23 and December 22) have a penchant for all games of chance and sport, but are equally happy "messing about" with a car, riding a horse, taking a dog for a walk, or reading a good book. So hasten to the sports, shoe, or animal shops for these people, or look about for a book which is not dry, but which will make them wonder.

**GEMINI** people (May 22 to June 22) will sincerely appreciate anything which

brings change, knowledge, and a chance to use their active minds and clever fingers. They'll enjoy anything dainty and delicate—music, perfume, lingerie, something in which they can write or draw, designing equipment, and unusual books or magazine subscriptions.

**AQUARIANS** (January 20 to February 19) are usually a jump ahead of the other fellow, and, being sceptical, love "doubtful" things or books on "unusual" subjects. They love luxury and beauty, rich silks, modern furniture, electrical gadgets. They are creative and original, so don't give them stodgy or "useful" things.

**LIBRA** folk (September 23 to October 24) are artistic and refined. You must appeal to their sense of beauty, balance, justice or harmony. Give them pictures, flowers, perfumes, ornaments, dainty clothes or linens.

**CANCER** people (June 22 to July 23) are nice enough to pretend to like a gift even if it appalls them, but for real happiness give an antique, a treasured family jewel, a photograph, or something nice for the home.

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21) produces entirely different people, restless and active. They prefer tennis racquets to comfy chairs, and being practical and clever with their hands, they are happy with tools, or guns, or machines.

**LEO** people (July 23 to August 24) are the natural "charmers" of the world, so they like anything in the way of adornment, beauty culture, or clothing. Also theatre tickets, works of art, jewels, lingerie and perfume.

**CAPRICORN** (December 22 to January 20): These people are ambitious, artistic and practical. Chase around for serviceable but handsome gifts such as stockings, handbags, attractively bound books of an educative nature, and ex-

### Everybody's Daily Diary

TRY to utilise the following information in your plans. The individual horoscope may cause a slight variation at times. Test these "day influences" for yourself.

**ARIES** people (March 21 to April 21) are still enjoying a good month, so try to make the most of December 23 (afternoon) and 24.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 22): Fair on the 17th, and until sunset on the 19th.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22): Live quietly this week, especially 17th, 18th, late 23rd, and all 24th.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): Quite good influences on the 21st, 22nd, and to noon on the 23rd.

**LEO** (July 23 to August 24): Still a good month for you. Plan for 23rd after noon, and all day 24th.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): Watch out for delays and upsets, especially on 23rd and 24th.

**LIBRA** (September 23 to October 24): A fair week; 19th and 20th best for plans.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 23): Fair on the 21st and 22nd.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23 to December 22): Still your good month; plan to begin affairs after noon on 23rd and all day 24th.

**CAPRICORN** (December 22 to January 20): Fair on the 17th and all sunset on 18th.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20 to February 19): Plan for the 19th and 20th.

**PISCES** (February 19 to March 21): Just go quietly about your affairs, especially late 23rd and all 24th, though 21st, 22nd, and early 23rd fair.

quite china, silver or glassware. They love the garden, so ferns or tools are acceptable, or household necessities such as curtains, wine or food.

**SCORPIO** people (October 24 to November 23) prefer gifts which appeal to the eye and the mind. They delight in uncommon spices or perfumes, quaint jewels, odd silks or gay ornaments.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 22): These like to pander to the senses. Choose gifts which combine beauty and ease, such as pretty clothes, jewels, perfume, face creams, lingerie, or table appointments, for the women; the men like nice ties or shirts, cuff links, cigarettes and wines. They both like chocolates, good dinners, and entertainments.

**VIRGO** people (August 24 to September 23) are perhaps the hardest to please. Find out what they would prefer, then get the most attractive example you can. They like delicacy and refinement combined with utility.

**PISCES** people (February 19 to March 21) seldom look a gift horse in the mouth, but love harmony, beauty, antiquity and occultism, so that music, pictures, antique jewels (especially if large, but not necessarily valuable), books of mystic sciences—or the cash for a holiday by the water, will bring them happiness.

# Liberty

CORSETRY

Quality and Value



N.B. 713



N.B. 650



N.B. 679



N.B. 644



N.B. 667



N.B. 655

NOTHING reveals the new silhouette line of Beauty more delightfully than this lovely frock. With its sleek, sheath-like lines, every trace of figure-waywardness must be prevented. Seldom, however, is this possible without the aid of perfect fitting and correct foundation garments. In other words, you need Kestos Brasieres and Liberty Corsetry. One gives the youthful uplift and lovely contoured bust demanded today; the other, while giving control and support where wanted, restrains, without constraint, all "hippy" tendencies and other figure vagaries. No matter what your figure, there is a Liberty Corset designed expressly for you.

**Liberty**  
TRADE MARK  
CORSETRY...

Trade Enquiries to:  
R. & W. H. SYMINGTON & COMPANY  
(Aust.) Pty. Ltd.  
Grace Building, York Street, Sydney.

**SAUNDERS**  
Christmas  
**Star Bargain Carnival**  
Saves you Pounds!

OPEN TILL 9 p.m.  
ON XMAS EVE!!

£18-10-



SAUNDERS' Diamond Ring, large Blue-White Diamonds with 12 diamonds in setting. 18ct. Gold.

"Star Bargain" Catalogue FREE!



Lady's Chronograph Watch, exquisitely engraved. Reliable 15 Jewel lever movement. Guaranteed 10 years—free repair one year!

CARNIVAL PRICE 50/-



Men's Gold-filled Watch and Bracelet Band, accurate 15 Jewel Movement. Guaranteed 10 years—free repair one year!

CARNIVAL PRICE 77/6



Pair of Solid 9ct. Gold Sleeve Links, Hand Engraved, and with double strength chain connections. Complete in handsome silk-lined presentation case.

CARNIVAL PRICE 22/6



1-Day Chrome Boudoir Clock, attractive design. Very reliable.

CARNIVAL PRICE 9/6



1-Day Chrome Boudoir Clock, with alarm. Fully guaranteed.

CARNIVAL PRICE 22/6



Men's Tortoiseshell Xylonite "Tie" Box, heavyweight quality. An ideal gift to make him tidy!

CARNIVAL PRICE 20/-



Gazette Tobacco Pouch with Mosley rubber lining. Zip fastener, gusseted front, and belt oval.

CARNIVAL PRICE 17/6



Cake, Scone or Sandwich Dish, with two end latches. All quality pure Silver-plated.

CARNIVAL PRICE 13/6

**SAUNDERS**

Jewellers—Watchmakers—Opticians  
805 George St., Railway Square;  
385 Pitt St., Cr. Liverpool St.;  
123 King St., Cr. Pitt St., Sydney.



# What Women Are Doing

## Distinguished Organist

**MISS ELIZABETH CAMPBELL**, who recently broadcast a programme of British organ music from Wesley Church, Melbourne, is the only woman and the only Australian organist to have broadcast from the four-manual organ in the concert hall at Broadcasting House, London.

## Tasmania's Only Woman Lawyer Has Full and Active Life

**MISS NANCY MCPHIE**, who has recently consented to be honorary adviser to the Lyceum Club, Hobart, has the distinction of being the only woman lawyer in Tasmania.

She is a native of Hobart, and was educated at Clunes College, and afterwards at the Collegiate School, taking her law degree at the University of Tasmania at the age of twenty-two. She was then articled to the legal firm of Butler, McIntyre and Butler, and after her three years with them was called to the Bar.

As the daughter of that distinguished Tasmanian statesman, Sir John McPhie, it is almost inevitable that Miss McPhie should be interested in politics. Her activities in that direction find an outlet in organising work for the junior branch of the A.W.N.L., of which she is a keen member.

The eldest of seven children, Miss McPhie has also had her fair share of household management. She loves cooking, gardening, and all country occupations. In a keen walker, tennis player, and an excellent swimmer. And she also finds time for a full and happy social life, and is one of the most popular members of the Younger Set.

## Mary Mitchell's New Novel

**MISS MARY MITCHELL**, who returned to Melbourne by the Swedish motor ship Tajandoo, has completed her third book, "What's Time," a romantic story with Europe as the background. It will be published in London next March.

Her two previous novels—"A Warning to Warrington" and "Pendulum Swing"—have had a great success.

Miss Mitchell, who is the daughter of Sir Edward Mitchell, K.C., and Lady Mitchell, Melbourne, stayed at a weaving school in Sweden for a period, and has brought back some lovely samples of beautiful Swedish textiles woven by hand. Her new novel was written during a recent months' residence in Majorca (Spain). She contemplates remaining in Australia for a considerable period.

## Well Informed About Golf in Japan

**ACCORDING** to Miss Lesley Bailey of Melbourne, who has just returned from a wonderful trip to Japan as one of the two assistant chaperons to the Young Australia League girls, Japanese women take a tremendous interest in golf, and the standard of the game over there is surprisingly high.

The courses and club-houses are excellent, and at Osaka the club-house set in terraced lawns, is more like a palace than anything else.

Miss Bailey was greatly honored. She played a game of golf with the Crown Prince of Japan, and she also had a game with the woman champion, Mrs. Matsui, a charming little woman who is the mother of a large family, and took up golf for outdoor recreation.

## Reviving an Unusual Miracle Play

**THE** revival of old English and French miracle plays acted in front of church altars was long ago the dream of Mrs. S. B. Denton who two years ago gathered a group of girls in Adelaide and produced a miracle play for four Churches.

This year she has revived the play, which was adapted from script first put together in Sydney. It is made up of parts from old French and English Nativity dramas, carols, and the chanting of verses from the Bible.

Rev. H. P. Finnis, also of Adelaide, composed the music of the chants and one carol.

Mrs. Denton not only does produce, but designs the simple costumes.

## Speeding to Good Account

**MISS BETTY CORBIN**, clad in yellow shirt and shorts, dashed past the winning post 150 yards ahead of anyone else in the four-mile open handicap event at the Sporting Car Club of South Australia's second annual speed meeting held at Buckland Park.

She has been prominent in the club's motor trials for the past two years, and is the only woman speed driver.

The weather was so hot that Miss Corbin, who, by the way, is an excellent mechanic, did not wear the regulation overalls.

## Australian Doctor for Colonial Service

**THE** first Australian medical woman to be appointed to the service, Dr. Sylvia Young, daughter of Dr. W. J. Young, associate professor of biochemistry at Melbourne University, and Mrs. Young, is on her way to Palestine, where she will take up her duties with the British Colonial Medical Services.

Dr. Young is a Melbourne University graduate, and has been on the medical staff of hospitals in Brisbane, Hobart, and Devonport. She intends to specialise in tropical diseases.

Dr. Sylvia Young  
—Dickinson-Montezuma.

## Has Organised Christmas Parties for Twenty Years

**MRS. BARRY THOMSON**, president of the Alfred Hospital Entertainment Committee, Melbourne, has arranged Christmas tree parties for the little patients in the children's ward for twenty years, and she still gets a big thrill out of every party.

This year it is planned for the afternoon of December 23, and gifts of toys are welcome up to the last minute. Mrs. Thomson always sorts the toys in her own flat and labels them according to the list of names and ages supplied to her by Sister Stubbs, of the children's ward. The tree is decked and set up in the ward, and the same Father Christmas who has done the job for fifteen years distributes the gifts.

The committee includes Mesdames H. P. Lock, Wallace Mitchell, Norman Spencer, Maurice Patkin, H. J. Robertson, Edgar Dye, Gratian Esmond, and G. Lapin, and Mrs. F. B. Parkhouse, who has been interested in these parties for nine years, and though not many years from her ninetieth birthday, is still one of the best workers.

## Was Granted British Nurse's Privileges

**BECAUSE** she was made an honorary member of the Royal British Nursing Association, Sister Nellie Mortiboys, of Sydney found many interesting doors opened to her as soon as she arrived in England about six months ago. She lost no opportunity of inspecting some of the famous London hospitals, including St. Bartholomew's, Charing Cross, Westminster and St. George's Hospitals, and now that she is back she reports that the Australian institutions compare very favorably with them, and that Australian nurses have a fine name in the medical profession.

Miss Mortiboys is more than an average pianist, and she attended some of the famous promenade concerts in the Queen's Hall, saw the Russian ballet, and heard Richard Tauber at a crowded recital in the Albert Hall in September.

## Action Songs Are Composer's Latest Success

**EDITH HARRY**, the Australian composer, has the satisfaction of knowing that already something like 1500 copies of her two newly-published books of children's action songs have been sold, and large numbers of school children have been learning them for their speech days.

Though numbers of her 400 songs have been sung in many parts of the world, and she has composed two operas, Miss Harry only tried her hand at part songs last year.

Three of these part songs were sung by Madame Ethel Ashton's girls' choir at the recent Miss Harry gave in Melbourne recently, when she appeared in the roles of composer, solo pianist, accompanist, and singer.

Items included 25 of her own compositions, including 16 that had never been performed before.



Miss Edith Harry

## Two Hundred Girls in Novel Mannequin Parade

**NEARLY** 200 girls stepping quietly round the drawing-room of the S.A. division of the Housewives Association made an unusual fashion parade last week for the proud mannequins had made every frock and hat themselves.

It was the break-up party of the dressmaking class which has been taught for nearly two years by Mrs. H. A. Rothar.

All girls are members of the association, and the have learned not only how to make dresses, but aprons as well as day frocks and evening frocks, capes, and even neat bench suits were shown all cut and made up under the guidance of Mrs. Rothar.

## Housewives' Vice-President Has Varied Interests

**ONE** of the most outstanding women in the cause of charity and labor, Mrs. M. V. Couche, was chosen as vice-president of the South Australian Housewives' Association during the recent elections.

Mrs. Couche has an amazing personality and a boundless energy, finding time not only for the more usual jobs of life, but for some unusual ones as well.

For instance, she is a prolific correspondent to various parts of the world in Esperanto.

At 16 she was secretary for the Balfour (she lived there then) local committee of the Australian Labor Party, and after her marriage she was the first secretary of the Labor women's central organising committee in South Australia.

## In Charge of Blacks at Kallin Compound

**TWO** interesting visitors to Melbourne recently spoke of their work in the Northern Territory. They were Capt. and Mrs. Sumat, of Darwin. Captain Sumat is officer-in-charge of the Kallin Compound, just out of Darwin, which exists for the benefit of the half-caste population of Darwin and for aged, infirm, and sick aborigines. His wife is matron of the school for half-caste girls there.

There are 270 aborigines living in the compound.

The school has 65 pupils, who are trained for domestic service; while some of them become seamstresses. The whole of the sewing for the compound is done by five of these girls.



## Faithful Service In the Cause

**ANYONE** who understands the extent to which a home, sustained by a voluntary committee, depends upon the efficiency and faithfulness of the honorary secretary must admire the work of Miss Jessie Kemp in connection with the Ministering Children's League Convalescent Home at St. Leonards near Launceston, Tasmania.

For almost twenty years, Miss Kemp has been secretary to this institution, and though her work claims very little public notice her unremitting attention to the duties of the position have had much to do with the smooth running of the home.

The M.C.L. Home was established in 1898 by Lady Braddon, while her husband (the late Sir Edward Braddon) was Premier of Tasmania. Although it is many years since Lady Braddon left Tasmania to live in England she has never relinquished her interest in the home, and each year sends her subscription towards its upkeep, and provides the special train from Launceston to St. Leonards for the annual picnic and fete at the home, which is held on the last Saturday in November.

## Theatre Lovers' Club Has Fifty Members

**THE** Theatre Lovers' Club, formed in Melbourne four months ago, already has more than fifty members, who meet regularly for theatre parties, cards, or dances, while once each week some well-known actor or actress is their guest of honor.

Oscar Deane, Nellie Barnes, Katie Towers, Rene Riano, and Stella Wilson have all attended, and so has James O'Neill, and the club-room is fast acquiring a gallery of signed theatrical photographs.

The president is Mrs. Molard Williams, and the secretary Miss Nellie Richards, who together inaugurated the club.

The social secretary is Mrs. Alice Bernard, who one time toured with Polard's Lilliputians, and is the mother of Etta Bernard, who is doing so well with the B.A.C. in London.

Though its main object is to keep alive the interest in the professional theatre, the Theatre Lovers' Club has formed an amateur theatrical company of its own, and will present its first play in February.

## Her Interests Are in Peace and Freedom

**MISS A. LAMBRICK**, past president of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, recently returned from England, says that the people of England are revealing a deep interest in the peace problem, and it is significant that the majority are in favor of the League of Nations.

Miss Lambrick spent much of her time attending lectures and congresses. The National Peace Congress brought together delegates from 350 national organizations, and other occasions which stand out in her memory are a gathering to celebrate the 91st birthday of Mrs. Despard, founder of the Women's Freedom League; the welcome to the delegates from Istanbul; the declaration of the trial figures of the Peace Ballot under the guidance of Lord Cecil; and a gathering at which Stanley Baldwin spoke on the League of Nations.

At the British Commonwealth League she met many able women, including Mrs. Corbett Ashby and Mrs. Ramsay, wife of the ambassador for India.

## IN and OUT of SOCIETY -- By WEP





Even after hours of shopping . . .



## Complexion Confidence

Any woman can look her best when she leaves home, but the end of a tiring day's shopping—pushing through crowded streets with heavy parcels—is the true test of complexion confidence.

The woman who uses Hedley's Face Powder enjoys a confidence in her complexion that is based on experience.

A happy experience, for Hedley's stays on, in spite of heat or perspiration, it clings evenly and perfectly throughout the day.

You needn't accept our word for this—a test sample of Hedley's Face Powder will be POSTED FREE on request or you can obtain Hedley's Beauty Aids at all Chemists and Stores at the following prices:

Hedley's Face Powder (oversize box) 2/6  
Powder Base 2/6 Skin Food 2/6  
Astringent 2/6



Hedley's (A/asia) Ltd., Australia House, Carrington Street, Sydney  
Please send trial sample of Hedley's Face Powder.

NAME

ADDRESS



## Your Child's EYES

THERE is nothing you can do to insure the happiness of your children more than to be certain that their eyes are cared for. We have organised a Medical Eye Service, at a moderate fee, by an Oculist late of Moorfields Eye Hospital, London. This means that you do not have to wait at the overcrowded public hospitals for attention, and it saves you the alternative of having to pay the usual specialists' fees now charged. We have spared no effort to give you, at a moderate fee, this Medical Eye Service, which is conducted at their rooms, 378 Pitt Street, right opposite Anthony Horderns.

### GIBB & BEEMAN LTD.

OPTOMETRISTS AND OPTICIANS  
C. A. GIBB, Optometrist  
J. W. BEEMAN, Optometrist  
Hotel Australia Building, Martin Place,  
(5 Doors from Commonwealth Bank)  
378 PITT STREET  
(Opp. Anthony Horderns)  
And at NEWCASTLE

# The Waving Grain



MISS PENELOPE MALLET smoothed those errant curls that would persist in flanking her temples, despite the discipline of the rest of her iron-grey hair. And, having smoothed these back, she put on that patient and slightly wearied expression she adopted as a shield against matters distasteful.

"This," she said to Mr. Joshua Berker, "is the bureau I wanted you to see."

Mr. Joshua Berker was tall and hatchet-faced and habitually saturnine. He played with his heavy gold Albert and seemed to forget that his nails were long and dirty and his skinny fingers were Red Indianed with old French polish.

"Well, I've seen it," he replied. Miss Penelope Mallet started, and her hand touched her overall pocket wherein was a handkerchief already crumpled and oddly damp.

"But—but, I mean to say, you haven't been in the house more than a few minutes, and—"

"Quite long enough, mum, to tell you that this piece isn't a bit of use to me." He smiled, and Miss Mallet forgave his manner, his fingers and his general air of satirical smugness for that irradiating and charming smile; and, what good teeth he had! "Forgive me if I've seemed abrupt, mum. But it's always been my way."

"I thought you'd have examined it at any rate."

"What's the use? Antique furniture 'scouting' gives one a nose that never smells wrong. As a bureau—this is a first-chop piece of workmanship. As a specimen of old cabinet-making, it's a wash-out."

"I know it's a hundred and fifty years old," Miss Mallet bridled, "because there's a bill for it, receipted, pasted underneath one of its drawers. It cost forty-five guineas in 1762, at Levick's, of Albermarle Row—"

"Never in this world! Never, mum

—never! John Levick, of the Albermarle, never made an oak bureau in his puff. He worked in closest mahoganies and whitened bone and—"

"I don't care—forgive me, won't you, Mr. Berker—if he worked in deal and knuckle bones," John Levick made this bureau in 1762. Apart from the receipted bill, with his signature on it, I chance to have a day-book of my great-grandfather's time, mentioning how Levick rebelled against executing the order at all."

"Then," Mr. Joshua Berker dropped his bowler in a chair, and bowed, "I apologise for my remarks, Miss Mallet. Yet, I'm to be convinced that the great Levick ever worked in oak." He took out a big silk handkerchief and carefully rubbed his fingers on it. "If on the other hand, Levick did make this—then you've got a treasure that hardly bears thinking about: a museum piece beyond my price and touching. And there, mum, at the risk of making an easy bargain, I've made amends!"

Penelope Mallet smiled waveringly. She hardly knew what else to do. This overpowering fellow was fascinating her, by virtue of his uncompromising and rugged manner. One minute calling her a liar to the teeth, and not being shown the door—the next, informing her that, in all probability, this bureau for which she had expected a few pounds, in order to pay her rates, was extremely valuable.

Mr. Joshua Berker crossed to the bureau and slowly unlocked its fall. When he had opened this and had looked inside he blinked rapidly and whistled.

"Miss Mallet!"

"Yes?"

"If—if I couldn't suit you with an offer would you let me act as your agent, ten per cent. commission, in the selling of it?"

"Well . . ."

"It's a Levick," Mr. Joshua Berker nodded. "And before I as much as go into it all over . . . I'll offer you a hundred quid." He paused and watched the strange riot of relief and awe and half-terrible gratitude on Miss Mallet's face. Then for the second time that day he betrayed his professional self.

"But, I'll be straight; advertised and sold to best advantage, it'll be worth five times that . . . The question is, he nervously licked his lips, "can you wait? It might take a year and more to find the right buyer at the right price."

With a quality of consideration, a curious delicacy one could not easily have associated with a man

of his stamp, Joshua Berker turned away from Miss Mallet of Rosedale Cottage and went on with his examination of the bureau. For such a freak to have emanated from the hands of Levick—a craftsman more conservative in model than a Hepplewhite and more adherent to the use of only certain types of wood than a Chippendale; contemporaneous with both—puzzled Mr. Berker enormously. He had plenty to think about.

So had Miss Mallet . . . There were the rates and there was the sum of four pounds she owed to Carple at the corner shop, and he had not only stopped her credit but had threatened a County Court summons and a whole host of other unpleasant things. Then there were other little debts . . . And she was, at this moment, very hungry.

A hundred pounds! Vision reeled at the thought. Five hundred, minus ten per cent.—she was stupefied by the bare idea. Yet she must forgo that dream. All she knew was that she simply could not wait a year . . . Why, she was hungry now . . .

Making little whistlings and odd hisses, Joshua Berker moved about the bureau. At last he put away his pince-nez and readjusted his fingers on that violent square of silk.

"I'm capped," he snorted, "fair capped!"

Miss Mallet's heart sank sickeningly. She swayed.

"Is— isn't it really any good, then—" "Good! Good, Miss Mallet?" Joshua's voice rose high. "It's a blooming miracle! It's one of the forty coming wonders, came at last! And . . . here mum—here!"

Miss Mallet went like a piece of grey wax. She crumpled at the knees and fell.

"Here, Miss—oh, the devil!" Joshua caught the slight form and gently settled her on a sofa. "She over, by gum! Now, I wonder, has she a drop of brandy in the house?"

Leaving the unconscious woman propped by cushions he made a rapid tour of the place. And, having done so, he stopped and cursed.

Poor woman! Brandy! Why the poor soul hadn't as much as a crust in the house, let alone brandy. In the larder he had been confronted by an astounding and sickening sight—on a slab stood an old pebble and mortar and, in the mortar, evidently intended to go under the mashing of the marble-headed pebble, was a quantity of hen corn! She had only this . . . and had been pulverising it to a kind of noisome meal from which, with water, she had made a kind of porridge.

He heard a sound. Miss Mallet had struggled to her feet.

He rushed back, just in time to see her claw at the bureau for support. He saw it totter and fall forward . . . and caught her by the waist as she was about to follow it.

"I—I do feel ill," she faintly murmured. "Do forgive me!"

Carple's lad was passing Rosedale Cottage. Joshua gave a whistle through the half-open window. The lad stopped and a swift confabulation ensued. Off went the errand boy, straight back to his shop, and with him went a pound-note from Joshua's well-packed wallet.

"You—you shouldn't," came the voice of Miss Mallet. "But, I'm too far gone to— to care so much . . . thank you."

MISS MALLET was sipping her second cup of tea and finishing her fourth sandwich when Joshua chanced to look ruefully at the fallen bureau.

"Done it no good," he began to mutter, then stopped.

He bent down and applied his eye to the grain of the bureau's back. It had a peculiarly convoluted look, at the best of times. Seen this way . . . it resolved itself into a few words of old-fashioned writing. Just as trick writing can be done by elongating the letters until it needs an eye on a level with the page to read them, so this stained grain had been devised.

And the letters ran: "Gold in legs—Mallet: 1792."

"My—my great-grandfather," Miss Mallet gasped, as Joshua read the words out to her. "He was a miser and—"

With one blow Joshua Berker snapped off the leg of that five-hundred-pound bureau. There came a chinking, jingling rain . . . a host of guineas from out of that hollow leg. And, from that one alone, more than five hundred were resolved . . .

As Mr. Berker often says to his wife, once Miss Penelope Mallet, of Rosedale Cottage, "That was a lucky strike of yours, knocking over that bureau."

(Copyright)

## NERVY WOMEN

GET FIT AGAIN  
... OR NO COST



New natural Tonic supplies vital mineral foods in predissolved liquid form . . . corrects basic cause of nerve troubles.

Thousands of people are going about, right this minute, nervy, irritable, rundown, suffering from that awful "depressed feeling," never knowing what it is to be really well, all because their diet is deficient in natural food minerals. Without these minerals, which include iron, lime, potash, sodium, glycerophosphates and phosphates, good health, nervous energy and vitality are impossible.

Bidomak contains all these vital elements in a pleasant to take predissolved liquid form. Therefore Bidomak is quick to bring relief from nerve troubles, chronic nervous headaches, nervous dyspepsia, nutritional anaemia, and similar disorders.

### Money Back Guarantee

The Discoverer guarantees you benefit within 14 days of purchase or your money back on return of the nearly-empty bottle to the Douglas Drug Co., Australia House, 39 Carrington Street, Sydney, N.S.W. (Phone 84176).

Bidomak costs merely a shilling or so if it does you good—nothing if you fail to benefit. Bidomak contains no narcotics, opiates, or alcohol. It's as safe for children as for adults. Price 1/- at all chemists and stores. Get a bottle to-day.

## BIDOMAK

THE TONIC OF THE CENTURY FOR NERVES, BRAIN, AND "THAT DEPRESSED FEELING."

Product of the Douglas Drug Co., Distributed by the Douglas Drug Co., Sydney (S. C. Park, Mr.), Douglas Drug Co., Adelaide, Rocks Tompatt Ltd., Melbourne, Wood, Son & Co., Perth and Broken Hill, Fairbairn & Co., Launceston.



are painful  
... and very  
dangerous  
too.

They must be promptly treated. Apply Rexona in the early stages—it reduces the inflammation and soothes the throbbing pain. If the boil has been neglected and has already come to a head, Rexona can destroy the germs and poison. Then the skin tissues will grow again, clean and healthy.

**Rexona**  
OINTMENT  
the rapid healer

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED



**\* Carriage Paid.**

We pay freight on all the goods showing on this page with the solitary exception of the sewing machines.

# DAVID JONES'

**\* Order by Mail.**

These are reliable values. You can order them with the confidence that you'll get every satisfaction — provided that you order early!

Order by number!

TELEPHONE: M 4404

POSTAL ADDRESS: BOX 503AA, G.P.O., SYDNEY

LAY-BY IF YOU WISH

## UNDIES made from two MIRACULOUS FABRICS

### "50-50"

Half Crepe de Chene  
Half Art Silk

Something that's an entirely new and exciting success for summer undies. Has a good texture. Drapes well. Wears, launders & comes back smiling!

**WRITE FOR A SAMPLE**

Then you'll see why we are so pleased with this new silk. You'll be more than delighted yourself! White, blue and pastel pink are the shades.

### "50-50" Vests

W.W.291: Opera top or shaped-shoulder styles with narrow beige lace edging. They're tailor-made! All sizes. Each.

### "50-50" Pantees

W.W.292: A very good design with trim and tailored waistline. Flat banded legs. S.W., W., O.S. Price, pair.

### "50-50" Bloomers

W.W.293: You'll like them... the style is just about the best we could find. Elastic at waist and knees. Special value, pair.

## Princess Slips

W.W.284: Tailored style with semi-opera top or shaped shoulders. Trimmed narrow lace edging. S.W., W., O.S. And wonderful value priced at only

**7/11**

## "MILANO" exquisite ladderproof Undies

From the yarn to the finished garments, they're made entirely in our own factory, under ruthless supervision.

**WE'LL POST YOU A SAMPLE**

without any obligation to purchase. But you won't be able to resist it. That smooth quality. The freshness of colour. And you should see how it will wear and wear. Under its delicate beauty of appearance there lurks the most stubborn capacity for a long and useful life.

W.W.285: PRINCESS SLIPS with opera top or round neck. Pink, white or delicate blue. S.W., W., O.S. sizes. Exceedingly tailored. Special price at

**10/11**

W.W.286: MATCHING VESTS with opera tops or shaped shoulders. S.W., W., O.S. sizes. Priced at, each:

**3/11**

W.W.287: LACE TRIMMED SCANTIES with a flat band in the front. S.W., W., O.S. Pink, blue, champagne white

**6/11**

W.W.288: TAILORED PANTIES, very slim and sleek. S.W., W., O.S. Pink, champagne, black white. Pair

**5/11**

W.W.289: BLOOMERS with elastic at waist and knees. All fullness taken from the front. S.W., W., O.S. sizes. Pink, blue, champagne white. At, pair.

**3/11**

WOMEN'S UNDERWEAR—THIRD FLOOR



W.W.285

W.W.285

## Amazing purchase NIGHTIES

• Hand-embroidered • Hand made • Crepe de Chene

USUALLY 16/11

**10/11**

W.W.290: (A) It is not much to say for a nightgown so beautifully embroidered and finished—(B) It is something extra special in price! A great chance for Christmas. Available in white or blue shades. S.W., W., O.S. A few at

SEND YOUR MAIL ORDER IN EARLY!



## Utility Model MACHINE

W.W.5620: The sewing machine that's a wonderful value. Vibrating Head style, with an automatic bobbin winder and short radius shuttle. Automatic Tension release for removing sewing. Full set of attachments for hemming, binding, tucking. All friction parts are highly tempered steel. Lots of other modern features too. Guaranteed for 10 years. Dull finished Oak Cabinet. "The Home Dressmaker" book of sewing instructions given away free with every model. Price £17 gns.

OR £1 DEPOSIT; £1 PER MONTH

FOURTH FLOOR — DAVID JONES



## Another successful "St. James" Shoe

W.W.3511: Court for spectator sports. Blue, black or brown with white, the two-tone combinations, so particularly smart and adaptable for summer. And being a "St. James" shoe it is absolutely down to earth for good value. Has thorough, reliable workmanship. Fine quality materials. Absolute comfort. Sizes, half sizes, 2 to 7. Priced at, pair.

**23/6**

WOMEN'S SHOES ARE ON FIRST FLOOR

## Amazing bargain offer SILK HOSE

Usually 9/11

**6/11**

W.W.1712: Pure silk from toe to top, and every pair is perfect. Weight is three-three shoe (that's going pretty fine and flattering) and they're cleverly reinforced at points of strain and stress. All the best in colours. Part of a special purchase at concessive prices. You benefit. Pass on the kindness to friends and make a "happier Christmas".

HOSIERY ON GROUND FLOOR



## WHITE

W.W.1815: Grown in white are silk with exciting new "Cello" patterns. They're crisp and soft and fresh and cool. Easy to wash too. Sizes 5 to 7. The price is only

**3/6**

GLOVES: GROUND FLOOR



## Season's Favourites! LINEN FROCKS

W.W.8812, 13, 14: Here are three of the crisp and pleasing styles. Pure Irish Linen with plenty of staying power. A whole rainbowful of the most delightful colours. Sizes S.S.W., S.W., W., and O.S. These are specially priced at, each.

WOMEN'S SPORTS FROCKS ON THE SECOND FLOOR

**16/11**

W.W.2715

W.W.9816

## LINEN HAT, BLOUSE OR SKIRT

AT ONE EXCITING PRICE

**9/11**

W.W.9817

W.W.2715: THE HAT is pitched and pleasing, and very dashing. Particularly as you can get it in colours that harmonise with the rest of your linen ensemble. Priced at 9/11

W.W.9816: THE BLOUSE is handkerchief linen sheer, solid or pastel coloured to mix with or match the skirt. Tucked front style. Turtled, sailor collar. Specially priced at 9/11

W.W.9817: THE SKIRT is giving Irish linen made to live a dashing and active life. Won't crease easily, when it is an inimitable boon, for colours are pastels or darts. These are in waist sizes 16 to 32. They are specially priced at 9/11

ALL THESE LINENS YOU'LL FIND ON THE SECOND FLOOR

## "JILL-AERO"

the air conditioned summer blouse

W.W.1816: We make it our business to give you the best. That's the only way we can sell it at such a low price. That's the way to make sure of its unvarying excellence. A simple mesh weave in a wonderful range of colours. The sizes are S.W., W., O.S.

**5/11**



ORDERS SENT BY RETURN MAIL CAN BE FILLED IN TIME FOR CHRISTMAS



## Loses FAT Quick Way 50 lbs. Go in 11 Weeks

New Safe Reducing Treatment

"I cannot praise BonKora enough for what it has done for me. It is easy to take and harmless. I was overweight. Had indigestion and headaches but I have them no more. I feel great now."  
"And I have lost 50 pounds in 11 weeks."  
Mrs. Lillian J. Wilson (full address on request).



### Fat Goes Quick —No Thyroid

Mrs. Wilson was so grateful to find such a safe, pleasant, quick way to lose her fat, she sent us her photographs and said we could publish them. See what a difference BonKora has made. Lose your own fat this way. BonKora is harmless. Contains no thyroid extract or dangerous drugs. Users say their health improved; tired feeling gone. Many say they look years younger since they lost fat and gained health this pleasant way.

No starving. It is advisable to eat down on very fatening foods but you can EAT BIG MEALS of healthy, delicious foods like as explained in BonKora package. Never have a hungry moment.

No don't let fat injure your health, mar your charm or make you look old any longer. BonKora is obtainable at all chemists, 6/6 per bottle.

If your chemist cannot supply BonKora, send your name and address and enclose postal note for 6/6 to Schaffer & Co., Box No. 30821, G.P.O., Sydney, and the full-sized bottle will be mailed to you, post free, in a plain wrapper.

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

Remember that there is NO THYROID or any dangerous drug in BonKora. It achieves its marvelous results by perfectly natural means. Your health actually IMPROVES as you quickly lose your excess fat. Know the joy of graceful chic lines once more. Reduce with BonKora!

Lose Fat Quick

## BETTY'S "Racey" NARRATIVES!

Keep Your Vanity in Your Vanity Box

By BETTY GEE

When you get blown up with pride on a racecourse you're doomed.

I was on Saturday, but lucky for me it was the last race. If it'd been the first I'd have gone home penniless, I suppose.

Now, here's a tip for you, and in the long run it will prove better than winning horses to you. Keep your vanity in your vanity-box till after the last!

THANK goodness I did a few things correctly on Saturday or I wouldn't be at Royal Randwick next Saturday.

Didn't I say that Rogerio would be the bet of the day, and knowing that Jack King's "good things" must always be at good odds I worked it out that the best and safest thing to do in case we had a puncture or something on the way to the races would be to leave a little bet for Rogerio. Two pounds with the local S.P. emporium and when Whimsy beat him by half a neck I could have eaten that little jockey Richards (who rode Whimsy) raw.

Of course I won £2.10/- for my place bet, but all I get out of the each-way experiment is 30/- and just imagine, it would have been £12.10/- if Rogerio had just stuck it out a stride longer when he got to the front.

I had the correct information about

Fair Diana. Mac, Sawyer told me for 10 minutes that she was the best track galloper he ever had, but when I got into the ring it took me all my time to get £6 to the 30/- I won on Rogerio, but she duly strolled in.

Unfortunately Dickie saw me collect and moaned about "buttoning up" and all that sort of thing. But I sneaked off and learned that all residents of Rosehill reckoned Tommy Haylen would beat Stalin (who was well liked) with Water Waggon if "you can find out." So I hurried into the ring and saw Harry Brett "putting it on" Water Waggon. Now, knowing he's Tommy's special man, I took £6 to £2, and you should have seen Water Waggon lay the dust for those behind him. Just streaked home.

Bailey Payten told Ray McGinness and he told me that Chaos was a good one, but green. I was looking up the book and saw she carried "all green," so I thought he was just pulling my leg. Still I had £1 worth (£5 to £1).

But up came Mr. A. J. Peel, that nice tall and handsome young owner who races Sailor Prince, and he said his might do it, meaning Leilagilla, so back I went for another two pounds.

### Not So Bad

Isn't it funny how the old axiom works out about the first being last and vice versa? When Leilagilla got the stitch through Andy Knox overdoing the early speed business, Chaos came up and made a dead-heat, and I got half my money, which wasn't bad, because I didn't think she got up, and let's near me didn't. But now I disbelieve that theory of the scientists that red is the most attractive of the colors. Give me green.

Miss Luscombe heard from Pratt, the jockey, and she told me that he thought Mr. Kerry was "a moral" for the Handicap. He was sorry he couldn't ride him, but he couldn't make the weight. I'll bet Pratt would like to be half a stone lighter.

But I didn't stop to ruminate about these theories. I took £8 to £2 off that nice polite bookmaker Hughie Emerson, when I ran into Edgar Forsyth and what he told me about Samoth simply made me put £2 on him. Ten to one. Can you beat that for odds? But Mr. Kerry won with Samoth second, and they made the favorite Mainlaw look like an animated budweiser, or whatever they call those German sausages, so I reckoned that was great judgment of mine.

### "A Bottler"

But listen to me. When you think you're bursting with judgment, take a taxi home. Get away from the racecourse. Vanity is a worse enemy than the bookmaker.

What did it do to me? Just sent me berserk. I rushed in thinking Bachian was a good thing for the last, and took £6 to £2, thinking the bookies were mad. Then madder when they offered 4 to 1, and I took another £2 worth. Luckily Dickie rescued me from further mischief and we watched Bachian pipped on the post by Bulletin, the roughest thing in the race. Was I upset? But it serves me right. Wanting the world.

Still I showed a profit on the day, and I'm going to play it up at Randwick. What's more I'm not waiting for any tips from the Chinaman on the Villiers. I'm simply backing Gold Digger. Miss Luscombe told me to, and she ought to know, for her father owns it.

And Bonnie Legion every time it runs, because Maurice McCarten was overheard to say "This is a bottler." And listen, here's an outsider from the fortnightly garden who comes next door — The Brewer for the Highweight. Another "bottler," I suppose! And follow The Darter because that's one the butcher got from somebody at King's. So, it should be right.

**HOWES & ..  
HOWES Ltd.  
TAILORS & MERCERS  
237 Pitt St., Sydney  
For Xmas  
GIFTS!**

**ARROW  
ARAJAMAS**

Follow the Arrow and you follow the Style  
Available in all Latest  
Styles and Motifs

12/6  
14/6  
15/6  
16/6  
17/6  
NICELY BOXED

**Xmas Gifts  
for Men!  
SHIRTS!  
TIES!  
SOX!  
BELTS!**

**HANDKERCHIEFS  
SUSPENDERS  
SCARFS · GARTERS**

and a hundred and one  
other Gift Suggestions  
all nicely boxed and  
keenly priced

Xmas Eve — Open till 9 p.m.

**Howes &  
Howes Ltd.  
Tailors & Mercers  
237 Pitt St., SYDNEY**

**"BIROLETT"**  
ELECTRO-MEDICAL RAYS  
Treat Yourself at Home

with the Electro-Medical Rays for  
Rheumatism, Catarrh, Nerves, Blood  
Pressure and all general debility. You  
can install the "Birolett" Rays  
Machine in your own home and give  
yourself constant treatment and ob-  
tain permanent relief.



**"ELECTRO-MEDICAL RAYS"**  
have no injurious or secondary  
effects. They promote general  
health, cure and prevent disease, and  
strengthen the body and nerves.  
Prices from £10/10/-.  
Head Office for N.S.W.:  
"Birolett" Electro-Medical Rays Co.,  
Suite 802, T. & G. Building, Sydney.  
Phone: MA1071.

## This Recipe IS YOURS!



• There are  
nearly 200  
choice recipes  
in MUMS

Famous Recipe Book, and a copy is  
available to you. All you have to  
do is to write to "Mother,"  
G.P.O. Box 3764SS, Sydney, en-  
closing 4d in stamps, and this big  
64-page recipe book will be posted  
to you immediately. Write to-day!

### A NICE CHERRY CAKE

Ingredients:

3oz Butter  
2 eggs  
18oz Flour  
3oz Walnuts  
1 teaspoon Vanilla  
6oz Sugar  
1/2 cup Milk  
1 teaspoon MUMS baking  
powder  
3oz Crystallised Cher-  
ries  
1 pinch Salt

Method:

Beat butter and sugar to a  
cream. Add well-beaten eggs,  
then cherries, and finely-  
chopped walnuts, then milk,  
essence and dry ingredients.

**MUMS BAKING POWDER**





# Give Useful Presents for Xmas

BUY DIRECT from the WAREHOUSE

## W.W. Campbells'

**2 YEARS TO PAY**



With ALL METAL VALVES this superb Dual Wave Radio is the latest development of science. London, Paris, New York, etc., and perfect Local and Interstate Reception guaranteed. It has glorious Tone, and is quite different to cheap Dual Wave Sets. Hear it at the Warehouse and save £2 by securing it at the **INTRODUCTORY CASH PRICE, £14/10/6**, or on Metropolitan Easy Terms.

The "SIBERIA" is our Standard Quality Ice Chest, fully guaranteed—reliable and very economical in ice consumption. Splendidly finished Cork Packed Case. A size for every home. Priced from 85/-, Easy Terms Sydney and Suburbs from—

This attractive Transau Chest is selected from a very large range of designs displayed in our new Showrooms. Call and see them—you will be delighted. This Week's Cash Price of above—**77/6** or on easy terms.

Every Home needs a Bookcase, and this popular one will accommodate a large range of books. It is in two-tone finish with attractive lead-light door and movable shelves. Special Xmas Cash Price is Many other designs & qualities are in stock. **45/6**

Examples of general Furniture Orders. (SYDNEY & SUBURBS)  
 £25 for 10' deposit 5' weekly. £50 for 40' deposit 10' weekly.  
 £100 for 80' deposit 20' weekly. £150 for 120' deposit 30' weekly.

**15/- DEPOSIT, 4/6 WEEKLY.**

**5/- and 2/- DEPOSIT WEEKLY**

**5/- and 2/- DEPOSIT WEEKLY**

**5/- and 2/- DEPOSIT WEEKLY**



This modern 4ft. 6in. Breakfast Room Cabinet has numerous compartments, including Bread Cupboard and one drawer divided for Cutlery. Leadlight doors are particularly attractive. The construction and finish are excellent and we have never offered a better bargain. This Week's Cash Price **85/-** or on easy terms. **5/- and 2/- DEPOSIT WEEKLY**



This fully-fitted Lounge is an ideal gift for a gentleman. It has sliding trays, trouser-rails, useful mirror, and fitted hanging compartment. Don't miss this bargain. Special Cash Price **59/6** This Week. We stock a large range of Lounges, boys at prices to suit all purses. **5/- and 2/- DEPOSIT WEEKLY**



OPEN on FRIDAY NIGHT

**20% DEPOSIT 5/- WEEKLY**

This superb Lounge Suite has been created to give luxurious comfort. The spacious Chairs and Settee are upholstered in rich Genoa Velvet and the five loose-cushions are fully sprung. The artistic design is most impressive. This sumptuous Lounge Suite can be obtained this week at the Special Cash Price, £139/10/- or on Easy Terms.



**16/6 DEPOSIT 4/- WEEKLY**

If you are planning a home on an economical basis do not miss this new Bedroom Suite. It is modern in design, with Fully Polished Walnut Finish and is worth much more than our Introductory Price. 4ft. 6in. Wardrobe, 3ft. 6in. Dressing-Table, and Double Lounges have usual fittings (sliding trays in Dressing-Table and Lounges). Secure this week at the Special Cash Price, £139/10/-, (Bedstead extra), or on Easy Terms.



This attractive Tea Waggon has full-width handle and turned legs with rubber-tyred castors. In two-tone finish. Special Xmas Cash Price is **18/9**. There are many other styles to choose from.

### PALM BOXES and COFFEE TABLES



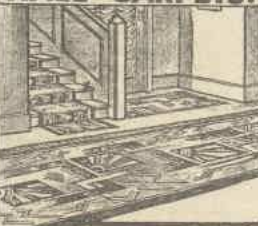
Give Useful Xmas Presents. See this year's wonderful display featuring exquisitely figured and matched Veneers of Oak and Walnut at attractive prices. **Palm Box** shown is 24in. high, in two-tone finish—only **11/6**



Here is a handsome Dining Room Set at a remarkable price. It comprises 4ft. 6in. Sideboard, with polished figured and quartered Maple veneers; 5ft. Rectangular Table, and four Upholstered Chairs (two only in illustration). This Week's Cash Price, £13/13/-, or on Easy Terms.

**13/6 DEPOSIT 3/6 WEEKLY**

### HALL CARPETS.



### HALL CARPETS REDUCED

Wilton  
 Width Yds. Per Yd.  
 22in. 8/11 Now 6/9  
 27in. 9/11 Now 7/9  
 36in. 13/6 Now 10/6

Axminster  
 22in. 10/6 Now 8/3  
 27in. 12/6 Now 10/3  
 36in. 19/6 Now 16/6

Inspect our stock of Lawn Mowers and Garden Hoses—all marked at Warehouse Prices.



### BRITISH CARPETS and LINOS

#### AXMINSTER CARPETS REDUCED

Size Wt. x Ht. 8ft. x 12ft. 9ft. x 12ft. 10ft. 6in. x 12ft. 12ft. x 12ft.  
 Now £3/15/- £4/10/- £5/10/- £6/5/- £7/5/-  
 8ft. x 12ft. 9ft. x 12ft. 10ft. 6in. x 12ft. 12ft. x 12ft.  
 Now £6/5/- £7/10/- £8/15/- £9/19/6

#### GENUINE CORK LINOLEUM

TWO YARDS WIDE  
 5/3, 5/11, 7/6 per yard

#### IMITATION LINOLEUM

TWO YARDS WIDE  
 3/3, 4/3, 4/11 per yard



**PHONE 1345 6 LINES**

Listen to 2GB & 2KY Every Night **249 CLARENCE ST. SYDNEY** ONE DOOR FROM MARKET STREET.



# PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

## ★★ THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1936

Numerous stars. (Paramount.) THIS picture is like an old-fashioned Irish stew; everything goes into it bar arsenic. In other words, Paramount have had a grand round-up, collected a representative bunch of screen, stage, and radio stars, and let 'em loose in front of the camera. The result is an entertainment that will hit the spot with most people during at least some sections of its few thousand feet.

Jack Oakie, George Burns, Gracie Allen, and Lyda Roberti are the whole-bone of the story which, like prehistoric comets, holds the production together, and between them, they provide some bright comedy at moments when the specialty numbers are not being put across.

Among the latter the things you will remember are Bill Robinson's tap-dancing—always worth anybody's attention—the clowning of a group of low-comedians posing as builders, Richard Tauber (maybe) singing two numbers, and Ethel Merman singing "The Animal in Me."

Among the items I couldn't get worked up over were Bing Crosby, Amos 'n' Andy, and Ina May Hutton and Her All-Girl Band. The last mentioned made a row like nothing on this earth of ours. Taking it all in all, a show you'll enjoy.—Prince Edward; showing.

## ★★ CURLY TOP

Shirley Temple, John Boles, Rochelle Hudson. (Fox.)

VERY few, even those who have an innate aversion to infant prodigies, will fail to get enjoyment out of this picture. It is of course, merely a vehicle for Shirley to display her talents, but she does it so well, she is so irresistibly fresh and unspoiled—and clever!—that a great deal can be excused in plot and subsidiary characters.

It would be possible to mention many highlights in this film in which Shirley's ability is particularly noticeable, but better than anything else, perhaps, is her impersonation of an old lady. From glasses, white hair, lace cap, and rocking chair down to her walk and slightly quavering speech, the portraiture is splendid, scarcely believable, in fact, of so young a child.

Boles, well, is just Boles. He will sing! The first time you encounter his voice you think: tolerable. After that, however, your opinion changes. By the time you get to your third film you want to get an axe whenever he wanders towards the piano. He seems afraid to open his mouth. His notes sound as if they are being forced up through the top of his head, instead of through his lips.

However, this show is Shirley Temple. John Boles is only incidental!—Regent; showing.

## ★★ 18 MINUTES

Gregory Ratoff, Katharine Sergava. (B.D.F.)

HOW those members of the intelligentsia (the world over) who have strayed into the sordid field of film criticism will react to this film, "Melodrama!" they'll grizzle, reaching for the dictionary of objectionable adjectives. Since, obviously, a story dealing with a circus and, more particularly, with a lion-tamer, couldn't be ordinary drama.

Having given up, at an early age, the struggle to breathe in the rarefied atmosphere of the pure intellectual, I admit unblushingly that I found a lot to enjoy in this picture. After all the false lions of society the screen presents to us, a real honest-to-goodness lion is worth watching; the atmosphere of a famous circus (splendidly created) is refreshing after the stale air of so many drawing rooms; and, lastly, Gregory Ratoff's acting provides one of the few reminders we receive that the art did not die out with the decline of the legitimate stage.

Probably this picture will not make a lot of money, but that will be because it is not melodramatic enough! This will be its major fault from the point of view of the average audience. It moves a trifle slowly in parts; less artistic direction could have brightened up these sections in all manner of ways.—Mayfair; showing.

## ★★ THE GAY DECEPTION

Francis Lederer, Frances Dee. (Fox.) SOMEONE has blundered. Not on the production side this time, but, strangely enough, at the distributing end. This picture has been let loose as a support, when, for entertainment value, it could run rings around several "features." I could name among those at present running and hogging more than their share of notoriety.

Both Francis Lederer and Frances Dee put up excellent performances. Lederer has the authentic touch for light romantic comedy, while Miss Dee gives a convincing interpretation of the role of Mirabel, the girl who, having won five thousand dollars, is blowing it all on one month in New York.

For once, the title fits the picture. It

## OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.

★★ Two stars—good films.

★ One star—average films.

No stars . . . no good.

is gay! Nobody has worked hard to get painstakingly unique effects or spectacles; the story runs on brightly and laughs occur at frequent intervals. All hands will enjoy it.—Regent; showing.

## ★ PERSONAL MAID'S SECRET

Margaret Lindsay, Warren Hull. (W.B.)

WHILE Margaret Lindsay and Warren Hull are billed as the big figures in this picture, the major part of the entertainment is provided by Ruth Donnelly and Arthur Treacher, who appear as a maid and a butler respectively. It just goes to show you how much more valued (for publicity purposes) are good looks than acting ability.

The story, although it is conventional enough to have the usual attractive young people well poked into the foreground, is really a comedy of life in the servants' quarters; and good comedy at that—or perhaps, merely by contrast, because of that. A flavoring of good, old-fashioned melodrama is introduced, but still, this doesn't kill the film.

Auspices of Arthur Treacher: he seems to have become the victim of his own success in playing butler and valet roles. He has quite a gift for comedy in his own line; it would be interesting to see how he would shape as a comedian in a part that allowed more scope.—Capitol; showing.

## ★ TWO-FISTED

Lee Tracy, Grace Bradley. (Para.)

NOTHING out of the box, but a fair enough support. Lee Tracy and Roscoe Karns, as Hap Hurley and Chick Moran (a boxing manager and his dumb fighter, respectively), are responsible for the comedy, and do as well as the script will allow them.

The film includes the reformation of a drunk, the foiling of a nasty-minded husband who, separated from his wife, is bent on making things as unpleasant as possible for her, a little child who will bring to light the mother in all of us, and one of the worst imitations of a prize-fight that, up to date, the screen has produced.

Still and all, as the gentleman remarked of his wife after administering an outside dose of strychnine, there have been plenty worse films than this let loose on unsuspecting and defenceless audiences. It does raise laughs at fair intervals, and anything that does that can't be bad.—Prince Edward; showing.

## ★ MUSIC IS MAGIC

Alice Faye, Ray Walker. (Fox.)

ANOTHER musical that manages to make its way through the usual hour and some odd minutes without inciting anyone in the audience to justifiable homicide. In contradiction to the title, there is nothing particularly magical about the production, but there have been much worse examples of the same type of entertainment.

The story is a familiar one; too familiar. We have the young variety singer and dancer who is persuaded to go to Hollywood and win fame and fortune. Both are hard to locate (naturally, otherwise where would the story come in?), and then follow the inevitable spectacular efforts to attract the attention of a famous producer. Just in case you may not guess it, everything is hot-foley in the end.

The comedy, in the main, is in the hands of Frank Mitchell and Jack Durant. They are funny in spots, but fair to middling dull in the unspotted areas.

This is not a picture to struggle from a sick bed to see; on the other hand, you'll take it complacently enough if you just stroll along not expecting too much.—Capitol; showing.

## KENTUCKY MINSTRELS

Scott and Whaley. (B.D.F.)

WHOREVER gave Scott and Whaley the idea that they are entertainers should be arraigned, preferably before a hanging judge, on a charge of having led two lives to ruin and waste. In the box with this individual should stand the two victims; nobody as dumb as they are deserves to go on living. The director of "Kentucky Minstrels" should be there too—while he exists he's a menace to defenceless audiences; and, to make a thoroughly clean sweep, the photographer should stand by his side.

From the foregoing you will gather that this is not a very good picture.—Mayfair; showing.



ELEANOR POWELL in an exuberant scene from "Broadway Melody of 1936."

# HOROSCOPES and "HUNCHES" in Screen Career



Dance Stars: Vilma Ebsen, Eleanor Powell, and Buddy Ebsen.

## Eleanor Powell Tells SECRET OF HER SUCCESS

Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly from Our Special Hollywood Correspondent

Thirteen is her lucky number. Her life has almost exactly followed her horoscope. She always follows her "hunches," and has an uncanny sense of which thing to do.

She is impulsive many times past the point of what seems to be within reason.

These are the things to which Eleanor Powell, the world's most famous feminine tap-dancer, and star of "Broadway Melody of 1936," soon to be released in Australia, attributes her success.

Taking them in the order that they are named, I will show you just how Eleanor proved them to me.

"WELL," she said emphatically, "I started life in the year 1913. Every stroke of good luck that I have had has come on the 13th of the month.

"My name has thirteen letters in it—I wouldn't think of moving into a house with a number that didn't have thirteen in it, no matter how much I might like it. The thirteenth year of my life was one of the most important, if not the most important. It was during that year that I progressed most in my dancing, and definitely knew it was to be my life's work. I never will take a hotel room that does not have 13 in it. I did just once, and that was enough. The show was a terrible failure. If the hotel where I wanted to stay does not have a room 13 I simply don't stay there. I find one that has."

Everything that Eleanor does, she does in thirteens. She has 13 bottles of perfume on her dressing-table. She arrived in California to take up her picture contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer on the thirteenth of the month. She never plans any important social or business engagement on any day other than the thirteenth, if it is at all possible to have it on that day. If she ever marries, she says it will be on the thirteenth.

The second amazing series of coinci-

dences in this young lady's life is the fact that everything has happened according to her horoscope. Just as a lark, several years ago while she was playing in Chicago, she had her horoscope read just because she thought that it would be amusing at the moment.

After the deed was done she took the paper home, read it, and put it in a semi-discard. A few days later she received an amazing rise in salary that she had not in the least contemplated getting. Eleanor explained:

"Right away I remembered the line in my horoscope, 'You will prosper and receive a flattering salary at a time when others are in financial difficulties.' You will prosper by the depression." It also went on to tell me that I would be surprised at the increase in salary, and even went so far as to mention the exact date that it occurred! Of course, it was the thirteenth of the month!

## Things Happened

RIGHT then and there I began to pay attention to it. I anticipated things that were scheduled to happen—and they did. Whether or not there is a certain amount of psychology connected with it I shall never know. They say that if you concentrate on the thing that you want hard enough, believe that you will



ELEANOR POWELL—a study

have it, and put forth all possible effort, you will get what you want. When I know that it is about time for something to happen I, of course, am conscious of it, and think a great deal about it. This goes for the unfortunate things as well as the fortunate ones," she continued.

"Also, according to my horoscope, I am to receive an important proposal of marriage before November of this year! It will be a fortunate marriage, and I will benefit greatly. That one has me guessing. I am sure that I don't know who he could possibly be."

Now the "hunches." Eleanor has always followed them since she was a baby, and has been right. Usually she does not know why she will choose a certain thing, and many times she will be giving up something that she wants very badly, just because she has a "hunch" to do so—and she is always right. This works in her personal life as well as in her career. The only times that she has made serious mistakes is when she has not followed her "hunches."

Her own particular brand of dancing is a direct result of following a "hunch." She has always danced freely, regardless. It has made her famous.

She knows about people, too—what crowds are best, and those that are not. She knows just when the psychological moment arrives. When she is offered several engagements at a time she always picks the winner, often turning down the roughest-looking one.

Because she follows her "hunches" people often think that she is impulsive, without reason or thought. That is not so. When she has a "hunch," all she has to do is to follow it.

It looks as if Eleanor just dances her way through life as she does on the stage—and things just seem to turn out for the best.



# Intimate Jottings

## Did You Know That—

Bonita Appleton no longer wears sparkling diamond engagement-ring given her several months ago by Peter Osborne?

## Pleasant Palm Beach

MRS. GREGORY BLAXLAND will add dash and color to scenery at Palm Beach during holidays... Mrs. Percy Spender complete with new addition to family circle, Dr. Bullmore and family, Mr. and Mrs. Hector Clayton, and Mr. and Mrs. Warwick Fairfax will all be there... Mr. and Mrs. Alan Copeland also trekking to P.B. ... Latter has most amusing manner of telling Bay of Islands shark story, in which she figured as heroine... Mrs. Laurie Seaman's home one of most picturesque in colony and much good cheer dispensed there.

## Ministerial Holiday

MINISTER for Agriculture Hugh Main on holiday bent... Sails with wife early January for Colombo... Will then tranship for Singapore, Java and home... Letters of introduction, both official and private, already reach large proportions... Molly Main, eldest daughter of George Main family, accompanies travellers.

Mildred Mackinnon, of June, is contemplating trip to U.S.A. Will pay visit to childhood friend, Mrs. Sydney Laughlin, at Los Angeles.

## New Rendezvous

VERY Continental air about cocktail ensemble of basque floral silk jacket and clinging black skirt worn by Mrs. Williams, of London, at present staying with sister, Mrs. George Downer, at Collaroy... Visitor bears decided resemblance to famous Vanbrugh family... Is most intrigued with "George's" smart family concern hidden away behind tall trees at Collaroy... Much in favor for dinner dances at moment... Mrs. George Downer, elegant and svelt, hostess of "George's," is expert in culinary department.

## Two Skimpy Wishes

"I WOULD much rather two skimpy wishes than one big one," said little Joan Tait in role of Peter Pan at Dursley breaking-up party at Lady Mayoress' rooms on Thursday... Joan gave much portent to utterances and diction clear... Mrs. John Maude looked for glimpses of family talent for acting in daughter Jacqueline, who took role of Abbot in "Scenes from Robin Hood"... Jacqueline's uncle is famous Cyril Maude... Lady Mayoress delighted with performances of grandchildren, Jimmy and Peter Throsby.

Papuan residents holidaying in Sydney glad to hear of party at Hotel Australia for Christmas season. Host-to-be is part-owner of large island near Samarai.

## Pretty and Popular

EVELYN MOORE, pretty and popular, much-feted before leaving Albury for Sydney, where she is now living with parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Moore, at Mosman... Dorothy Mackie and Andree Howard were hostesses at farewell dance, dinner party given by Mrs. Bert McArthur; Baden Ternan couple also entertained by housewarming and farewell party combined at new abode... Cecile Belbridge, president of C.W.A. Younger Set, presented departing guest with cut crystal at bridge party and jolly and informal party given on night of departure by Mrs. Les Colquhoun.

## Sailing in Siam

SAILING in Gulf of Siam and calling at innumerable interesting islands is to be exciting experience for Mr. and Mrs. Nick Chapple in New Year... Mrs. Chapple, formerly Kathleen Caddell, all of a whirl with last-minute arrangements all week... Luncheon at Macquarie Club followed by golf at Royal Sydney Golf Club and three cocktail parties programme for one day... Inveterate travellers on board Maloja bound for Perth, where they tranship for Java, Singapore, and Siam en route to English home.

## Well-behaved Brothers

COLONEL and Mrs. Eric Plant, of Brisbane, on furlough in Sydney... Made trip from north with two sons in quite small car, but brothers well-trained, and refrained from undue jumping around... Mrs. Plant, formerly Oona Hunter Brown, is staying with family at Vauluse... Three sisters and mother all live in same suburb... Mrs. Bill Bevington, formerly Dolly Brown, is married to quarantine doctor, and after three years on Thursday Island is pleased to be in Harbor City again.

## Imported Smartness

VERY smart were overseas creations worn by returned travellers at Romano's during week... Margaret Vyner made second appearance since arrival with George Fuller... Lots of friends and acquaintances spent much time hovering round table... Joy White danced in lovely gown of stiffened satin... Deep blue in color and spotted in lighter shade, effect most unusual... Suzanne Stoddard tucked spray of tiny white flowers across back of coiffure and donned silver frock.



HERE IS A DELIGHTFULLY informal picture of Mary Drake-Brockman standing between two of her bridesmaids, Vi Debridge and schoolgirl sister Althea Drake-Brockman taken an hour or so after Mary reached home from Adelaide just a week before her wedding with Peter Gebhardt, of South Australia, fixed for December 18.

—Women's Weekly photo.



## Chock-a-Block

WHAT a crowd came down to see Monterey on her way... Departing English Cricket XI surrounded by friends... Professor and Mrs. Dakin pleased at last-minute news that only son Harvey had passed third-year med. exams... Bill Durham couple waved farewell from top deck... Dr. Justin Markell, with smartly-dressed bride, had farewell party before last bugle.

Yachting circles miss Reg Prevost and hospitable parties on board Tandra. Reg now returned home after long stretch in hospital. Wife and baby daughter in good form.

## Talented Policemen

HIGHLY delighted was Commissioner Mackay at success of musically-minded police at "Stars of the Air" concert at Town Hall... Men in blue in quite unexpected guise... Gone were all signs of stern minions of law as they sang negro spirituals, sentimental ballads and the like... The band, full of pep, aided and abetted... Sir Henry Braddon made speech entirely consisting of praise for assisting artists and organisers... Professor and Mrs. Lambie, Professor and Mrs. Fawsitt, and Mr. and Mrs. Bob Miller among audience... Boys' Welfare Fund will benefit.



## Christmas Carols

DURING fifteen years interstate tennis representation, Mrs. Bertram Ford collected innumerable silver cups, which were on view at recent party in honor of Mrs. B. S. B. Stevens, at Balgowlah... Number of schoolgirls in Early Victorian frocks formed in line as Premier's wife arrived... Same little maidens later sang Christmas carols... Political atmosphere dominant among guests, who included Mrs. E. S. Spooner, Mrs. Archdale Parkhill, and Mrs. H. W. Lloyd.

Zane Grey, author and fisherman of renown, due in Sydney New Year's Eve. Big-game fishing off New South Wales coast to occupy first part of holiday.

## Tasmanian Holiday

ALL being well with shipping strike, Mrs. Clive Inglis sails for Tasmania this Saturday... Daughter Judith has been battling with exams, at Ascham, and news of holiday came as pleasant surprise... Neither traveller has slightest desire to fly so feel they must make fairly sure of return in time for next school term... Judith is off to Armidale for last two years of schooling.

## Flew to Party

MRS. BRUCE WATCHORN one of few guests not surprised at announcement of engagement of Charlie Yaldwyn and "Bill" Stanton at cocktail party given at the Queen's Club early in week... Mrs. Watchorn had to be informed about announcement before she could be induced to take plane from Newcastle... She returned same night by air... Bride-to-be hails from Toowoomba, and fiance is one of Sydney's handsomest bachelors.

Quite one of smartest shoppers in town during week was Mrs. Oscar Paul. White coat and skirt of peasant linen was offset by hat, blouse, and jumper of burgundy crepe.

## Very Sporting

MRS. WILL BLOOMFIELD incurably sporting... Even with broken rib she noticed "four two's" on number plate of ambulance which conveyed her to hospital... Motor accident was cause of disaster... All is well now, and broken bone nearly "as you were."

## Christmas Celebration

YOUNGER SET of Royal Motor Yacht Club gave first and very successful dance at Club rooms for Christmas celebration... President Gordon Lawson most snappy in white mess kit to greet guests numbering two hundred... Enthusiasts danced hard for several numbers then took to speed boats for cool-off while dashing round the harbor... Muriel Hayne, Joyce Walker and Vilda Bayley took hand with arrangements.

## Have You Noticed That—

Mrs. Duncan Sinclair still has need of stick after accident to foot? Popular country hostess making long stay at Hotel Australia.

Jane Anne



## The NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE

Association of Australasia Limited

ESTABLISHED 1859.  
PURELY MUTUAL NO SHAREHOLDERS

The first Office in the World to apply the Surrender Value of Life Policies in Paying the Premiums, so as to Prevent a Policy Lapsing until the Surrender Value is exhausted.

### Extracts from the 66th ANNUAL REPORT

26,941 New Policies assuring .....	£10,137,325
New Annual Premiums .....	£372,485
Income for Year .....	£5,013,296
Payments to Policyholders .....	£2,924,349
Added to Assurance Fund .....	£1,619,257
Assurance Fund at 30/9/1935 .....	£39,161,123
Amount Assured under Policies Current .....	£93,752,682

The above figures comprise ORDINARY ASSURANCE ONLY. The Association does not transact Industrial Assurance.

New South Wales Board:  
SIR JOHN VICARS (Chairman)  
W. D. STEWART, Esq. Sir WILLIAM VICARS, C.B.E.  
OSWALD ST. CLAIR, Manager.

OFFICE BUILDING: 350 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

### SICK PEOPLE NEED THIS FREE BOOK

"The Road to Health" is the title of this new and up-to-date issue of a book that has carried the name of "Warner" into almost every civilized country. To thousands of sick people over the last 40 years it has pointed the road to renewed health and happiness. Hundreds of letters from all parts of the world, written by three generations of grateful readers, acclaim the information and advice it contains.

H. H. Warner and Co., Ltd., makers of the long-famous Warner's Safe Cures, have been compelled again and again to reprint printings of this valuable booklet. Now a carefully revised and illustrated edition has been prepared and is ready for instant distribution.

It will be sent to you absolutely free, and with no obligation whatever, merely on receipt of your name and address.

If you are troubled with disorders in kidneys or liver—and rheumatism, sciatica, neuritis, sleeplessness, indigestion, backache, etc., are but a few of the many painful symptoms of such disorders—then your need of this book is immediate and urgent. If you are not so troubled, then your need may lie in the future—and forewarned is forearmed.

"The Road to Health" is free on written application to H. H. Warner & Co., Ltd. (Australasian Branch), 523 Little Lonsdale Street, Melbourne, C.T. Write at once and be sure of a copy at once.

## PERSONALITIES Behind the DIALS

Beware of Glass Bangles...

### Lumsdaine's New Sketch!

Latest reports from Hollywood declare that the directors have become strong, silent men in place of the ranting, raging tyrants they were in the old days of the silents.

The change was cleverly hit off in the Ferdie Kauffmann film, "Once in a Lifetime," in which Jack Oakie as a film director cracked nuts all through his direction of a talkie, and so baffled the critics, who finally decided that it was the pitiless dripping of rain on the roof, and just another stroke of genius like the beating of the tom-toms throughout Eugene O'Neill's "Emperor Jones."

THE microphone in a broadcasting studio can be just as all-hearing as Eileen Robinson and Theresa Carmo well know.

Although they have to part with the big glassy bangles they always wear, they have decided that it is wiser to take them off during a broadcast than set their listener critics the problem of deciding what the mysterious clinkety-clack is supposed to represent.

The bangles, by the way, were a gift from Mrs. Boris Karloff, the wife of Hollywood's popular film "ghoul," and since the girls first introduced them to Australia they have become all the rage, in place of the chromium janglers which were fashionable last season.

### Impersonated Mo

JACK LUMSDAINE, of 2GB, has a decided gift for impersonation, and at the moment is working on a new sketch for radio, "A 2GB Picnic with the Radio Rascal," into which he intends to introduce well-known radio personalities.

Jack recalls how, in the old vaudeville days, he was billed in Melbourne to give a series of impersonations, and among the personalities imitated was Mo. who was about to open at the rival vaudeville show.



THERESA CARMO, protégée of Mary Pickford, with whom she played one of the little girls in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," is heard daily from 2GB in the musical presentation "College Daze" with Eileen Robinson and Jack Lumsdaine.

—Palk Photo.

Looking down on the front row the first night he discovered that Mo was among the audience. However, Jack says that, judging by his laughter, Mo enjoyed the impersonation as much as anybody.

### Saved His Leg

BUT for a most unusual piece of luck, Noel Judd, one of 2GB's younger announcers, would have been a cripple for life.

Some time ago a piece of monumental granite, weighing half a ton, fell on his leg. It took four men to lift it off. The doctors decided to amputate, but could not locate his parents in time to get their permission, which was necessary, as he was under twenty-one.

So the doctor-in-charge decided to treat the leg as he would have treated a shrapnel wound at the war, with the result that the leg was saved, and Noel is still the possessor of two healthy limbs.

### Her Ukulele

KATH JORDAN, of 2GB, has just acquired a ukulele. A friend gave it to her, after she happened to mention casually that she intended to buy one.

It may seem rather late in the day to buy a ukulele now. The expression,

### SOCIETY WOMAN LOVES A "SAILER"

(By Air Mail From Our London Office).

MRS. DOUGLAS DUFF, London society woman, who has served as an apprentice on a wind-jammer plying between Australia and London, likes life so much that she is returning on the same vessel—the Finnish barque, Ponape.

Mrs. Duff is not merely a decorative figure on board. She does her work, and does it well.

"I would sail back for toffee, as I love all kinds of adventure, but the sea best of all," she said.

"Of course, when I am aboard I am an ordinary member of the crew. If it is my job to go aloft, aloft I go, that is all there is to that."

"Try that on your ukulele," went out of fashion five or six years ago. Kath has a reason for wanting a ukulele. She makes a hobby of collecting and singing negro spirituals and plantation songs, and finds that, at parties, she is often called upon to do a few numbers.

Unfortunately, the average flat where people "throw" parties these days isn't large enough to house a piano, and, besides, most of the settings need transposing to suit Miss Jordan's voice. The obvious solution was a ukulele.



What does 1936 hold for YOU?

### THE THREE WISE MEN

1. Will solve your problems of the present, by helping you pierce the future.
2. Will tell you more about your character than you know yourself.
3. Will reveal whether you have the right attitude towards the opposite sex.

This is something different to anything you have experienced before!

### You Live But Once!

Let the Three Wise Men send you their Seven Secrets of Success, plus a complete, frank analysis of the real YOU!

You will be Mystified, Amazed and Delighted

NOTE: Due to the large number of applications received, forward yours without delay, and ensure immediate attention. Send a postal note for 2/6 with a stamped and addressed envelope, stating YOUR SEX AND DATE OF BIRTH, TO:

THE THREE WISE MEN,  
Box 4059W, G.P.O., Sydney.



### Do You Know?

You can have glorious hair, free of dandruff, fluffy, inclined to curl, and shimmering with radiating health, which will improve your appearance—ever so much—and more.

Rub GRO-GROW in nightly with finger tips to hair roots, then brush briskly and freely. 5 minutes' daily brushing with GRO-GROW works wonders. It cleans out the bald head maker (dandruff) quickly. Get your boy friend or hubby on to it. Make GRO-GROW drill a family affair.

GRO-GROW is a combination of extracts from hair growing glands which definitely revitalize your hair.

2/- pot everywhere.  
Tremendous sales!

"Miles better  
than Brilliantine"

# Stamina for outdoor sports!

You need plenty of milk during your holidays... in varied milk drinks—on breakfast cereals; in creamy, cool milk dishes. Then you're ready for all the fun that's going. Milk is full of the food that feeds your nerves, creates bounding energy... builds stamina. Milk is so satisfying, so easily digested... it can't make you feel "heavy." Enjoy more milk these holidays, and enjoy your holidays more.

INSERTED BY THE MILK BOARD



# MILK

for  
STAMINA

Christmas  
GIFT CRUISE  
TO LORD HOWE IS. & MELBOURNE  
FREE!

XMAS GIFT  
CRUISE FREE!  
WALKER  
SMITH.

well-known frock specialist, want a Limerick of 4 or 6 lines telling of the loveliness of their frocks. You may have the Cruise or the money to do what you choose. First Prize, £10/10/-, Three other prizes of frocks to the value of £2/2/-. For full particulars write or call at any of Walker Smith's popular salons.

WALKER SMITH  
53 MARKET ST. (NEXT TO THE STATE)  
175 LIVERPOOL ST. (OPP ANZAC MEMORIAL)  
574 GEORGE ST. (OPP REGENT THEATRE)



# IN SEARCH of GIFTS

*We Tour City Shops  
and Find Presents for  
Everyone...*



Because so few people manage to have a really good search through the shops, and because (secretly) we wanted to peep for ourselves, we made a grand tour of the shops, struggled through each busy hive, and jotted down for you just a few of the wonderful things we saw.

**D**ASHING through the beach section of a big city store, a perfect pet of a penguin took our eye. In all its natural colors it stood, life-size, black coat, white waistcoat, with a zip-fastener across the throat to let you into his secret—zip poor penguin open and he's a capacious bag lined with plaid waterproof, a bag to tuck under one's arm, and hold wet swimmers.

Next to it was another cute novelty—a "beachchair"; that is to say a beach chair that folds to look like a beach bag. Made of striped canvas, with a firm metal frame, it opens out to a beach chair with a back rest, which, amazingly enough, may be upturned to provide shade for one's head. Novel, don't you think? and it would make an amusing gift. Priced at 7/11.

Jewellery, dashing, exciting gift for any woman, gleamed from showcases. Silver filigree metal with blue, green, or red bars of galateith alternating with the filigree, daisies, and chrysanthemums of beads on beaded bangles. Earrings, exotic, barbaric, unusual. Brooches, antique style, diamonds.

**I**N THIS PICTURE, pick out... very modern dressing-table set of crystal, a combination flapjack and cigarette case, a beauty cocktail case, box of lipstick wipers and face tissue, and a novelty clothes brush for a man's gift.

—Photo by courtesy of Hordern Bros.

**T**HEN through archways to a palace of lamps—from ceiling suspended, lighting up niches, tables... a lamp, the perfect gift for a home. Especially did this strike us when we saw Continental, dome-shaped occasional lamps on chromium priced at 31/-, developing further into the charming novelty for a dressing-table you see on this page.

Our next store was rife with boudoir novelties, unusual and intriguing. There was an ivory enamel case for evening, containing receptacles for cigarettes, for rouge, for powder, lipstick.



A CHARMING GIFT for the home—Continental, dome-shaped lamp with chromium clock attached.

—Photo by courtesy of Grace Bros.

and a separate compartment containing a money purse, a full-sized mirror, and a comb to complete the kit. The case was gold-plated throughout.

This is one of the various beauty "Minaudiere" cases which smart women on the Continent are using in place of hand-bags, and is priced at 5 guineas—a glorious gift for a very special friend.

We saw all kinds of intriguing knick-knacks for the purse and for beauty. There was a combination flapjack and cigarette case in black enamel and chromium, or in dainty green enamel with brilliant motifs for 19/6. Then there was a box of lipstick wipers, and face tissue, done up in pretty packages with cellophane and ribbon—an excellent gift idea and useful for many a day.

**W**E were really intrigued with little novelties that can be bought for a little over a shilling at any of the big stores. Egg-timers, for instance, all with cute little devices, tell you when three minutes is up—a boon to the young housewife.

And, by the way, we caught a whiff of the most exquisitely fragrant perfume, light, fresh, and cooling for summer use, as we hesitated by a perfume counter. This, as we discovered, Potter and Moore's Mitcham lavender and Blue Ribbon eau-de-cologne, which we saw boxed in all sorts of practical combinations, packed in delightful gift coffrets—and all quite irresistible to a feminine heart.

And, girls, we whisper this: men must be coming out of their shells a little, for we noticed some very hectic shirts and pyjamas in some of the leading men's stores. One pyjama suit, which would perhaps be appreciated by the sporting male, was one which had a huge speed motor-car embroidered in a number of colors in front of the coat—certainly dashing, if nothing else!

—JAN AND JENNIFER

*Special Purchase!*

**WAREHOUSE STOCK**  
by

# GRACE BROS

36 inch ENGLISH

## Cotton Voile

TO SELL AT

### HALF PRICE and LESS

Big range of newest designs in  
guaranteed **FAST COLOURS**

36 inch  
Pretty  
**CHECK VOILES**

In a nice selection of delightful designs. Guaranteed fast colours.

Usual Value

TO CLEAR AT YARD

**1/6 1/2 9 1/2**

36 inch  
Finest Weave  
**PIQUE VOILES**

A large variety of all up-to-date designs in guaranteed fast colourings

Usual Value

TO CLEAR AT YARD

**1/6 1/2 12 1/2**

Another  
Extra Special Purchase!

36 INCH FINE QUALITY **Pure Silk CHECK TAFFETAS**

USUAL VALUE

**6 1/4**

A magnificent range of colourings. Lovely checks in fast colour effects. TO CLEAR AT

**2 1/4**

**GRACE BROS., LTD.**

BROADWAY,  
SYDNEY

PHONE  
M6506

IN SUMMER...

**CREME SIMON**

preserves the skin from unsightly redness, keeps it fresh and youthful, prevents wrinkles, and gives velvety smoothness to the complexion. TO BEAUTIFY.

TO REJUVENATE.

Use

CREME SIMON

Also

POUDRE SIMON

(7 Shades), and

SIMON SOAP

**CREME SIMON**



PARIS

Obtainable Chemists and Druggists

Sole Agents: Joubert & Joubert Pty. Ltd., Melbourne

**LEARN PIANO**

Jazz Pianists are in demand. Len Langford (4QQ, 4HC, 5UE, 5CH, 20M, 3KY, 2UW), can make you a successful pianist. You can learn to read at sight ANY modern popular song in a few weeks. No knowledge of music is necessary. No scales. No exercises. You learn Jazz from the first lesson. Your money is refunded if you are not satisfied. Postal or Personal tuition. Twelve Langford students broadcast. Thirty leading bands. You, too, can learn. Write for particulars to

**LANGFORD PIANO SCHOOL**

Dept. LZ, 327, George Street, Sydney.

Phone, B3873.

Demonstrations, 25M, Saturday, 7 to 9 a.m.

★—ASTROLOGY—★

Will I always be unlucky?

When will my ambitions improve?

What are my future prospects?

An answer to all your questions and Full Astrological Reading for 2/6.

Send P.M. 2/6. Stamp, Birth-date, to

**A. MOORE,**

Box 2477R, G.P.O., Sydney.

★—FORMER DRUNKARD NOW MODEL HUSBAND—★

"Since taking DRINKO in his tea my husband has stopped drinking," writes a grateful wife. "Your husband, too, can be relieved with this great treatment. Write or call for free book—gives all details. Dept. W. HOME WELFARE PTY., 323 George Street, Sydney."



## POSTAL BARCARN CORNER

SHOP BY MAIL

## DEAF?

**Chico Invisible Earphones**  
The last word in really scientific earphones, which can be easily inserted into the ears without fear of pain or injury. CHICO INVISIBLE EARPHONES are NOT made of perishable rubber, but of perfectly sound and scientifically constructed that they are guaranteed for your lifetime.  
E.I./F. PER FAIR  
NO FURTHER CORRESPONDENCE.  
Write for Price Booklet.  
THE MEARS EARPHONE COMPANY,  
24 State Shopping Block, Market St., Sydney.



### DANCING MADE EASY

You can learn AT HOME in One Evening! You need not be a "wallflower" or "outsider" any longer, for I GUARANTEE to make you a graceful, finished dancer, almost overnight. My amazing Home-study Method NEVER FAILS. To celebrate the New Season 1936 edition of my big, instructive book, "Dancing Made Easy," are offered FREE to readers of this paper. Just send name and full address (including State), and book will be forwarded absolutely FREE by return mail.

PROF. DUMONT, F.S.A., Studio D,  
102 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

### FOR A PERFECT COMPLEXION.



use Complexione, as so many ladies are doing. It preserves the skin from sun-burn and wind abrasion and relieves roughness and unsightly redness. Applied just after washing the face, it imparts lovely elasticity and a velvety softness, as well as protecting the skin from weather conditions. Large bottle for 2/9 posted, obtainable only from  
THE UNION MFG. CO.,  
290 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne, C.I.



### BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIAN LUCKY BLACK OPAL RINGS

7/6 in. daily silver settings in "THE OPAL MINE" 112a Pitt St., near Hunter St., Sydney. EW0972.



### Life-Size Doll

UNBREAKABLE.  
About 27 inches high.  
Only 2/6

Reproduction of a French creation in fine, fast colours on cloth that won't tear. Intended to be stuffed, Grandma's Model Doll never fails to please. Will outlast a dozen expensive dolls. Price only 2/6 posted, and for day next at day's one. Baby Doll given free.  
Anglo-American Publishing Coy.,  
(Reg.), Box 1103 HM, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

## WE GUARANTEE YOU LUCK OR REFUND YOUR MONEY

If you have had luck to the Lottery, games, gambling, etc., then you should have a pair of Lucky Drawings. These drawings are made by a committee of experts and are a sure way to win big money. The drawings are made every week and the winners are announced in the paper. The prize is £1000. The drawings are made every week and the winners are announced in the paper. The prize is £1000. The drawings are made every week and the winners are announced in the paper. The prize is £1000.

Royalty Traders, Room 4 V.B.,  
1 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

### MAKE MORE MONEY!

Men or women earn good incomes selling Gilmore Products. Highest Quality Tonics, Spices, Medicines, Soap, Insecticides, Foods, Ointments, Toilet Preparations, etc.—NECESSITIES ALWAYS IN DEMAND—sell to friends and neighbours—NO RISK—no capital needed—we can finance you to buy at manufacturer's low price—advertising, sales training, everything supplied—PROVE IT YOURSELF—full time pay—£5 TO £10 WEEKLY  
Own Your Own Business—NOTHING MORE PERMANENT—state whether interested full or part time—send your name and address—receive illustrated booklet and full information. Address: The John Gilmore Coy. Ltd. Dept. 125, Corner Parramatta and Pyrmont Bridge Roads, Camperdown, Sydney, N.S.W. 8899

Money advanced upon all classes of security without possession.

### N.S.W. MONT DE PIETE

D. & I. CO. LTD.

(In All-Australian Organisation—Established 1885)

Fully Paid-up Capital, £300,000

SYDNEY'S LOWEST AND FINEST RATES

No fees charged for inquiries, preparation of documents, or valuations.

ALSO ADVANCES MADE ON Jewellery, Diamond Goods, and other portable articles. Low rates, easy terms.

FRED C. SMITH, GENERAL MANAGER,  
24 Castlereagh Street,  
Same side as David Jones', Telephone: 36165;  
also 3 Station Avenue, Harrogate (LW3789).

### BE POPULAR

Beloved — Magnetic!

You can make people like you. You can be Popular with the Opposite Sex! You can attract Love, Friendship, and Success into your life! You can dispel FEAR, nervousness, and "inferiority complex," overcome shyness and blushing, and cultivate a strong, fascinating MAGNETIC personality—if you read "Personal Magnetism," the amazing book of personality secrets now offered FREE to readers of this paper.

Truly, this is a "miraculous" book. It seems to cast a mysterious spell over the reader; and gradually, as you read it, you become aware of a wonderful feeling of confidence and power as the magnetic forces within you are awakened, and subordinated to your will. You MUST see this amazing book—read it—learn its great secrets—FREE! Just send a 2s. stamp towards postage, etc. This unique volume (latest illustrated edition) will be forwarded, absolutely FREE, by return mail.  
HENRY GALVEN, Publisher, Dept. W, George St., Sydney. (Box 108, G.P.O.)

## GIRL DOCTOR Who Lived Two Lives

Mental Jekyll and Hyde Existence

By Air Mail from Our London Office

The death of a brilliant young woman doctor at Northumberland has revealed an amazing case of split personality—a sort of mental Jekyll and Hyde existence—which caused her to live two lives at once.

AT 21 she was a fully qualified doctor. She was the most brilliant student in her class at Edinburgh University, but—

She could see both sides to every question—she could hold, sincerely, opposing views on anything. And she was convinced each was the right one.

When she had to make a decision she could not make up her mind.

She worried about it.

Now she is dead. . . .

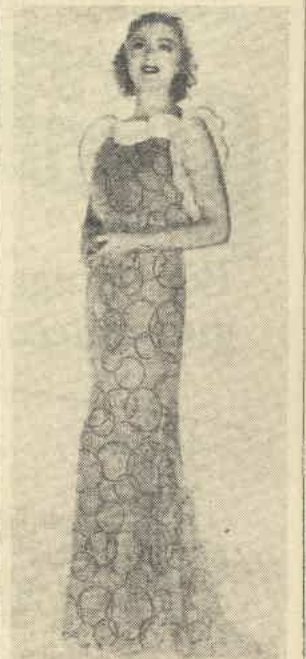
Her name was Nancy Howard Turnbull, and she was found dead from throat

wounds at her home at Corbridge, Northumberland.

She had fallen a victim to influenza, and apparently taken her life in a moment of despair.

The normal personality is one in which all activities are integrated (says a medical man). The split personality is one in which certain compartments of mental activity become progressively shut in, but the individual, so as to compensate, rationalises his attitude in such a way as to deceive completely his parents and teachers.

This division of the mind in adult life has produced such abnormal types as typified by Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.



THIS CHARMING green chiffon evening gown, worn by Claire Trevor, Fox player, is ideal for warm evenings. The effective trimming at the neck and armholes is starched and finely pleated white chiffon.

## MOCK CREAM AND CHRISTMAS PARTIES

You'll need loads of cream, and Copha Mock Cream fills the bill so admirably. Inexpensive, too, and it keeps for simply ages. Quite apart from the delicious flavour and the smoothness, there's this very big advantage—that if the first lot won't go round you can just make a little more, and eliminate the usual frantic dash to the nearest shop.

### COPHA MOCK CREAM

1 lb. Pure Copha 1 Egg  
1 lb. Fine Icing 3 tablespoons Milk  
Sugar (Less may be used if desired.) Essence Vanilla

Cream the Copha (previously softened), gradually adding the sugar. When light, beat in the egg and add the milk slowly. Continue creaming until very smooth. Flavour to taste. Do not at any part of the process melt the Copha.

Write for the Copha Recipe Book—it gives a wide variety of novel dishes and quite a number of them using this delicious Mock Cream. Use Copha in your own recipes, too. You'll find they're lighter, more delicious than ever—simply because Copha is a pure vegetable shortening. You can cook your vegetables in Copha, too—that way they lose none of their vital health-giving mineral salts, a big point when there are growing kiddies to be considered. There's a leaflet on the subject, the Copha Vegetable Cookery Folder—get this and the Recipe Book free and post free from:

Edible Oil Industries Pty. Ltd.,  
Department WW,  
Box 3625EE, G.P.O.,  
Sydney.

## INVISIBLE MENDING

Damaged Garments INVISIBLY MENDED and Cleaned and Pressed at  
SYDNEY WEAVING CO.,  
90 PITT ST. Phone: BW0952.

When you come to Sydney

Stay at—

PETTY'S HOTEL

## 2GB—THE

### A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Charles Dickens' "Christmas Carol" is as much part of the modern Christmas as Handel's "Messiah," and it is fitting that it should be repeated each year to remind us of the debt of gratitude we owe to Charles Dickens for re-discovering Christmas—and the great Christmas message of goodwill. "A Christmas Carol" is a story of the strange transformation that took place in the old miser, Scrooge, one Christmas morning, and of the happiness he brought into the life of the little cripple, Tiny Tim. It is a delightful drama, and listeners will hear it from 2GB nightly during Christmas week at 7.50 p.m.

### A CHILD IS BORN

ONCE, 1935 years ago, a child was born in a lowly stable and the world has never grown tired of hearing that story, surely the most lovely story ever written. Wise men from the East followed a star and came to the manger, and shepherds, watching their flocks on the hillside, heard angels singing, "Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men." In a reverent and beautiful dramatisation, the Sunday Players will present "A Child is Born" from 2GB on Christmas Eve, December 24, at 11.0 p.m.

### An Evening With Darby & Joan

Those delightfully human people, Darby and Joan and their strange relations, with whom listeners have spent many a happy quarter of an hour, will in future be heard at 7.30 p.m., commencing on Saturday evening, December 21, instead of 7.45 p.m., as in the past.

Christmas Time is Radio Time

## RECOMMENDED HOLIDAYS

The Australian Women's Weekly recommends the following trips to its readers. In all cases, except where mentioned, the price is INCLUSIVE, providing for fares, sightseeing, and accommodation, and subject to boat sailing.

### Colombo

If visiting England and calling at Colombo en route, or contemplating a holiday in Ceylon, call or write the Women's Weekly Travel Bureau, who can arrange details for your stay at that fascinating island.

THE ENTRANCE—Special! By car via Hawkesbury, Mooney-Mooney, Gosford Look-out, Terrigal, with 8 days' accommodation and return by car. Leave January 2, 1936. £14/4/-  
TO COLOMBO and return with full accommodation during stay and fascinating motor tours, etc. Leave Sydney Dec. 21st, returning Jan. 29th. Boat calls Melbourne, Adelaide, Fremantle. £50/5/-  
Leave Sydney Dec. 25th and Jan. 1st. Three days trip to Melbourne. Xmas night at Canberra. Nearly six days in Melbourne and return by sea, first-class. Price inclusive of accommodation throughout. £14/10/-

### Visitors to England

The Women's Weekly Bureau can arrange for you to be met at Marseilles, Toulon, or London and advise on all Continental travel.

MARSEILLES (OR TOULON), VIA NICE, MONTE CARLO, BY CAR OVER THE GLORIOUS FRENCH ALPS, TO CHAMONIX, GENEVA, MONTREUX, PARIS, £38/15/- AND LONDON, INCLUSIVE. £58/15/- INCLUDING EXCHANGE

Comprehensive fortnight's trip to Tasmania, leaving Sydney Jan. 15th, 22nd, 29th, Feb. 7th. £20/9/9  
Return via Melbourne. £20/9/9  
TASMANIA, various dates, 13 days Sydney to Sydney. Wonderful inclusive holiday £15/10/-  
First class, April 10th to 14th. Easter cruise to Lord Howe Island and return. Other ac- £8/-  
commodation at £10  
Leave Sydney Dec. 25th, Myall Lakes, Port Stephens, Tuggerah Lakes, Barrington Tops by car. Plenty of excursions, splendid fishing, all accommodation, School Bus. Return Sunday, Jan. £11/18/-  
5th. Inclusive price

### New Zealand

PARADISE FOR HOLIDAY MAKERS. Tell us when you wish to go, approx. length of holiday, and amount you propose to allot and let us work out an itinerary for you in this amazing country.

Seven days in Sydney, with visit to Jenolan Caves, Bear Farm, Hawkesbury River, Bull, National Park, etc. With accommodation £5/7/6  
Country holiday. Leave Sydney various dates by car for Orange via Jenolan Caves and Bathurst. One week's stay in Orange. £5/10/-  
Return by car. £5/10/-  
Six days' cruise. Sydney-Robert-Melbourne and return. Leave Sydney Feb. 18th, return 24th. Accommodation also at £9. £7/10/-  
COUNTRY VISITORS TO SYDNEY. Arrange all your sight-seeing trips through your paper's own Bureau. Trips everywhere.

FOR ALL LOCAL HOLIDAYS AND GUEST HOUSE ACCOMMODATION  
WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU  
RADIO HOUSE  
300 PITT ST., SYDNEY  
TEL. MA4496



gifts that last . . . are gifts that please

*Be modern this Xmas!*



How many of the Xmas presents you gave in 1934 are remembered in 1935? Those little souvenirs . . . the pretty trifles . . . those so-called "novelties" . . . you spent quite a lot of money on them. Now they are gone — vanished, like ten thousand other Christmas presents.

Listen . . . gifts which are here-today-and-gone-tomorrow are a waste of money. They are forgotten as soon as Xmas passes.

This year — give presents which *endure*, presents, which express your friendship and love, *day in and day out, year after year*. GIVE ELECTRICAL GIFTS! You know how the old folks would appreciate a bedside lamp to ease their tiring eyes. You know what a boon an electric jug would be to that sister of yours in her little flat. And that newly-wed couple . . . have you thought of an electric toaster . . . iron . . . water heater . . . waffle iron? For *every* friend you have, the electrical gift is the *perfect* gift.

For the same money that you fritter away on fleeting trifles, you can give *electrical* gifts to real friends. Let the family "get together" for this year's giving. Why shouldn't one of you go down to the nearest electrical dealer and come back with a host of suggestions? Think this over! Read the list printed on this page. Give something ELECTRICAL!

## SOME ELECTRICAL GIFT SUGGESTIONS

GRILLER . . . TOASTER . . . WAFFLE IRON . . . COFFEE PERCOLATOR . . . ELECTRIC FAN . . . ELECTRIC IRON . . . ELECTRIC KETTLE . . . ELECTRIC RANGE . . . ELECTRIC CLOCK VACUUM CLEANER . . . ELECTRIC WASHER . . . IMMERSION HEATER . . . ELECTRIC CASSEROLE . . . REFRIGERATOR . . . ELECTRIC HOT WATER JUG . . . BEDSIDE OR READING LAMP.

# GIVE AN ELECTRICAL GIFT

THE ELECTRICITY DEPARTMENT — THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL OF SYDNEY — QUEEN VICTORIA BUILDING, SYDNEY



## EMPIRE Christmas PARTY

World Will Listen-in to  
Sydney Celebration

On Christmas night, Mr. and Mrs. John Jenkins, of Gordon, Sydney, will give a party to their friends. It will resemble thousands of other parties held in thousands of homes throughout Australia. Not a bit different.

That is why it will go "on the air" as Australia's offering in the Empire Christmas broadcast.

THE Empire Christmas Party will consist of relays from all parts of the Empire, and will go over the national network, concluding with a message from the King.

It will begin in the snows of northern Canada, when a voice will tell the other members of the world's greatest family the sort of Christmas being spent by their cold-country cousins. Immediately following this the call will switch to South Africa, where some family on the veldt will detail the festivities in progress.

Then the voice from London will come in: "Are you there Australia? We are calling Mr. Jenkins—Mr. James John Jenkins, of Gordon, New South Wales. We want you to join our Christmas party." And so it will go on.

Mr. Jenkins, with his wife and family, has been in Australia for 25 years. They were chosen by the British Broadcasting Commission to speak for New South Wales, since the family came from South Wales.

"We are delighted with the honor,"



MR. AND MRS. Jenkins, of Sydney, who will contribute Australia's share to the Empire Christmas radio party on Christmas night.

—J. R. Taylor Photo.

said Mrs. Jenkins, who is a charming elderly lady, and the mother of grown-up Australian sons.

"It is a tribute both to Wales, our birthplace, and New South Wales, where we have lived so happily. What a pity they have not television, so that the Empire could see the typical Australian party we are arranging.

"Our celebration will consist of about 25 people, including my husband, myself, and my two sons. We will be waiting breathlessly for our call.

"It will be a Welsh-Australian gathering. The decorations will be daffodils—the flower of Wales—and the leek—its utilitarian vegetable. The Australian motif will be Christmas bush and Christmas bells. Our contribution to Old England will be plum pudding and turkey.

"There will be games, and music, and singing, for wherever Welshmen gather there must be music. We can supply that ourselves if need be, for my son Idwel is an organist, while my other boy (professionally known as Tommy Jay) is also a good singer and entertainer. He is understudy to Ivan

### MARY PICKFORD'S CURLS STOLEN

(From Our New York Correspondent).

TWO of Mary Pickford's curls were stolen out of a showcase in the California Pacific Exhibition at San Diego. Mr. Ben Black, manager of the Hollywood exhibit at the exhibition, told the police that thieves had broken the glass in the case and removed the curls, cut from the hair that made Miss Pickford "the world's sweetheart."

There are only four of these curls now in existence.

Menzies in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

Mrs. Jenkins gave a little smile: "I am not of a theatrical bent myself," she said, "but I'm certainly stealing a bit of the family thunder with this Empire broadcast. I shall have a wider audience than they ever dreamed of."

## ELIGIBLE Young MAN

Continued from Page 6

"Do help yourself to a drink, Captain Challoner. Your room is just being got ready."

"It's very kind of you to bother, Miss Connelly."

Bridget didn't try to make conversation, but went quietly back to her work. The man was tired out and didn't want to be bothered with social chatter and a perfectly strange young female. She remembered Cynthia's caustic remarks about men who emerged from the wilds, and their bashfulness. Only now and then she couldn't help stealing an interested glance at him from under her thick lashes, because he was after all quite a famous person, a young man who had established himself before he was thirty as an intrepid and daring traveller, a brilliant writer, and a tremendous influence amongst strange native people. Yet one couldn't realise that quite, looking at him. He was just a very tired young man with nice eyes and hands and a sensitive mouth that was very firm as well.

"My dear Captain Challoner! I am sorry . . . how perfectly awful of us not to be here when you arrived!"

It was Lady Colvin, in a great flutter—and Cynthia, carrying a great armful of cherry-red and pink oleander flowers. Was that a tiny bit of stage setting? Bridget wondered. Oleander pink looked most attractive against the pale mauve linen frock she was wearing and completed the color scheme that was built up to her exquisitely fair skin, turquoise blue eyes and sleek, spun-gold hair.

Bruce Challoner got to his feet hastily, a faint blush spreading over his tanned face.

"It was my fault for turning up too early . . . please don't bother about me at all . . ."

"But of course we're going to bother—and you certainly deserve it!" Lady Colvin cooed. "Cynthia, darling, this is Bruce Challoner—my daughter!"

Cynthia advanced forward, holding out a little white hand, her eyes wide and melting.

"You can't think how thrilled we all are at having you to stay with us, Captain Challoner! A celebrity—and somebody new at the same time! Darling, shall I go and see about his room?"

"I've already seen to that, Miss Colvin," Bridget said briskly. "I think

everything will be ready by now."

"Oh!" Cynthia turned round and gave Bridget a cool and hostile look that might have been a warning. "All right. Then come along, Captain Challoner, and I'll see that you're absolutely comfortable."

That night the Colvins gave a dinner party, hastily collected during the day, in honor of their guest. Bridget, dining peacefully upstairs on the verandah outside her bedroom, heard the chatter of voices below and distinguished Brenda's high-pitched caw.

Poor wretched young man—being plunged straight away into a social whirl when all he needed was a perfect rest and period of lazy comfort and inactivity! Couldn't the idiots see that? At first Bridget had found all this rather amusing—but thinking of Bruce Challoner now, she didn't at all: it made her feel angry at the Colvins' stupidity and Cynthia's selfishness. Bruce Challoner, as her guest and her special property, had to be shown off to the envious rest of the station, and paraded in front of Brenda's jealous eyes.

Later on Bridget heard music, the sound of Cynthia singing, applause, footsteps crunching about on the gravel paths of the big garden. Once she heard conversation below, Cynthia's voice, sugary sweet, murmuring something inaudible to be answered by Bruce Challoner's slightly rough Scotch voice, saying:

"I'm sure none of it would interest you, Miss Colvin. It was all very dull and dingy really and not at all romantic. Shall we go back to the others?"

That brought a smile to Bridget's grey eyes. So much for Miss Cynthia's fervent admiration and flattery! No man ever snubbed her quite so calmly and unwittingly in her life, and her usual tactics of ardent interest and eagerness to draw a young man out had never failed so completely.

Bridget went to bed early, but not to sleep. She tossed and turned, sat up in bed, drank water—and finally gave up the struggle, got up, slipped on a dressing-gown, and went out on to the verandah that ran the length of the bungalow. It was a glorious night, with a full moon that tinted the landscape with old ivory. A jackal howled somewhere out on the plain.

Please turn to Page 34

THE ONE THING  
YOU REALLY NEED  
THIS XMAS!



Christmas does not always mean unalloyed joys for the housewife . . . the difficulties of preserving food over the longest and hottest holiday period of the year are well-known . . . the failure of ice supplies at peak periods is a matter of record . . . why not avoid these difficulties at Christmas . . . and forever after? Once and for all you can solve these problems with an Electrice—Australia's leading refrigerator!

Imagine the convenience! No worries about ice . . . plenty of storage space . . . continuous, automatic cold temperature . . . firm butter, sweet milk, tender, well-kept meat and game . . . a place to put all your perishable foods in perfect safety. All foods look better and taste better when they're fresh from the Electrice.

### A SIZE FOR EVERY FAMILY

and many convenience features, too.

The full range of Electrice refrigerators includes a size for every family as well as every proved convenience feature of modern design.

12 different freezing speeds  
Automatic interior light  
Cold chest for frozen storage  
Floating mechanism

Balloon type Door Gaskets  
Extra fast-freezing shelf  
Ample bottle storage  
Convenience basket and dishes  
Flat table top  
Broom-high legs



VEGETABLE KRISPER  
A place to keep vegetables garden-fresh, or help restore that freshness when they begin to wilt.



FOOT PEDAL DOOR OPENER.  
You can open the door of your Electrice cabinet with both hands full of dishes. Saves time . . . saves steps.

# Electrice

SAVE MONEY WITH AN ELECTRICE

There are many ways in which an Electrice will help you to economise. It completely eliminates the weekly ice bill . . . it stops waste of good food . . . it enables you to buy perishable foods in quantities (at lower prices) and store them until wanted . . . it helps you to plan ways and means of using "left-overs" you previously throw out. Why be without the convenience and joys of an Electrice when its ownership is so easily within your means. Call or write for full particulars to-day.

Australian Distributors:  
NEW SYSTEM TELEPHONES PTY. LTD.  
276-278 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.  
Phone: M 6425 (14 lines)

INITIAL  
PAYMENTS  
FROM AS LITTLE AS  
**£4/10**



# Mandrake the Magician

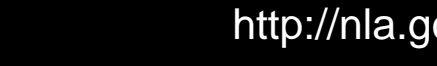
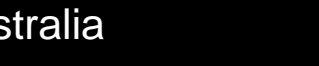
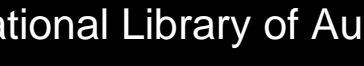
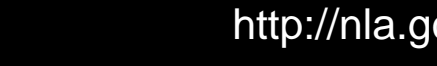
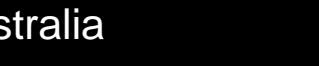
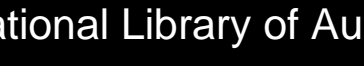
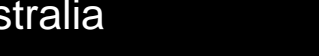
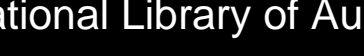
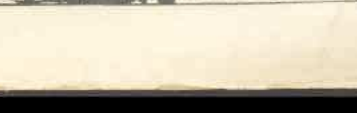
## MEET THESE ENTHRALLING CHARACTERS

**MANDRAKE:** The Master Magician, is in Northern Arabia trying to hunt down

**SAKI:** The world's cleverest thief. The magician's task is well-nigh impossible, since Saki is a master of disguise; even the thieves he rules by terror have never seen his true face. Mandrake's determination to get his man is doubled when he hears that

**PRINCESS NARDA:** A beautiful girl who is his friend, has been robbed by Saki of her crown jewels. Accompanied by

**LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian slave, and guided by **TURO:** A police spy, Mandrake plunges into the Thieves' Market, certain that Saki will betray himself by trying to sell Narda's jewels. Protected only by Arab disguise, the three approach a quarter where every step carries them into greater peril. Now read on.





## The Gift She Will Appreciate

25/-



25/-

Three Sheffield-made SCISSORS in hand-made leather case, velvet-lined.

W. JNO. BAKER LTD. 3 HUNTER ST. SYDNEY

## LUNG TROUBLE

and other chest complaints

A dry Inhalation Treatment . . . Membronus . . . has been responsible for many remarkable and permanent recoveries from these chronic chest complaints. It is not an experiment, but a treatment which has been proven successful over and over again. The dry fumes dislodge the gum-laden mucus which causes so much discomfort and is then absorbed into the blood stream, thereby getting right into the infected parts. We have patients from different parts of Australia and New Zealand constantly reporting the newly-found joy of—

Cough less distressing. Able to sleep at night. Cessing of haemorrhages and night sweats. Improved appetite and strength regained. Membronus has done these things for others, and can do them for you. The Public's right to a genuine effective treatment for:

## ASTHMA BRONCHITIS

is relieved by "Membronus" DRY INHALATION TREATMENT, which has definitely relieved many sufferers during the past years, and, what is so important, the results have been POSITIVE and LASTING.

A great victory has been won for those suffering from Asthma, Bronchitis, Chronic Coughs, and similar diseases. Sufferers can now obtain, right in Sydney, "Membronus," this remarkable Dry Inhalation Treatment which gives prompt, lasting, and safe relief, even though patients may have been suffering for years, and previously tried many other forms of treatment.

Membronus most often gives definite results almost from the first inhalation. Succeeding attacks become less frequent, and less severe. In this way Membronus acts in a progressively curative way, ultimately clearing up all traces of the cough. This happens even in severe, chronic, and up to now, "unusable" cases with aged invalids, as well as with young children. It is a dry inhalant, and is just effective in the treatment of

## CATARRH HAY FEVER ANTRUM TROUBLE

and no operation necessary.

I have definite proof that this Dry Inhalation Treatment has given immediate ease and permanent relief in many, many cases. In some of these cases, hope of recovery has been given up previous to inhaling Membronus Dry Inhalation Treatment. Since then, the patients have written to say that there has been no recurrence of the trouble. Here is genuine hope for complete recovery if you are a victim of any of these diseases. Here are two typical reports received from previous sufferers:—  
"I am feeling ever so much better. I am not spitting up any mucus now. I seem to have improved very rapidly, and am thankful to say I am feeling better than I have done for years."  
"I feel so proud and happy to know what relief your wonderful treatment has given me, and I will recommend Membronus to any sufferers of chest complaints." Every day brings reports similar to the above.

## MEMBROSUS (REGD.) DRY INHALATION TREATMENT.

For particulars, call or send a stamped, addressed envelope, mentioning your complaint, to MEMBROSUS, C/O (City Office) RIVINGTON'S PHARMACY (Kidd, 29 years), Gowing's Building, Room 41, 43 Market Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Tel. MA2324.

## CELEBRATE XMAS 1935 at the WENTWORTH HOTEL

Such important festivities demand the correct atmosphere.

XMAS EVE, Tuesday, December 24:

Supper, 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. . . . . 6/6

XMAS DAY:

Dinner 1 p.m. and 6.30 p.m. . . . 8/6

NEW YEAR'S EVE, Tues., Dec. 31:

Supper Dance, 9 p.m. to 3 a.m. . . . 12/6

Make your reservations early to avoid disappointment.

Telephone BW1361

THE FAMOUS WENTWORTH BAND will be in attendance on Xmas Eve and New Year's Eve.

## When in Sydney You Should Stay at Petty's

When you visit Sydney, stay at Petty's Hotel. Enjoy this atmosphere of quiet comfort. Take advantage, too, of its convenient central position, its easy access to all centres of business and social activity.

There is something about Petty's Hotel that makes it much more than just an hotel. There is some unexplainable air of restful comfort prevailing.

Wire or Write for Reservations.



PETTY'S Hotel

YORK STREET, SYDNEY R. J. Langley, Manager

BRIDGET went to the balcony and perched herself on it, leaning her back against a pillar while she stared at the sky. A beautiful, disturbing night that for some queer reason made one's heart ache a little, made one feel rather small and lonely.

A slight sound behind her made her jump and peer into the shadows, her heart fluttering suddenly.

"It's only me. I hope I didn't scare you." Bruce Challenger stepped out into the moonlight, in a dressing-gown. His hair was tousled, his eyes sleepy, and his face tired and rather drawn. "I didn't know anyone else was out here."

"I just slipped out for a breath of air. It's hot to-night, isn't it?" Then she looked at him closely. "You ought to be asleep, you must be simply dead tired. Why aren't you?"

"I don't know. I ought to have dropped off at once, I was fagged out and I haven't slept in such a bed for months. But I simply can't get off. It's my head or something—it keeps buzzing and aching, and I suppose I'm not used to being indoors. I've slept more or less under the sky for the last eight months, mostly on the ground. Idiotic of me, isn't it?"

"I know exactly how you feel," she said, "and I know of a very good treatment. Go and get your pillow and a rug . . . yes, please do what you're told," as he hesitated and looked surprised. "That long chair is very comfortable and you'll be out in the open air here. I'll be back in a minute."

She went to her room, collected an aspirin bottle, lemonade, and a soda siphon, and came back to find him very doubtfully arranging the pillows in the long cane chair.

"That's it. Now swallow down two of these tablets with a good long drink and then lie down."

He obeyed meekly, his eyes looking at her with a puzzled expression.

"That's it," she spread the rug over him and tucked it in with a firm hand. "Now stop thinking about things, or whether you're going to get to sleep or not—because you are. You'll be right off in two minutes." He shifted his head an inch and looked up at her with a sudden, twinkling smile.

"ALL right, matron, I'll ring the bell if I want anything. And thank you faithfully for taking all this trouble. I believe . . . you've done . . . the trick . . ."

His eyelids fell sleepily, and he gave a little sigh. Five minutes later Bridget tiptoed out and found him sound asleep with his nose buried in the pillow and his thick hair sticking up all over his head. He looked like a very tired small boy.

She was at her work, very trim and businesslike, on the shady side of the verandah next morning, when a voice said, "Good morning, nurse," and there he was.

The result of her treatment showed very clearly on his face. That tired, blurred, haggard look had almost gone. His skin looked clear and ruddy brown, his eyes bright and smiling, and five years seemed to have fallen from his age.

"Oh, good morning, Captain Challenger. I hope you slept well." Her grey eyes twinkled back at him gaily, and she felt a faint flush creep into her cheeks.

"I hope I didn't dope you too much last night. It was only aspirin, but it might have been opium the way it went off."

"It wasn't the pills so much as your calming influence. You absolutely willed me to go to sleep, didn't you?"

The color deepened in Bridget's cheeks a trifle.

"Well, perhaps I did as much as I could. I thought you looked as though you badly needed a good night's rest. You shouldn't have had that silly dinner par—" She checked herself hastily in confusion and bent quickly down to pick up a fallen letter. It wasn't her place to criticize the Colvins' hospitality to their guest. And before either of them could say anything more Cynthia's voice hailed him from the garden.

"Hallo, Captain Challenger! I hope you enjoyed sleeping in a real bed again!"

BRUCE looked at Bridget the twinkle increasing in his eyes as he answered seriously: "I certainly did! It's wonderful to get back to such luxuries again."

"I'm going out for a ride in ten minutes," Cynthia said, coming up the verandah steps, looking extremely smart and boyishly alim in perfectly cut breeches and mannish tweed coat. "Do come and join me! Dad has some topping mounts for you to choose from, and there are some ripping rides outside the town to the hills. I expect you love riding, don't you?"

"It's very kind of you, Miss Colvin, and I should like to join you immensely," Bruce Challenger said in that same rather quaintly formal way that made Cynthia tap her riding-cane against her gleaming boots with an impatient little gesture and say with a swift smile:

"I'd much rather you called me

## ELIGIBLE Young MAN

Continued from Page 32

"Cynthia"—that's to say if you don't mind my calling you 'Bruce.' Nobody ever calls me 'Miss Colvin,' and I simply forget to answer to it sometimes. Unless you think it would be very disrespectful of me towards anybody as important as you are?"

There was the faintest edge of sarcasm in her voice and Bridget saw the blood mount quickly into Bruce's face.

"Of course—I should like to. And I'm not a person anyone need show respect for, Miss Col—Cynthia."

Cynthia's rosy pink lips curved in one of her entrancing child-like smiles of pleasure, and she tucked one hand under his arm.

"That's better—er—Bruce! Now let's go and find you a mount and start out before it gets too hot. Oh, by the way, Bridget! Mother is staying in bed for a bit and wants you to take the letters in to her."

She threw her instructions casually over her shoulder to Bridget, as she marched Bruce firmly away, but before he went it seemed to Bridget that he turned and threw her a pained and inquiring look. Was the poor innocent by any chance wondering why she hadn't been included in the riding invitation?



CAROLE LOMBARD, Paramount player, wears a white sports frock of heavy ribbed silk which buttons straight down the front. A chic jacket of nasturtium-colored linen, with a row of pleats across the back, is part of the ensemble. The shoes are made of strips of white kid interwoven, and the white felt hat has a "coolie" tip in the centre of crown.

But Bridget's busy clacking on the typewriter ceased for a moment and she sat very still, watching the two figures, the tall lanky masculine one and the tiny, slim, feminine one, vanish under the trees.

And suddenly Bridget didn't want that tall, lanky, serious young man to fall for Cynthia Colvin. It was the very first time she had taken the faintest interest in Cynthia's heart affairs, or cared a farthing who the latest victim might be—but now she definitely did.

"Good morning, Bridget. Anyone at home?"

Her reverie was interrupted again by another visitor. Another vision of loveliness in perfectly tailored jodhpurs and a dull canary-yellow jumper, with jet black curls clustered under a smart little beige felt hat—Brenda Laurence with a lary smile curling her red lips and her dark eyes watchful and alert under the absurdly and perfectly real long eyelashes.

"Good morning, Miss Laurence. I'm afraid Miss Colvin has just gone out riding, and Lady Colvin is still in bed. Can I give anyone a message?"

"No, don't bother." Brenda dropped into a chair, crossing one long, slim leg manfully over the other. "I just dropped in for a gossip with someone. Cynthia is up bright and early. I suppose the—er—guest of honor is still slumbering peacefully, making up the arrears of months?"

"Captain Challenger?" Bridget paused for an instant to adjust something in the typewriter before she went on calmly: "Oh, no! He was up

earlier than anybody and is out riding with Miss Colvin."

She saw Brenda's arched eyebrows draw together and her lips tighten with annoyance, but she spoke perfectly casually.

"Is he? I thought he was rather pet—for a young man of that type. But they're rather heavy on the frame, aren't they? I wonder which way they rode out. Cynthia did say something about popping in during the morning. I'd forgotten that when she came out. Were they going by the bungalow?"

"I'm afraid I don't know," Bridget said with satisfaction. "I think they were going out across the plain."

"Oh!" Brenda switched casually a fly with her riding-crop and got up. "Well, I think I'll move on now and ask one of the ayes if he knows which way they went. It would be silly if we missed each other. Bye!"

OFF she strolled, very tall and elegant, but moving toward the stables with a very determined purpose in her mind.

So it was going to be swords and sheathes between her and Cynthia.

Bridget suddenly discovered that she hadn't had much sleep last night and that she was tired and had a nagging headache across the eyes.

Next morning she was awake a half-past six and out on the verandah sniffing the fresh morning air. It really was a lovely morning, faintly pink and gold with a cool ground mist wreathing the palm trees.

It was too good a morning to waste in bed; she would slip out now, get a horse at the stables, where the ayes were already stir, and go for a brisk ride over the little racecourse.

Ten minutes later she was going down to the stables in riding-breeches, a soft cream silk shirt and a neat brown tie. She didn't wear a hat riding early, and her dark curls blew back from her forehead in the fresh breeze.

"I want Flashlight, Manure, as quick as you can saddle him."

Please turn to Page 36

## ARE YOU HAPPY? IS BUSINESS GOOD?

Makes life joyful and prosperous. Read Jean Harlow's amazing book on Astrology—  
"FOLLOW YOUR STARS TO SUCCESS." Nothing to learn. Use Astrology as a Pierpont Morgan always did.  
"Follow Your Stars" makes an ideal Xmas gift. 3d (postage 3d).  
ASTRAL PUBLICATIONS, Box 215P, G.P.O., Sydney.

## ADD TO THE CHRISTMAS FARE

The suggestions that the usual Christmas "fare" are not sufficient may make us sound rather greedy, but we're sticking to our guns and insisting on some Snappy Cream Rolls. And when you've made some yourself you'll see why. To begin with, they're made with Copha and they're filled with Copha Mock Cream. Doesn't that make your mouth water, too?

COPHA SNAPPY CREAM ROLLS

4 ozs. Copha  
6 ozs. Brown Sugar  
1 tablespoon Honey or Golden Syrup  
1 tablespoon Water  
1 medium teaspoon Bi-carbonate of Soda

3 ozs. Rolled Oats  
4 ozs. Plain Flour.

Heat the first four ingredients in a saucepan and stir until the Copha melts. Add the bi-carbonate of soda and while it is frothing mix in well the oats and flour. Place teaspoons of mixture on well-greased baking sheets about 3 inches apart, and bake in medium oven till golden brown. Remove from oven and allow to cool for a few moments only. While still hot, roll loosely around handle of wooden spoon or something similar. Be quick, or they will be too crisp to curl.

When quite cold these rolls or tubes may be stored in airtight tins and filled with Copha Mock Cream as required.

COPHA MOCK CREAM

1 lb. Pure Copha 1 Egg  
1 lb. Fine Icing 3 tablespoons Sugar (Less Milk (warm) sugar may be used if desired) Essence Vanilla.

Cream the Copha (previously softened), gradually adding the sugar. When light, beat in the egg and add the milk slowly. Continue creaming until very smooth. Flavour to taste. Do not at any part of the process melt the Copha.

And now if you feel that even that isn't enough, well send you a Copha Recipe Book and you can turn out a whole lot of novel Copha dishes. They'll all be absolutely light and delicious, because Copha is a pure vegetable shortening. The Recipe Book is free and post-free—write to:—

Edible Oil Industries Pty. Ltd., Department W.W., Box 2625E, G.P.O., Sydney.



NO matter if you know nothing at present about how to play the piano, or if you are already a Medium or an Advanced Classical pianist, and no matter where you live, I can teach YOU real modern piano syncopation and jazz by means of my wonderful Personal Postal Course. Thousands of successful pupils in all parts of the world. To be popular, play popular music! Be the envy of your friends!

**YOUR SUCCESS POSITIVELY GUARANTEED!**



Send 2/6 (P.N. or stamps) for my handsome, new illustrated, 44-page booklet, "The Secrets of Syncopation," and a surprise enclosure—a really unique musical novelty!

**TEDDIE GARRATT**

Studio W. Box 3848T, G.P.O., Sydney

Tune in to my "Keyboard Rapers" Radio Presentations: 2UE, Sundays 5.30 p.m., Tuesdays, 2.45 and 8.30 p.m., and Wednesdays, 8.30 p.m. Also 2SM, Mondays, 9.30 p.m.

**Test for 1 Month**

and PROVE that the VIBRAPHONE defeats DEAFNESS

NOW available in Australia! A perfectly safe hearing aid. Non-electrical—Practically invisible—No wires—No batteries—No head-bands. The VIBRAPHONE is not an artificial ear-drum.

**B. NATHAN**  
25 Austral Buildings,  
112 Collins St., Melbourne, C.I.



B.O., bad feet, how I suffered! But now it's B.O.D.O.R night and morning—the new Deodorant Powder—**FREEDOM!**

It takes the odor out of perspiration. Stocked by all stores at 2/6, or direct from the Manufacturers, by mail in Postal Note for 2/3 to

**J. FVM & CO. LTD.,**  
Dept. B. Box N 2868, G.P.O., Sydney.  
Mail 4d. in stamps for trial packet

**Are you 'Always Tired'?**

That "always tired" feeling means that your body has lost its energy and vitality. Take Wincarnis, the tonic wine, regularly and keep your blood rich and pure. Wincarnis feeds starved tissues and brings calm to jangled nerves. Over 20,000 recommendations from Medical men. Get a bottle from your chemist—*to-day*. Pints 4/3. Quarts 7/3.

**WINCARNIS**  
Puts Young Blood in your veins



# IN RUSSIA, To-morrow is as Good as To-day!

## Nothing is Done in a Hurry But Things Get Done

By G. W. WARNECKE, Editor-in-Chief of The Australian Women's Weekly. Written in Moscow.

They have a saying in Russia, "To-morrow is also a day." That means that nothing is done in a hurry. It takes a lot of effort to get anything started. But once a thing is started, I guess nothing on earth will stop it.

Last week I told of how I crossed the frontier. This week I describe my arrival in Moscow.

THE train moved on from Negardye at what seemed to be a leisurely speed. Somebody told me that the Russian trains never did go very fast.

I took a walk through the train. There were first-class, second-class, and third-class carriages. These were all bigger and roomier than the usual trains in Europe, but had an old-fashioned flavor about them, and were not so clean.

Not a window in the train would open, and soon the atmosphere from one end to the other began to grow murky. I had to try three carriages before I found one with any water.

### Strange Scene

DURING the evening I went along to the dining-car. When I opened the door the aroma was terrible. It was a mixture of sour food, perspiration, rank cigars, strong kitchen smells, and thick atmosphere due to sealed windows. Every seat was occupied, and I had to wait some time for a vacancy. I stood and watched the strange scene.

I looked down the length of the carriage through a haze of smoke. The train chug-chugged in a leisurely way across the great plain of Russia. Almost every nation on earth was represented in the crowd that sat at the little tables under bright electric lights, and nearly all were lively and cheerful. Wine and beer stood on every table.

The table linen was not very clean; the atmosphere generally was more like a Bohemian cafe than the rather smug comfort of most railway restaurant cars.

### Great Tea-drinkers

ENTHUSIASTIC young Communists and Russian-admirers were celebrating their arrival on Russian soil. A pop-eyed girl at a table near me was greatly excited, and addressed everybody as "Tovarish" (comrade).

"Tovarish" was the first word of Russian I learnt. The second was "chl," which means "tea." The Russians are always drinking tea, and it is very good tea, too. They drink it without milk.

I had to wait an hour before I was waited on, and then the meat was uneatable. However, I got two glasses of hot tea and some black bread and butter. On the whole, that dining-car called for either great enthusiasm or great hunger.

On and on we chug-chugged across the steppes. The long Russian twilight faded towards midnight into darkness. We passed a station where pine logs were being stacked by women laborers, and another station where women were breaking rocks with big hammers, and loading the broken stone on to railway trucks—and next morning I woke up in Moscow, in a train without any clean towels or water, and no breakfast. Mid-day is breakfast-time in Russia. I found.

### Late Breakfast

I WAS met at the station at Moscow by a representative of the Soviet hotels. After some delay we got into a car and drove to the hotel. Minor delays seem to be the rule in Russia.

The hotel was a first-class place before the revolution, and had now been put into commission again by the Soviet for visitors.

I was greeted courteously by the manager, who shook hands with me and asked me to take a seat. He went away and didn't come back. For half an hour I watched visitors and Russian officials come in and out of the vestibule. I was getting hungry, and at last I thought I had better do something about the missing manager.

They had a branch of the Russian Tourist Bureau in the hotel and I found a capable girl in charge who could speak middling English. She was extremely courteous and took me to another seat in the vestibule and asked me to sit down and wait for a little while. Soon afterwards somebody came and asked me if I would like breakfast. It was now about one o'clock, so I went up and had breakfast in the hotel restaurant—quite a well-served meal.

When I went to the vestibule again another suave Russian came up and

bowed, and courteously told me that as the hotel was full they would have to send me somewhere else.

Continued on Page 42



INSTRUCTING A girl worker at a metallurgical plant in Russia.



**Women Shouldn't Shave**

Your skin can be permanently harmed by razors. Razors make the hair grow thicker and stronger. Fastidious women never use razors. Like magic, Creme La-ne-ta dissolves away unwanted hair, encourages regrowth, and leaves the skin velvet soft. At Chemists and Stores, 1/- and 2/6 tubes. Send P.N. for 2/6 for large tube to Cosmetics Company, 226a George St., Sydney, post free.

**CREME La-ne-ta**  
REMOVES UNWANTED HAIR

# CHANGE DAILY? I should say so



"My wife says it's no trouble at all to let me have a clean set of underwear every morning . . . and I can tell you it means a lot to me, especially in the hot weather. I start out in the morning at the top of my form and when the day's over I'm still feeling fresh and comfortable."



Give him clean underwear every day of his life



YOU wouldn't like to see him go without his daily bath. Well, it's just as important for him to have a clean set of underwear every morning. Don't let him risk a second day's wear—it may cause unpleasantness from perspiration, and that is so easily avoided.

**THE 4-MINUTE LUX METHOD FOR MEN'S UNDERWEAR, TOO**

Just 4 minutes and one tablespoon of Lux—you can surely spare that every day to keep him happy and self-confident. Whisk up Lux suds with lukewarm water, squeeze singlet and underpants through and time twice. You can put the socks in afterwards. Make a fresh bowl of Lux suds and do your own undies and stockings at the same time. Then when washing-day comes round, you'll have ever so much less to do.

LUX MEN'S UNDERWEAR EVERY DAY TOO . . . removes perspiration . . . saves fabrics



## Banish BACKACHE & BLADDER WEAKNESS—this quick new way

"The intestinal tract is the most prolific source of disease" states Prof. K. Schmeidler, the famous German Doctor.

"A cruel annoyance" is probably the best way to describe either backache or bladder weakness. Movement is painful and sleep at night is disturbed by constantly having to get up. You feel depressed, you have no vitality, your back, legs and feet ache, you have frequent headaches. Urination is often smart and painful. But these troubles are now rapidly banished because



Clogged Colon

science has discovered that the basic cause of backache, kidney and bladder weakness can be traced to the physical reason for self-poisoning, i.e., a clogged colon.

### The Cause of Autoxima

The colon, the most important part of the intestinal tract, has two functions. It must remove essential minerals from passing food, and it must see that all waste matter is promptly ejected from the body. Modern foods and feeding give insufficient exercise to the colon walls, and they lose their power of normal movement. Soon the walls fail to extract the essential minerals and fail to eject the decaying waste. The folds become clogged with purifying matter. Virulent poisons and bacteria form and seep into the bloodstream. The entire system is attacked—every important organ in your body is undermined by autoxima, i.e., self-poisoning.



### Long Standing Case Relieved

"I have much pleasure in telling you what COLOSEPTIC has done for me. It has cured me of long standing weakness in kidney and bladder. I could not walk any distance with pleasure and my rest was disturbed at night. Now I can say in truth that COLOSEPTIC has done its work—I am cured. What joy to go out and walk without trouble now."—Mr. E.A.S., Feilding.

### FREE—This Absorbing Book

Mail coupon to-day for a demonstration jar of COLOSEPTIC, and you will receive, under plain cover, by return mail, a book telling you all about Autoxima, an intimate and highly important subject. The book is absolutely FREE—no fill in and mail the coupon now.



DRINK  
**Coloseptic**  
(WAYNE'S IMPROVED FORMULA)  
FOR INTERNAL CLEANNES

At all CHEMISTS. If unobtainable locally write to COLOSEPTIC (Aust.) LTD., 26 O'Connell St., Sydney.

COLOSEPTIC (Aust.) Ltd.,  
26 O'Connell Street, Sydney.

Please send me your FREE book on Autoxima. Also send me my demonstration jar of COLOSEPTIC, for which I enclose 1/- in penny stamps.

NAME

ADDRESS

## £25 Cash Must Be Won "Search for Film Stars" Competition No. 15

£25 CASH WILL BE AWARDED TO THE COMPETITOR WITH THE GREATEST NUMBER OF NAMES CORRECT. IN THE EVENT OF TIES PRIZE MONEY WILL BE DIVIDED EQUALLY.

This list below, 16 names, is made up of 16 names of featured film players, the first letter only of the Christian name being given. The surname is jumbled with the addition of one unnecessary letter. See example No. 1, CLARK GABLE, the extra unnecessary letter being "J." Include this name in your solution as Number 1. You are required to give the names of the remaining 15 film players. NOTE: (1) Additional entries must be written out separately. (2) Alterations cannot be accepted. (3) MISPELT NAMES COUNT AS ERRORS. IMPORTANT: Use the diagram for working out your solution, and, when you have solved the names, write your list in order on a sheet of plain paper (one side only). Enclose a Postal Note for 1/- as entry fee—additional entries will be charged 6d. each—(stamps will not be accepted), and mail your solution, together with your name and residential address, NOT LATER THAN FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1936, "FILM STARS" COMPETITION, G.P.O., Box 3834T, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

No. 1.	CLARK	JELBAG (GABLE)	No. 9.	N	BARRCOLL
" 2.	T	ALLWES	" 10.	G	CROFTBANK
" 3.	A	OUMENJO	" 11.	E	LAVYE
" 4.	E	TORCANT	" 12.	L	ITADAMN
" 5.	M	AYWD	" 13.	D	FLEE
" 6.	R	GOMERRYMONT	" 14.	M	TORAST
" 7.	P	REDEFELICK	" 15.	M	KKEENNODY
" 8.	B	KOFFCARL	" 16.	Z	PITSIT

Prize Money and Sealed Solution are deposited with "Truth and Sportsman" Ltd.

Decision of the adjudicator must be accepted as final.

RESULTS WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THIS PAPER ON ISSUE DATED JANUARY 18th.

### "Search for Film Stars" Competition No. 12

#### RESULTS

Five entrants submitted fully correct solutions, and, therefore, share the prize-money, £25 cash, each receiving £5.  
A. C. LEACH, 1 BEANSLEY ST., MALVERN, VIC.  
F. PARKER, 23 CLAREMONT ST., CAMPORE.  
VIOLET PARBUTT, POMEROY ST., BRASSALL, IPSWICH.  
E. C. LEWIS, COTTILL RD., SILKSTONE, GLD.  
M. J. RYAN, 21 THOMAS ST., IPSWICH.

#### SOLUTION

1. Ronald Colman; 2. Olive Brook; 3. Conrad Nagel; 4. Charles Laughton; 5. Brigitte Helm; 6. George Arliss; 7. Wallace Beery; 8. Robert Ames; 9. Ruby Keeler; 10. Al Jolson; 11. Claudette Colbert; 12. Phillips Holmes; 13. Helen Twelvetrees; 14. Norma Shearer; 15. Louis Mason; 16. Una Merkel.

## ELIGIBLE Young MAN

Continued from Page 34

THE sycce disappeared into the stables and emerged a moment later leading a handsome little chestnut which whinnied at sight of Bridget and thrust a velvet nose into her hand. She had the Irish love of horses and gift of riding, and Sir James had given orders that she was to be allowed to take out any mount she liked from his precious stable.

Flashlight was gay this morning and excited with the bright air. He snorted and pranced a little before Bridget swung up, gripped her knees on the pignakin, gave him his head and went cantering briskly down the drive. This joyous moment was worth everything else she had to put up with.

She headed across the racecourse, letting Flashlight out, circled it, and then did it again, going over some of the hurdles.

"Bravo! A whole round and not a mark against you!"

Bruce Challoner was on the edge of the course, mounted on Warrior, sitting and watching her with an approving smile and admiring blue eyes. Bridget pulled up, feeling flushed, breathless and untidy. She didn't realise what a glowing picture she made, sitting the mettlesome chestnut so gracefully and surely with her dark hair flying in the wind.

"I never saw you! Do you realise what an unearthly hour of the morning it is? And that you've got a lot of lost sleep to make up?"

"I wish," he said, laughing, "that you would get the subject of sleep off your brain. I went to bed at ten sharp and slept like a log till—whatever time it was you started out for your ride. I saw you from the window and I thought you wouldn't mind if I joined you."

"Of course I don't," Bridget said quickly, and they added gravely: "I thought you would be sure to go out with Miss Colvin in the morning. She rides much later."

"You lose the best part of the morning by doing that: it gets quite hot and sticky. Not that it would hurt me to—to go out twice in a day. I mean our ride yesterday wasn't very strenuous."

Bridget could well imagine that. Cynthia was a nervous rider, who balanced herself carefully on the back of fat old Buggins and would rarely venture even with him beyond an ambling trot. She tried to control the twinkle in her eye and the dimple in her cheek—and failed miserably. They both began to laugh together.

"Come on," Bruce said. "Let's go round again. I'd like to try some of those hurdles."

And Bridget's heartbeats were as gay, hurried and excited as the thunder of the ponies' galloping hoofs as they swept round the racecourse through the sparkling air.

AFTER that it was an understood thing that Bruce came out with her every morning on these crack-of-dawn rides that were so early that they got back long before anyone

else in the bungalow was awake—and that he went out dutifully for a jog-trot ride with Cynthia later in the morning.

Never had she been so sweet, so charming, so fresh and girlish, nor looked so lovely as she did now—but Bridget went about her work with a stinging heart and untroubled serenity. She felt somehow that it simply didn't matter how lovely or fascinating Cynthia was to Bruce Challoner—he wouldn't fall for her.

In fact, it amused her to watch how hard Cynthia worked and how fierce the rivalry was between her and Brenda. If he rode with Cynthia in the morning, he played tennis with Brenda after tea. His dances were divided equally between them; they both gazed at him with wide, limpid eyes of adoration, hung on his words, showed the most ardent interest in his travels and writings and future plans. All the other men in the station were simply left high and dry, utterly ignored and neglected.

The Bruce Challoner that Gulampore society knew was a very different person, however, from the Bruce Challoner that Bridget knew, who revealed himself little by little on those early-morning rides; that boyish, sensitive, vital person who was brimming with a sense of adventure and vivid imagination. The dearest trek, Bridget thought, would seem thrilling if he were one's guide and companion. He saw fun and adventure in everything.

She wondered what Cynthia and Brenda found to talk to him about on their long tete-a-tete rides. They must each of them keep up a solid monologue, because he certainly didn't know how to talk about the things that amused them. She never had that difficulty; from the moment they started out together till the moment they got in, they both talked eagerly, as though they had known each other for years, and Bridget found out how lonely she had been before he came, how shut up inside herself.

AND then—the secret of their morning trysts leaked out and got to Cynthia's ears through one of the syces.

Cynthia came back to the bungalow with a set tightness about her mouth and an angry spark shining in her eyes. Bridget, at her usual post on the verandah, saw her coming, saw the expression on her face and knew that trouble was brewing.

Well, it didn't really matter what Miss Cynthia felt about it; she had been doing what she had a perfect right to, and had Sir James' permission to do. She bent her curly head industriously over the writing-pad and didn't see Cynthia till she came right up to the table and said sharply:

"Bridget, the sycce tells me you and Bruce—Captain Challoner—go out riding every morning before anyone else is up."

"Oh, yes! We generally do," Bridget said calmly. "I have to get back to work, and he seems to like joining me for a gallop round the racecourse over the hurdles."

There was a tiny bit of spite in that, because Cynthia's rides never took her off the rather dusty and bullock-traffic congested main roads. Cynthia's hard blue eyes narrowed a little.

"I hope you understand," she said icily, "that it isn't part of your duties to help us entertain our guests. We're quite capable of doing that without your assistance. I've thought Bruce has looked tired lately when we've gone riding. Of course he is if he feels he has to get up at some unearthly hour to go out with you. The idea was that he should come here for a good rest. And the sycce says that Flashlight seems a bit lame. You'd better explain that to Daddy, since it obviously isn't the sycce's fault."

And, turning on her heel, she marched away.

Bridget had to sit very still, her fingers clasped tightly on her pencil, her control clamped lightly, too, on her temper, that was boiling to burst out and reply:

"You silly old idiot! Thinking you've got any chance with your idiotic play-acting and sucking up to him. Because you haven't—it's me he loves—me, the secretary who is shoved away into the corner and kept out of sight. He loves me—and it doesn't matter twopence what you think about it."

And that was what calmed her down and turned her fury to laughter. If only Cynthia knew the whole truth! Knew that she loved Bruce and he loved her—because he did, he did! Every look and tone and word he had said this morning had told her that. In his grave, reserved, shy way—he cared, and he would tell her so—very soon now.

Please turn to Page 44



# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

December 21, 1935.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

37

## IN LITTLE HOMES AT CHRISTMAS TIME

Happy thoughts for Party decorations wherever children are; also how to make ready for those who come to stay

... By Our ...  
Home Decorator

IT is said that Christmas, 1935, will be the most prosperous for years. In that case, it should be the jolliest. I hope it will be the happiest, and I hope that little homes everywhere will take on festive garb, and cheerily bear witness: "We are merry."

TODAY, in a shop, I stopped to watch some little ones whispering, voices a-quiver, their Christmas needs to an old Santa Claus. I can imagine with what pent-up joy and excitement they'll await, as thousands of others will, that marvellous, mysterious, dead-o'-night visit of his ...

I watched, too, the wrapping of lovely gifts-to-be-harbinger of happiness given and received; girls buying for

home, and make it the jolliest ever. First and foremost, a Christmas tree. How the children love them with their sparkle and floss, airy-light balloons, colored lights or candles, their burden of gaily-colored gifts. Last year we went "hush" to select a suitable tree for the purpose. I think it was a tea-tree we eventually hauled back, but it served the purpose admirably, and looked so festive and gay in the dining-room that we left it there until New Year had come and gone.

Festoons of greenery around the dining-room or trails of

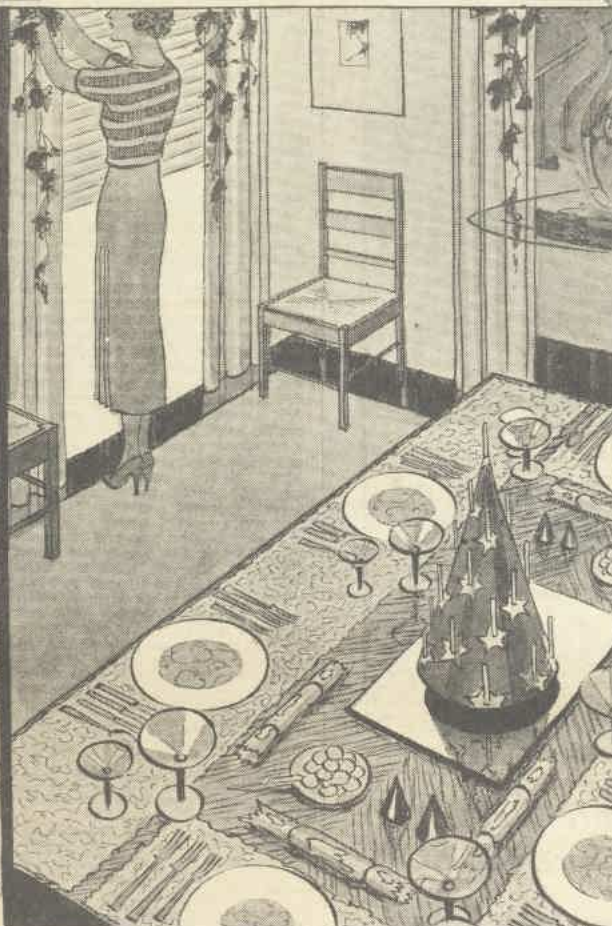
and if we deck home and table each year in festive dress, it will be the best gift of all to them, although they may not realise it until the years have slipped one by one away. We who have experienced such in childhood days never forget. Undimmed by time, and always re-awakened to a special keenness as Christmas approaches, memories linger on the wondrous festivals of long ago. Our children, or the children of the less fortunately situated, should not be cheated of this.

In many homes at Christmas time there will be a guest come to stay over the holidays. You will, of course, want to make the room as attractive as possible and your guest happy.

See that the curtains are fresh, have bedspread to match; the bedside-table should



CHRISTMAS MORN in the guest-room. What joy to your visitor if in a happily-appointed room she awakes to a daintily-served breakfast tray, and a few well-chosen gifts. What a happy beginning for the day of days—and perhaps the jolliest ever. I sincerely hope it will be.



for comfort, be just level with the bed. This can hold a reading-lamp, some magazines and books (even to the latest edition of our loved paper), and an ash-tray in case your guest smokes. Flowers, of course, and a comfy chair and some cushions. The latter give an air of luxury to the room.

### Ease Without Fuss

THE bed should be made with hospital-like precision—free from lumps!—and the nicest sheets you've got brought into use.

Bath towels, small guest towels, soap, talc, and other odds and ends should be placed in the cupboard in readiness.

Don't fuss over your guest, but let her feel thoroughly at home. And on Christmas morning give her the joy of opening gifts when early morning tea or breakfast is served. That will please her, and your reputation as a perfect hostess will gather laurels.

More. Make yourself as agreeable as you possibly can; try to arrange matters so that you can spend a little leisure with your guest, so that you can join the family in all the good fun. You've worked hard for their happiness—may you be happy, too!—E.R.G.



**GOOSEBERRIES:** Try topping and tailing gooseberries with scissors. It's a quick method, and the fruit won't burst and stain your hands.

**TO PEEL ORANGES:** Soak oranges in boiling water, until it has penetrated the thick outer skin, and the white pith will come away with the outer peel very easily.

**YOUR GLOVES:** If you possess a pair of those charming milanes gloves with lace cuffs, see that the lace only is starched. If the milanes is starched, it will split.

**TO CLEAN WHITE PAINT:** Mix some whiting into a smooth paste with water, and rub all over the dirty paintwork with a soft clean cloth dipped in it. Go over with a cloth wrung out in clean water, and then polish with a dry cloth. This way there isn't a sign of wear and tear.

**WHEN STARCHING:** Salt added to starch prevents the iron from sticking to the clothes.

**YOUR SHOE POLISH:** If you want to preserve your shoe polish as long as possible, make a point of keeping the tin upside down in the cupboard or boot-box. Thus moisture is kept circulating, and no polish is wasted.

**DUST BEDS:** Don't give your wooden bedstead a desultory dusting. Get an old paint brush and go into every corner. When cleaning metal-work, dip the brush in paraffin. Iron beds should be rubbed with a cloth, moistened in paraffin. Then polish with furniture polish. Rub olive oil into all the cracks, using a tiny paint brush, toothbrush, or even a feather will do.

**CRACKS ON KID GLOVES:** To prevent those quickly-appearing and most annoying cracks on kid gloves, as soon as you buy them, lay them in a damp towel for a while. This will at least lessen the tendency to crack.

mothers, friends, sweethearts, sisters, and brothers; mothers buying for the Christmas feast, the home, toys and useful gifts for their loved ones.

### Spirit of Christmas

I PAUSED on my journey down the crowded street to gaze at some cherry-red Christmas bush and gay, symbolic Christmas bells. I came home with a bunch of each ... for the spirit of Christmas is in the air, and it is very sweet.

There is much that can be done to create a real Christmassy air in the

gay streamers, such as you buy cheaply in the shops, give a party air to the scene, while garlands of holly at the windows, and over the entrance door, create an air of peace and goodwill in the hearts of passers-by.

A well-arranged table is always a joy to behold, but at Christmas time table decoration is a matter of special importance, more particularly where there are children or special guests in the house. A really striking scheme will not only give great joy at the time, help to make the festivities go with a swing, but will make for happy, lasting memories. Christmas is really the children's festival.

PLAN A FEW little surprises for Christmas Day—you are the real Santa Claus of your home, remember. For instance, a Christmas tree and party, novel touches on a festive table such as bon-bons and a symbolic centrepiece—any or all will add to the jollity of the great day.





## HEADACHES VANISH IN FIVE MINUTES.

Amazingly quick action of the Original Aspirin.

Bayer Aspirin tablets will dispel any pain. No doubt about that. One tablet will prove it. Swallow it. The pain is gone. Relief is as simple as that.

No harmful after-effects from genuine Bayer Aspirin. It never depresses the heart, and you need never hesitate to make use of these tablets.

So it is needless to suffer from headache, toothache or neuralgia. The pains of sciatica, lumbago, rheumatism or neuritis can be banished completely in a few moments. Periodical suffering of women can be soothed away, the discomfort of colds can be avoided.

If you have been using an imitation of this original Aspirin (discovered by Bayer and introduced to the medical profession in 1900), note the difference after the very first dose. Bayer Aspirin costs no more than the uncertain imitations and loudly advertised substitutes, which physicians would not think of prescribing.

All Chemists sell boxes containing 12 Bayer tablets, also bottles of 24 and 100 tablets—the Bayer Cross trade mark appears on every tablet. Say Bayer and just because Bayer means Better.

# WINNERS in Our Christmas Menu Competition

Cheques will reach Lucky Entrants in time for Christmas. First Prize Menu, with Recipes, published hereunder.

From the hundreds of very good menus—hot, cold, hot and cold—entered in our special Christmas box menu competition, our judge selected the excellent menu given fully below as winner of the first prize of £2. Note its delightful simplicity, its comprehensiveness, its sensible, seasonal, tasty recipes. The fortunate prize-winner is Miss Phyllis O. Svendsen, Main St., Young, New South Wales.

UNFORTUNATELY we have not space to print the other prize-winners, each of whom we would like to congratulate on their originality and versatility.

Miss Agnes Robinson, 33 Inglesley Road, Camberwell E6, Vic., with a hot menu, wins second prize of £1. The four other prize-winners, to each

of whom has been awarded a prize of 5/-, are:—

Mrs. M. S. Edwards, Beach Rd., Collaroy, N.S.W. (hot); Mrs. G. K. Waite, Box 96, Kilda, West Coast, S.A. (hot); Miss M. Almyne, 19 George St., St. Peter's, Adelaide (cold); Miss Katherine Campbell, Palmwoods, N.C. Line, Qld. (cold).

For the excellent menus they sent in we give honorable mention to: Mrs. Mendes, St. Kilda, Vic.; Miss G. Gosden, Monreith, S.A.; Miss Mona Thompson, Yass, N.S.W.; Mrs. G. M. Finley, Fairfield, Vic.; Mrs. Rodgers, Huntleys Point, N.S.W.; Miss Wangle, Nymboida, via South Grafton, N.S.W.; Miss Garrard, Launceston, Tas.; Mrs. Fisher, Malvern East, Vic.; Mrs. Dalton, Benah Park, S.A.; Mrs. Murray, Cline Rd., Eastwood, N.S.W.; Miss King, c/o Mrs. Carr, Grenfell, N.S.W.

Here is the £2 prizewinning menu:—

**XMAS DINNER**  
Oyster Cocktail.  
Mellin's Soup.

Roast Duck with Raisin Stuffing and Apple Sauce.

Green Peas, Mashed Sweet Potatoes (grilled).

Plum Pudding, Brandy Sauce.

Fruit Salad, Cream.

Devised Almonds. Fruit in Season.

Sweets. Cheese Straws. Coffee.

Lemon Syrup. Bon-bons.

**OYSTER COCKTAIL**

Three dozen oysters, 1 cup tomato sauce, 3 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon white vinegar, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons cream.

Mix all liquid ingredients together; add the cream last. Pour this mixture over six oysters in each cocktail glass. Serve with slices of lemon.

**JULIENNE SOUP**

Two quarts clear stock, 1 carrot, 1 turnip, 2 sticks celery, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper.

Put stock, salt, and pepper on to boil. Peel the vegetables, cut into match-like shapes, and cook in stock until tender. Serve hot.

**ROAST DUCK**

With Raisin Stuffing and Apple Sauce.

Clean duck thoroughly. Stuff and truss in shape for roasting and rub all over with flour. Place in a roasting dish with plenty of good, clean fat, and bake in moderately hot oven. Baste well.

**RAISIN STUFFING**

Three cups breadcrumbs, 1 cup cleaned currants, 1 cup seeded raisins chopped, tart apple pared and chopped, with 1 cup melted butter, and salt, pepper, and paprika to taste.

**APPLE SAUCE**

Six or 8 apples, a little butter, brown sugar to taste.

Pare, core, and slice the apples and put them in a saucepan with two or three teaspoons of water. Boil till tender, then beat to a pulp, previously adding a little butter and brown sugar.

**MASHED POTATOES GRILLED**

Boil, peel, and mash mealy sweet potatoes very thoroughly. Add butter, pepper, and salt, and a little sweet cream. Beat well and then form into mounds. Sprinkle thickly with granulated sugar and place in a very hot oven over or under the grill to brown lightly.

**CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING**

Six ounces flour, 6oz. breadcrumbs, 6oz. brown sugar, 8oz. beef suet, 8oz. sultanas, 8oz. currants, 8oz. raisins, 2oz. almonds, 6 eggs, 1lb. peel, 1 packet spice, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 grated carrot, grated rind and juice of 1 lemon, small glass brandy.

Shred suet and chop finely, rub it into flour, add breadcrumbs and fruit (properly prepared and cleaned). Add spice, sugar, grated lemon rind, and grated carrot. Beat eggs and pour into dry ingredients. Add brandy and lemon juice mixed. Mix well. Cook in a well-greased basin for 3 to 4 hours. Lift out, hang in a cool place till required. When required, plunge into boiling water and boil for 4 hours. Serve with brandy sauce. Put a sprig of holly on the top and pour around some brandy. Apply a light when on table ready to serve. Silver coins, silver thimbles, buttons, etc., are placed in when mixing.

**BRANDY SAUCE FOR PLUM PUDDING**

Three-quarters pint of water, 6oz. sugar, 1/2 pint brandy, 1/2 dessertspoon arrowroot. Blend with little cold water, 1 or 2 drops caramel.

Boil water, add sugar and the blended arrowroot, and caramelize. Stir until it boils and thickens. Remove from the fire and add the brandy.

**FRUIT SALAD**

Take several kinds of fresh fruit and cut into small pieces. Put into a glass dish in layers and sprinkle with sugar. Just before serving place cream on top. The best fruit to use: Oranges, pineapples, bananas, passionfruit, and peaches.

**CHEESE STRAWS**

Two ounces butter, 4oz. dry cheese, 2 1/2 cups flour, lemon juice, salt, and cayenne. Grate cheese, mix butter lightly with flour, making a stiff dough. Roll out thinly, cut into strips, and bake in a moderate oven until crisp. Leave on baking-sheet until cold.

**ICED COFFEE**

Make a jug of coffee in the usual way, using milk or water as preferred. When cold, place in ice-chest. Serve in glasses. A little liquor added is an improvement.

**LEMON SYRUP**

One quart water, 1 oz. citric acid to 1lb. sugar, essence of lemon.

Place sugar in a deep pan, pour 1 quart of cold water over it, and boil, stirring all the time until the sugar is all dissolved. Place citric acid in a small bowl, add water, and stir until crystals of acid are all dissolved. When cold, add 2 teaspoons essence of lemon, and boil.

First Prize of £2 to Miss Phyllis O. Svendsen, Main St., Young, N.S.W.



## "I'd hate another Summer without FLYWIRE"

"Ever since I'd been married, summer seemed to have been a battle with flies, mosquitos and moths. Then last summer we decided to have the house completely screened with Cyclone flywire. The house seemed a different place. Peaceful, cool and quiet. Never a fly in the kitchen. Not a pen'orth of food spoiled. The children free from mosquito bites. And meal-times became once more a pleasant family gathering. It's so inexpensive, too—yet if flywire cost its weight in gold it would be worth it."

# Cyclone

"Cyclone" Flywire is made in three grades: GOLDEN BRONZE—most suitable for seaside and the tropics; ZINCOID (Electric Galvanised)—standard weight, in widths from 19 in. to 48 in.; HEAVY GALVANISED—much heavier—much stronger.

Obtainable at all Hardware Stores.

## Too fat, and had poor skin

WHATEVER Mrs. R. did seemed to make no difference. She remained too fat; her complexion was really shocking—sallow, freckly, unhealthy altogether. Then one day she read of clyol berries, the one reducing remedy she had tried. Goodness, the change was marvellous. In a short time the excess fat disappeared—it is, after all, a simple matter with Clyol Berries. Overjoyed at her success, she set about improving her complexion; applied mar-cold wax regularly for a few nights and at morning. The sallowness and freckles quickly vanished. Now her skin is fresh and smooth and lovely as a girl's. Strikingly grey hair then demanded attention. But Mrs. R. had more sense than to dye it. Instead she used tam-male. This lotion restored her grey hair to their pretty natural colour. To wash her hair this new attractive woman uses mallea avaries. So quick, so pleasantly fragrant, so very cleansing. A B.M. downy moustache growth was easily removed with pure powdered phenamil. As a finishing touch, a light application of the delightful new Dearborn Face Powder and she was indeed a new woman.\*\*\*



## Teething without Tears

AS soon as the first tiny tooth is Adu, give your baby "Ovaltine" Rusk to bite and crunch. They will ensure his happiness and contentment throughout teething time.

"Ovaltine" Rusks are just firm enough to give the biting exercise which helps so much to bring the teeth easily and comfortably through the gums and ensures correct formation of the mouth.

"Ovaltine" Rusks are made from pure, unbleached wheaten flour in which all the nutritive elements are retained. The addition of a proportion of "Ovaltine"—renowned for its health-giving properties—makes them even more nourishing and delicious.

# OVALTINE RUSKS

APPETISING, DIGESTIVE & NOURISHING

PRICES: 2/6 and 4/6

A. WANDER LIMITED

218 KENT STREET, SYDNEY

BABIES are Australia's best immigrants. In many homes baby does not appear, is the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies free if 3d sent for postage to Depart. "A" Mrs. C. H. Ford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 24 years.\*\*\*

**Come for a spin, now, Elaine?**

**Sorry, Hal -er- must get home**

**Make sure it's LIFEBOUY before you buy**

"Something like" Lifebuoy cannot give you the protection that genuine Lifebuoy can, protection from unpleasant "B.O." (body odour) protection from germs, which would otherwise flourish and cause great sickness. For the sake of your own and the children's health, don't be put off by "just-as-good" soap, insist on genuine Lifebuoy.

**LIFEBOUY MEDICATED HEALTH SOAP**

**LIFEBOUY SOAP**

A LEVER PRODUCT

2548,15



# For the Most Exciting of ALL FEASTS!

Christmas Dinner Menus with recipes for many of the easily-made festive dishes suggested

by RUTH FURST, Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

It has been a joy to me, this planning of attractive menus for the Christmas feast. I feel sure that, if followed, you will serve a memorable repast, whether your choice in food be hot or cold. To you who have to do much on a slender income, they may seem a little ambitious, but many of the "trimmings" may be curtailed or dishes omitted.

My advice to every home-keeper is to plan well ahead—don't leave all the purchases till Christmas Eve—and don't leave the preparation and cooking of anything but the essentials to Christmas Day. If you do you will be too tired to enjoy the fun and the good things you've served.

## CARAMEL TRIFLE

Six sponge cakes, jam, sherry, 12 lumps sugar, 1 gill water, 2 pint milk, 3 eggs, cream, crystallised cherries.

Split sponge cakes and spread with jam. Place in a glass dish. Soak with sherry or fruit juices. Put the sugar in a saucepan, add water, and place over a low gas till the sugar is a deep coffee color. Beat eggs, add the



cream, add the caramel. Stir over boiling water till eggs are cooked. Do not allow to boil. Pour over sponge cakes when cold. Decorate with whipped cream and garnish with rings of cherries.

## CREAM SALAD DRESSING

One tablespoon flour, 11 table-spoons butter, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, salt, cayenne, 1 teaspoon mustard, 11 table-spoons sugar, 1 cup vinegar.

Mix all dry ingredients. Add beaten egg, milk, and butter. Cook over boiling water till mixture thickens, then add vinegar gradually, stirring constantly. Strain and cool.

## DEVILLED ALMONDS

Half-pound Jordan almonds, three-quarters pound butter, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 level teaspoon cayenne.

Blanch almonds and dry thoroughly in the oven. Melt butter, and when hot

add the almonds. Fry till a golden brown, stirring all the time. Drain on paper, then shake in the well-mixed salt and cayenne until thoroughly coated. Serve in small dishes.

## MINCE TARTS

For pastry: 1½ S.R. flour, 4oz butter, pinch salt, 3 table-spoons water.

For mince mixture: 2 apples, 2oz currants, 2oz sultanas, 1oz peel, 2oz brown sugar, grated rind and juice of 1 lemon.

For mince mixture: Have the fruit cleaned. Peel, core, and chop the apples finely. Mix all the ingredients well together.

For pastry: Sift the flour and salt. Rub in the butter till it resembles fine breadcrumbs. Add the water very

ICE-CREAM served in little dishes (or orange baskets) and decorated with whipped cream gives a festive touch to the table.

essence than required for a boiled custard as it loses the flavor and sweetness in the freezing.

## APPLE CUP

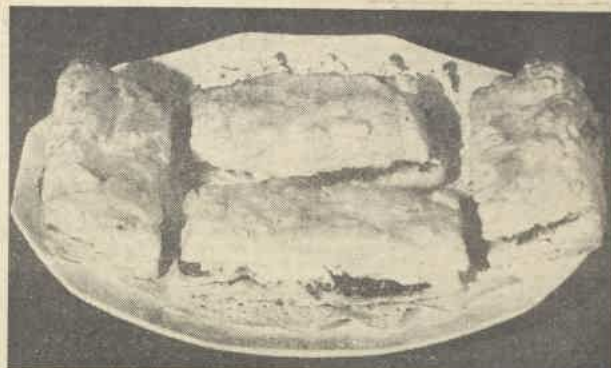
Three large apples, 1½ pints boiling water, rind and juice 1 lemon, juice 1 orange, sugar to taste.

Peel the apples. Slice very thinly. Place in a jug or large basin. Add the thinly-peeled rind of lemon, also the juice of lemon and orange, and sugar. Pour over the boiling water. Allow to stand till cool. Strain. Place in ice-chest to chill before serving.

## OYSTER COCKTAIL

One part Worcestershire sauce, 1 part oyster liquor, cayenne, 2 parts good tomato sauce, juice 1 lemon, oysters.

Mix the sauces, liquor, lemon juice and cayenne well together. Beard and



MINCE SLICES are a change from mince pies and tarts. Use the same mixture as given in the recipe for mince tarts, but make them as shown above.



THOSE who purpose having Christmas dinner in the open should not fail to add galantine of chicken to the picnic basket. It's delicious.

over. Leave in cool place. Decorate with butter through forcing-pipe and bag, and diamonds of aspic jelly.

## BLOATER STRAWS

Six ounces plain flour, 3oz butter, scant 3 teaspoon bloater paste, 1 table-spoon water, lemon juice, bloater paste, whipped cream, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Sift flour and baking powder; rub in butter; add bloater paste. Make a dry dough with water and lemon juice. Turn on to a floured board. Roll out and cut into strips 3 inches by 1 inch. Bake on greased tin till pale brown. When cold, spread thinly with bloater paste and decorate with whipped cream to which salt and cayenne have been added.

## CRYSTAL PALACE PUDDING

Three-quarters pint milk, 1 dessert-spoon cornflour, 1oz gelatine, 2oz sugar, yolks 2 eggs, vanilla, glace cherries or strawberries, whipped cream.

Make blanc mange with milk, cornflour, and sugar; add dissolved gelatine, yolks of eggs. Cook for 1 minute without boiling. Pour into plain wetted round mould. Leave on ice till set. Turn out and decorate with roses of whipped cream and cherries.

## CHARLOTTE RUSSE

One pint red jelly, 1 gill milk, 3pt. cream, 6 or 8 sponge fingers, 1oz gelatine, 1oz sugar, vanilla.

Line the bottom of a plain mould with jelly about 1½ in. thick, and allow to set. Trim the sponge fingers and line the sides of the mould with them, wedging them well together so that they fit tightly. Dissolve the gelatine in the milk and stir over the fire till just warm. Whip the cream, add sugar, vanilla, and dissolved gelatine, and, when nearly set, pour into the centre of the mould. Stand on ice till quite firm. Trim the top of the sponge fingers. Turn on to glass stand and decorate with chopped red jelly.

All these recipes have been tested in our kitchens.

## Suggested Christmas Dinner Menus

HOT MENU	COLD MENU	PICNIC MENU
Oyster Cocktail	Croutons	Tomato Cocktail
Turkey Soup	Roast Ham	Galantine of Fowl
Roast Duck and Apple	Cold Turkey and Ham	Cold Vegetable Salad
Sauce	Potato Salad	Stuffed Beetroot Salad
Orange Salad	Lettuce Salad	Mayonnaise
Green Peas	Asparagus	Cold Plum Pudding and
Sauté Potatoes	Olives	Hard Sauce
Plum Pudding and Sherry	Cherries	Mince Pie
Sauce	Jellied Plum Pudding and	Fruit Salad
Charlotte Russe	Cream	Cheese Rissole
Meringue Cream	Charlotte Russe	Coffee Fruit Cup
Bloater Straws	Pasquinetti Freeze	Sweet Nuts
Coffee Fruit Cup	Ice-cream	Almonds and Raisins
Sauté Nuts	Cheese and Biscuits	Devilled Peanuts
Devilled Almonds	Fruit Punch	Hot Sauce
Fruit Bon Bons	Nuts	
	Sweets	
	Almonds and Raisins	
	Hot Sauce	

gradually, making it a dry dough. Turn on to a floured board. Roll into a thin sheet, cut with round, plain cutters, one to fit top of patty tin, and the other two sizes larger. Line tins with larger rounds. Three-quarter fill with the mince mixture, wet edges of pastry, and place tops on. Press edges lightly, glaze with water and sprinkle with sugar. Bake in a hot oven. When cooked, sprinkle with icing sugar and serve on a paper doily.

## MERINGUES

Whites 4 eggs, 1½ lb. crystallised sugar, 1 table-spoon cornflour, vanilla.

Mix the sugar and cornflour well together. Place in a large enamel basin, make a hole in the centre, and break into it the whites of eggs. Stand the basin on a warm part of the stove, or over a saucepan of hot water, and stir well till it becomes lukewarm. Add the vanilla, and when thick enough to form into shapes, drop on a floured Swiss roll tin about one table-spoon (or according to size required) for each meringue. Bake about 30 to 40 minutes. Place on sieve to cool. They can be filled with whipped cream and served as a dinner sweet.

## ICE-CREAM

One quart milk, 6 yolks eggs, 6 dessert-spoons sugar, 1 dessert-spoon vanilla.

Beat the yolks of eggs well, add the sugar and beat well. When the milk is almost boiling, pour it gradually on to the beaten eggs. Mix well, then return to a double saucepan, and stir till it coats the spoon. Remove from the water and stand in cold water. When cold, add the vanilla and freeze in the usual way. Always add more sugar and

plump the oysters, place about six in small glasses, and three-quarter fill with the prepared liquid. Serve at once.

## FRUIT CUP

One quart weak tea, 1 doz. oranges, 4 lemons, sugar to flavor, wine to taste.

Make the tea very weak and allow it to become quite cold, add the strained orange and lemon juice, then the sugar, and sherry or whatever wine preferred. Let the jug stand embedded in ice for at least one hour before serving. The juice of any fruits can be added, such as passionfruit or pineapple, and stoned cherries can be added, too.

## STUFFED BEET SALAD

Beetroot, celery, mayonnaise, cloves, lettuce leaves.

Select beets of a uniform size. Cook in usual way. Drain and slip off skins. Scoop out centre, leaving wall ¼-inch thick. Cut thin slices from beet to stand evenly. Chop scraps, also celery. Mix with mayonnaise, salt, cayenne, and capers. Fill the beet cups and serve on lettuce leaves.

## GALANTINE OF FOWL

One fowl, 6 pork sausages, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 cup chopped ham and tongue, aspic jelly, gelatine, salt, cayenne.

First bone the fowl. To do this, cut off the head, cut the bird down the back to the bone and slowly work all the flesh off the bones with a sharp knife until only the carcass is left, taking care not to split the skin. Draw the flesh of wings and legs outside, turning them inside out like a stocking. Draw out all the sinews if possible. Lay out flat. Skin sausages, season with salt and cayenne. Spread a layer of sausage-meat all over the fowl; on this lay alternately chopped ham, tongue, slices of egg. Cover with more sausage-meat, roll and sew up. Tie firmly in greased pudding-cloth. Cook gently in boiling stock from 1½ to 2 hours. Remove cloth, roll in clean cloth, lay between 2 baking dishes with weights on the upper one, and leave till cold. Add gelatine to aspic jelly and, when beginning to set, crush it all

## TODAY'S FINEST SALMON VALUE

To suit all tastes, Ally—the always reliable brand—is now obtainable in two grades.

## RED LABEL

The well-established favourite. A good quality salmon at a low price.

## GOLD LABEL

A high quality red salmon—slightly higher in price and the best value obtainable.



**ALLY SALMON**

A MEAL IN A MINUTE Peck's ANCHOVETTE THE MOST POPULAR FISH PASTE IN AUSTRALIA!

# Christmas

May the joy of Christmas be found in every home.

Happy days, holidays, bells, presents, holly, smiles—this is Christmas.

Remember to insist on Rosella when ordering ready-to-serve foods—Puddings, Jams, Sauces, Soups, Pickles, etc.

over 100 PURE FOODS

Ideal for Holiday Meals

TOMATO SAUCE  
WORCESTER SAUCE  
FRUIT CHUTNEY  
MIRA PLUM  
SOLUS APRICOT

12 PICKLE VARIETIES  
COOKED SPAGHETTI  
PORK AND BEANS  
14 SOUPS—READY TO SERVE.

# Rosella

Jams, Sauces, Soups, etc.






## EMPIRE MIMOSA WARE

*The Ideal  
Xmas Gift*

- ★ Reflecting the glory of Golden Wattle, MIMOSA Ware adds charm and brightness wherever it is used.
- ★ Its fine quality and smoothness creates an instant appeal — and its delightful colour tones with any scheme of furnishing.
- ★ MIMOSA is surprisingly inexpensive, and is obtainable in tea and breakfast ware—in fact, in every article for table use.
- ★ Give MIMOSA this XMAS — it makes the most acceptable of gifts.

Procurable from all Stores and Jewellers

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL  ON EVERY ARTICLE.

**CHERRY-STONING:** Now that cherries are in full season, readers will appreciate this hint on their stoning: Remove the stalk of the cherry, press the rounded end of a large, heavy-type hair-pin into the cherry, pull, and out the stone will come without damage to the fruit.

**OVER-SALTING:** If you have put too much salt into soup, gravy, or vegetable, you may counteract the effect by stirring in a little coarse sugar. The dish may then be eaten.

**DISHCLOTH:** Have you thought what good dishcloths old lace curtains make?

# Fill Your Home with Flowers for Christmas...

And remember, you Garden-lovers, Cut Flowers and Potted Plants make Happy Gifts

—Says THE OLD GARDENER

Supplement your gay paper decorations for Christmas with tastefully arranged bowls of flowers, potted plants in niches, says the Old Gardener, putting in a word for his well-loved flowers. For at this time of the year flowers are abundant enough, festive and gay enough to give a suitably carnival air to your home, especially if arranged according to his advice.

CHRISTMAS is with us once again. But how quickly time seems to fly as we grow older! While now the years roll on rapidly, when we were children Christmas appeared to be an age coming round. And how we used to look forward to Santa Claus!

Do you remember when mother used to say: "Now, children, go to bed early and sleep soundly, for if Father Christmas comes and you are still awake, he will not leave any presents for you." But what a joyous time we used to have.

The happy faces of children at Christmas-time are still its brightest spots. It is they who particularly appreciate our efforts to make fun and frolic at this time.

Decorations are an important item, because they make the home and whole atmosphere so Christmassy and gay. Besides streamers, balloons, crepe paper, Chinese lanterns—synonymous with the word Christmas—you should use floral decorations from your garden.

The entrance to the home, the hall, and living-room may have plants in tubs, pots, or boxes of various sizes and shapes. Put a little colored paper around them when you put them here and there in the various corners, and it will give a special Christmas flavor.

Palms, ferns, small evergreen trees, aspidistras, coleus, all give a festive appearance, and they may be moved from place to place to suit the occasion or your decorative scheme.

Have hanging baskets on the verandah or in the sun-room, with all kinds of drooping ferns, and have others for contrast planted with various kinds of flowers, such as petunias, phlox, begonia, lobelia, lotus, geranium.

Distributed throughout the rooms—bedroom, lounge, sun-room, and especially on the dining-table—you should have vases of cut flowers. Arranging flowers is an art which should be studied much more than is done at present, for it is well worth while.

You will find no difficulty in securing lovely, decorative plants, for gardens are literally ablaze at this time of the year with colorful, prolific blooms to suit any desired color or decorative scheme.

## Harmony and Grace

FOR table decorations it is advisable, if possible, to use one kind of flower, and keep the colors separate. And a few well-arranged flowers will appeal to the eye much more than a vase crammed to its utmost. Simplicity and unobtrusiveness are the ideals for the table. Avoid heavily-scented flowers in the



THOSE CHARMING glass "wine bowls" for holding flowers (note the one in the sketch below) are often quite impractical. Flowers are unable to stay upright in them and lose their beauty. An excellent idea is to insert a small tumbler in the bowl, fill this with water, and arrange your flowers in it. They will then hold up their heads proudly and, incidentally, last much longer. The weight of the bloom on a drooping stem is so often responsible for the short life of a flower.

home, especially if you are entertaining. In arranging flowers in the home, study each room, carefully taking into consideration its style, color, and light. Then use flowers that will harmonize with the surroundings.

Many people make a practice of arranging vases of flowers without having previously inserted some fern or foliage as background or ground plan. I think

**HYDRANGEAS** in all their exquisitely varying shades make a wonderful display indoors. To keep them, cut late at night or early in the morning, scrape the bark from the stems, split the ends, and allow to stand for a few minutes in boiling water.

this is a mistake, especially when arranging large vases of flowers. In all table decorations, and, indeed, arrangements all round the home, the work is facilitated by making good use of fern fronds as ground plan. Maidenhair is a first favorite with garden-lovers.

The foliage of many kinds of flowering plants and bulbs should be used in conjunction with the flowers. Take a few stems of gladioli, arranged in distinct colors with their own foliage, and you have a very artistic arrangement. Cut the rose on a long stem and add its own foliage and there is nothing so pleasing. The more naturally you arrange the flowers, the greater will be the beauty of the vases as a whole.

## Give Flowers

AND here's a final hint: To a garden lover some special plant they may love makes an unusual and pleasant gift at Christmas; while a bunch of your choice blooms at Christmas-time is a happy present that will be long remembered.

Let me take this opportunity of thanking the many readers who have written in this past year to express their appreciation of and interest in this gardening page. To all I send hearty good wishes and happy Christmas greetings.

## "Blues" That Bring Happiness

Here are outstanding shrubs and plants—every one blue, and every one a glorious different shade! CERATOSTIGMA—covered with myriads of sky blue flowers in Spring, Summer, and Autumn. Plant singly, clumps or hedges. 3ft. 3/6. TWEDDIA COERULEA—clusters of bloom, nearest to Sapphire Blue. 2 1/2 ft. 2/6. CLEOME LANCEOLATA—splendid for garden vases and all floral work. Strong plants 1/2 each. 1/2 doz. Postage Extra.

**ANDERSON & CO. LTD.**  
The House For Rare and Advanced Plants,  
300-301 George Street and 100 Pitt Street,  
Box 10000, G.P.O., Sydney. (WYBE) — MURDOCH

Nettie  
powders



Nettie  
rouges, too



But she'll never have  
unattractive Cosmetic Skin



## When you remove cosmetics the Hollywood way you guard against ugly COSMETIC SKIN

NETTIE is up-to-the-minute in everything that concerns beauty! While she uses cosmetics—as most modern girls do—she never risks Cosmetic Skin.

"Why should I," she asks, "when it's so easy to protect complexion beauty Hollywood's way?"

"In a few minutes I can remove make-up thoroughly—take every bit of stale rouge and powder out of my pores—with Lux Toilet Soap.

It's the simplest way in the world to keep a satin-smooth skin."

**Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way**

Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless you leave stale bits of rouge and powder in the pores to choke them. Then the pores become enlarged—dullness

—tiny blemishes may result—signs of Cosmetic Skin.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its gentle lather is ACTIVE, removes every trace of stale rouge, powder, dust and dirt.

Every night—and before you put on fresh make-up during the day—wash with Lux Toilet Soap. Screen stars use this soap to keep their skin utterly lovely . . . you should, too!

A LEVER PRODUCT G.B.H.11



Yes, indeed I use cosmetics. But by removing them regularly with Lux Toilet Soap I guard against Cosmetic Skin

**Miriam Hopkins**  
SAMUEL GOLDWYN STAR

● Every night—and before she puts on fresh make-up, Nettie removes stale cosmetics thoroughly with Lux Toilet Soap.



# THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

## LAST-MINUTE AIDS

*For those who want to look their loveliest for Christmas festivities*

**O**FF to the office, out to a quick lunch, followed by a round of Christmas shopping, which simply must be done, and home to change for bridge, entertaining, or a party. "What time is there for beauty?" you ask. . . And you, amid the clamorings of home and family, plus Christmas preparations, might also ask: "What time is there for beauty care?"

**S**TILL, between this and Christmas is a little reorganisation of your time for beauty care will bring its fair reward. Make up your mind and commence on a course. Start to-morrow morning. The sun is up early these days, which makes getting up easier.

Slip a glass of orange juice or a glass of hot water to which has been added the juice of a lemon. Take this first thing on arising.

If you're not in the habit of doing a daily dozen, set to work, and touch your toes (without bending your knees) twenty times. Another: Standing upright, lift your arms to the heavens and then swing them in a circle, touching the floor as you swing. Or skip. Commence with fifty and gradually, as the days pass, work up to a hundred.

Now your bath follows exercise. Smother the face with skin food before you step into the bath. After the usual scrub (have you tried a loofah? they're great for the skin), turn on the cold shower, or finish with a cold sponge down.

Dry yourself thoroughly with a rough Turkish towel, remove the cream from your face with absorbent tissue or soft face towel, dab on a little astringent

### Lasting Beauty

**ENCOURAGE** beauty to last. Cream your face, if not daily, at regular intervals, for it is a good habit to acquire. You must apply it quite lightly, and remove it quite gently. The idea of applying cream is to coax out the dust already in the skin, not to work it further in.

(a few drops of simple tincture of benzoin in a little water is excellent). Dress and apply your foundation cream, powder, and there you are, fresh for household tasks—or ready for breakfast and office.

### Nightly Care

**AT** night, no matter how tired, remove all make-up before going to bed. Go to bed with a clean skin.

More. You should make time for at least three face-pack treatments before Christmas.

Dry, tired skins will find rejuvenation in the egg and oil pack. Simply mix the yolk of an egg with about the same quantity of almond oil and smooth it over face and neck and throat, or paint

*Charming study of Grace Bradley, dainty little Paramount player. Her skin is flawless, but it is kept so simply by constant care.*

it on with a soft brush. Soak two little pads of cotton-wool in witch-hazel to put over your eyes and lie down for fifteen minutes. Remove the mask with warm water, rinse in cold, and you'll feel as fresh as a daisy.

Of course, you will have cleansed the skin thoroughly before applying the mask.

### Nourishing Mask

**HERE** is another simple, home-made pack, but one which is slightly bleaching, intensely cleansing, as well as nourishing to the skin:

Mix fine oatmeal with hot milk—just sufficient of each to make sufficient paste to spread over face, neck, and throat. Apply warm.

Get pads ready (dipped in

witch-hazel as described for the previous facial), cover the eyes, and lie down for fifteen minutes. Lie quietly. After this time has elapsed, remove the eye-pads and wash the face in warm milk. You could really apply this type of pack every night until Christmas comes.

Otherwise, try and work in ten minutes of massage—or patting—on those nights you do not indulge the face with a mask.

You know how to massage your face. I have given you the simple method so often. Of course, you will thoroughly

cleans the skin beforehand with warm soap and water, and smother the face in a skin food or good cold cream before you attempt to iron away the lines. If you have one of those handy rubber patters, get to work with it. Pat gently, using as with the finger-tips, in outward and upward movements.

Homekeepers may find the afternoon a better time for these facial treatments, but, whatever you do, don't neglect the morning aids to these last-minute beautifying treatments for Christmas loveliness.

And if you're wise, you continue well on and on, and so into the New Year. May it be a lovely Christmas for you!

## WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

**PATIENT:** I was at a dance the other night at which one of the girls fainted. Everyone became agitated, and each suggested a different treatment. What is the best thing to do in a case like that?

**IT** is by no means a rare occasion that, when at a party, you hear a cry and find that a woman has fainted. This happens often enough to make such an experience quite commonplace.

Following such an occurrence, of course, there is always considerable excitement; one person running for aromatic spirits of ammonia and another for ice; I, myself, have seen a guest throw a pitcher of water in the patient's face, at the same time ruining a very lovely and expensive gown.

The point is this: Don't become agitated and alarmed when somebody

faints! Take it easy. Give rational first-aid treatment. Fainting means that the supply of blood to the brain is temporarily insufficient, and that is all!

First of all, place the patient in such a position that the head may be lowered. This forces the flow of blood into the brain. Sitting the patient on a chair and bending the body forward, arms hanging limp and the head held as near the floor as possible, is a very convenient and effective method.

Stimulate the heart action by applying a cold towel to the forehead and chest. Lastly, a glass of cold water will be beneficial, for the patient will undoubtedly have revived by now. This is the time also when the aromatic

### BY A DOCTOR

spirits or smelling salts should be given. What the patient does not need is fear-inspiring excitement and undue fussing. The fewer people around, the better.

The patient needs air. Finally, it is best to have the patient lie down in a quiet room, with the window open, until she feels quite herself again.

**WOMEN** tend to faint more than men, although the condition is certainly not unknown among the male sex. Fatigue, indigestion, mental conflicts, and definite illness may cause fainting. Emotional stress and strain is a common cause.

If fainting occurs often, it should be looked into, for it may be a symptom of heart trouble or some other serious illness.

So-called "hysterical attacks" also are met with when we go on parties, for these always occur when many people are about and never when the patient is alone.

Usually the hysterical attack is accompanied by outbursts of prolonged and sometimes violent crying or laughing. The patient does not seem able to stop it. Sometimes it runs from laughter into weeping.

In an hysterical attack the most important thing is to isolate the patient. Take her to a place where she will be absolutely alone and where it doesn't make any difference whether she makes a lot of noise or not.

There is a curious element of what I might term "grandstand play" in this variety of emotional upset. The more solicitous you are, the worse the patient becomes. But leave your patient alone and pay no attention and the likelihood is that the attack will stop as suddenly and unexpectedly as it began.

Hysterical attacks are not accompanied by fainting or unconsciousness. The patient realises what she is doing, but she cannot, by a simple act of the will, control herself.



Use Oatline Cream at night to feed and cleanse the skin. Tubes: 1/4, 1/2, 3/4 and 1-6.

## WHO is that LOVELY GIRL?

**HAVE** you ever been asked that question about some other girl? Have you ever wished that girl were you? Well—here's the way to turn wishes into reality—use Oatline Powder Base! Nothing more than that. Oatline Powder Base gives you that velvety softness of skin; that smooth freshness, free from all trace of shine, which is the great secret of OUTSTANDING charm. Almost more important . . . one application of Oatline Powder Base keeps your complexion looking its loveliest for many hours, without any further attention! You remain cool and unworried, supremely confident in your own beauty, and—because of that confidence—all the more beautiful.

If you prefer to use Powder, make Oatline Snow your powder base. It's astringent, and it holds powder perfectly. Tubes, 3/4 and 1/6; Jars, 2/-.

Obtainable at all Chemists or from Oatline (Aust.) Ltd., G.P.O. Box 24283M, Sydney.

In two shades, Racheffe and Natural. 1/3 tube.

For that feeling of head-to-foot perfection "POWDERFREE" Hand-cut Lingerie by Prestige





## Prints go Floral

250 glorious Parisian patterns. Boldest, sunfast. 36 inches wide. 1/114 yard everywhere.

## "Summer Breeze"

SERVICEABLE FADELESS COTTONS 1/114 yd.

## IN RUSSIA, To-morrow is as Good as TO-DAY

Continued from Page 35

EVENTUALLY I was taken to the Savoy, another of the leading hotels of the old regime. It was full of plush and gilt and cut-glass, and had a gorgeous dining-room. But everything was rather faded. They put me in a private suite with a bathroom and sitting-room. The sitting-room was overcrowded with upholstered furniture, antimacassars, bronze statuary, an ornate bronze clock, two writing-desks, and a gorgeous inkstand with as many domed inkwells as the Kremlin.

Generally speaking, I found the service in this hotel during my stay in Russia to be very good. Porters, waiters, and maids all very courteous and efficient.

I ENJOYED my first walk through the streets of Moscow. The footpaths were crowded with pedestrians, but there was not much vehicular traffic. Trams or buses run along all the principal streets, and these were always crowded.

A good percentage of the drivers of trams and buses were women.

The streets remain crowded until a very late hour because the Russians are inclined to be night-birds. They like to get up late in the morning and stay up late at night. Theatres are apt to finish their performances at one or two o'clock in the morning.

Most of the people in the streets were badly dressed. Sandshoes were worn by the majority of women, and their dresses were of a cheap quality cotton, mostly in white and grey with red as a favorite ornamentation.

There seemed to be plenty of shops, though the goods looked shoddy.

I was told that the rationing system was on the point of being abolished and that people would be able to buy all their requirements in shops just as in any other country.

I WAS interested in the numerous kiosks along the footpaths for the sale of books, newspapers, cigarettes, and drinks.



CURLS AND BRAIDS make up this smart hairdress worn by Beulah McDonald, now playing in Paramount's "Anything Goes." The coiffure is decidedly plain in the front, worn off the face with a brief part on the right. Long rows of curls are worn over the ears, almost meeting in back, and braids are wound around the curls to keep them in their exact place.

*Lovely to look at,  
delightful to feel  
and heaven to wear*

Luxurious in appearance—perfect-fitting—long-wearing! Undies that come out of the laundry looking like new because they're made of Courtaulds world-famous Rayon! When next you are buying undies, look for those that carry the Courtaulds Housemark—it's your guarantee of lasting loveliness.



UNDIES WITH THE COURTAULDS HOUSEMARK



*Courtaulds*

Sold at ALL LEADING STORES



Helen Twelvetrees, starring in Cinesound's production "Thoroughbred," uses Max Factor's.

GIVE her what every woman from a debutante to a glamorous screen star loves—Max Factor's exquisite cosmetics! All you need do to get the correct shades for blonde, brunette, brownette or red-head is to follow Max Factor's Color Harmony Chart. Max Factor's Make-Up is obtainable in separate pieces, or in attractive gift sets, all imported direct from Hollywood. You couldn't please her more than by giving her Max Factor's for Christmas! Sold at leading stores.

At the top, right: Charming black, red and gold box, satin-lined, containing Max Factor's Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick—a thrilling and most acceptable gift.

Bottom, right: Gift Set of Max Factor's Cleansing Cream, Skin Freshener, complete Eye Make-Up, Powder, Rouge and Super-Indelible Lipstick. Other gift boxes priced from 10/- to £3/4/6.

## GIFTS from Hollywood



## Max Factor's OF HOLLYWOOD

JAMES & ANDERSON, Representatives for Australia. Sydney Shop: C4, The Promenade, Her Majesty's Arcade.

The drinks mostly seemed to be sweetened water with a little flavoring. Newspapers were in great demand, and long queues waited at every kiosk to purchase the latest editions. The papers have a very good news service from all over the world, but they convey an impression to their readers that strikes and unemployment are the general rule outside Russia, and only a few bourgeois enjoy any comfort.

When I told a Russian that plenty of workers in Australia and America owned their own homes and motor cars, I was regarded as an anti-revolutionary.

The truth is that ordinary comforts and household conveniences and clothes are scarce luxuries in Russia, and will be for many years.

The whole effort of the Government is directed to building up the basic industries of the country and strengthening the army.

A modern army, with its tanks and guns and aeroplanes, is really an industry in itself, and, as Russia was formerly an agricultural country, the work of creating factories, mines, and railroads is tremendous.

No more time is given to what they call retail goods than is absolutely essential in order to stimulate the workers. Thus the quantity of food available has been greatly increased, but the variety and quality are still poor. Even in my expensive hotel I scarcely saw fresh fruit.

Next Week: What is the position of women?

## COMMON SENSE

Worth £2000 a Year...

By Air Mail from our London Office

When Miss Gladys Burlington, a young London University graduate, went to work, she was convinced that common sense in business was better than her B.A. degree with classical honors.

She also convinced her employers—to the tune of a salary of £2000 a year.

WHEN Miss Burlington obtained a job at Selfridge's famous London store, her duties were to apply brains to the ordinary routine of business.

Her first battleground was the Correspondence Department, and there was almost a revolution before she prevailed on the manager to say simply: "We shall try to send the goods quickly," rather than the archaic "We are endeavoring to expedite delivery of the aforementioned articles." Anyway, she won.

Other departments came under her survey, and she was given the post of staff controller at £2000 a year.

She even convinced the lift-girls that theirs was an exciting job, although it had its ups and downs.

And this was the girl who was offered 50/- a week to start!

Relief is certain! No longer tortuous pains of Rheumatism, Sciatica, and Lumbago. A signed guarantee will be given by any Chemist or Dispensary when you purchase six bottles at the one time that if a cure is not effected your money will be refunded in full. (This does not apply to Rheumatoid Arthritis.) One bottle lasts for one month's treatment. Price 6/6, or 6 Bottles and Guarantee, 33/6. If unobtainable from your Chemist or Store write direct to: TWENTIETH CENTURY MANUFACTURING CO., LTD., 200 Exhibition Street, Melbourne, Vic.

**WRIGHT'S RHEUMATIC REMEDY...**

**FLY-TOX**

• Insects are the filthiest things alive; they cause sickness and death. Guard your health! Kill all insects quickly, with genuine Fly-Tox.

**KILLS ALL INSECTS** **INSIST ON GENUINE FLY-TOX**



# TATTOO

Your Lips



...to give them the South Sea Maiden's Lure

Know the joy of lips made gorgeously red without the usual pasty coating. TATTOO them with lovely, clear, translucent stain as the ever-so-wise South Sea maiden does. In the modern version, apply TATTOO . . . let it set . . . then wipe it off. Only the colour stays. As simple as that. Made in four simply gorgeous shades. Obtainable everywhere.

Send 1/6 for introductory size, making shade desired, to the Australian Agents.

Howard & Co., Pty. Ltd. 326 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, C.I.

**TATTOO**

# New Way To End UGLY HAIR



Better than a Razor

The latest discovery of science. A perfumed toilet cream which ends superfluous hair in three minutes. Razors only make the hair grow faster. The old fashioned depilatories are evil-smelling and dangerous. This new beauty cream called New Veet, makes the hair simply fall away. You just apply it from the tube and then wash off with water. Leaves the skin soft, smooth and white without a trace of hair. No ugly dark patch like the razor leaves because the hair is removed below the skin surface. New Veet is just like a sweet scented face cream, and as easy and pleasant to use.

# WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

WITHOUT CALOMEL  
And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired, and weary, and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more powerful movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely, and make you feel "up and up."

Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes only, 1/4 and 1/2. Present a substitute. 4/6 & 2/6.

# YOUR GREY HAIR

It tells the tale of advancing years, not always desirable in social or commercial life. Allen's Mexican Walnut Stain will restore the natural colour and lustre. The treatment is simple, private, rapid and unailing. You get the happiest results every time. Bring back youthful freshness and shine by using Dr. Allen's Mexican Walnut Stain. In Brown or Black at all Chemists. 4/- per bottle. Made by Parrot, Chimney & Duenda, Ltd., Melbourne. 4/6 & 2/6.

# FOR YOUNG WIVES & MOTHERS

## Something That Every Child Wants To Know

### "Who Is Daddy Christmas?"

By MARY TRUBY KING

Every year the question arises in the mind of some mother, "Should we tell the children that Daddy is Father Christmas?"

Some people are very much opposed to the age-old fairy story of Father Christmas ever being allowed access to the minds of their children. Others enter fully into this child-play, year by year.

**B**UT there comes a time when something has to be done in the matter.

The small son or daughter brings things to a climax. Older children tear the veil from their eyes, and they rush home from school, half-disappointed, half-filled with the excitement of their newly-acquired knowledge that "there isn't any Daddy Christmas."

Even then the mother is undecided. What shall she do? Leave it to chance, so that just one more Christmas may be kept up in the old fairy story fashion, or get in early with her explanation? Her difficulties do not end there.

What will John, who has always relied on mother for the truth, and nothing but the truth, think when she tells him that all these years she and Daddy have been living a lie?

She is really in a dilemma, for she hates to spoil his anticipation of Father Christmas coming down the chimney, and she fears the loss of his confidence and respect.

I think we should lay it down as a rule that as soon as the child has reached the stage in which he begins to doubt the reality of Father Christmas, his questions should be answered truthfully.

For instance, if some Christmastime, before you have been expecting it, your child suddenly says: "Mother, who is Father Christmas really? Is it Daddy?" it would be a definite mistake to say: "Oh, dear no! Father Christmas comes in the window when you are all asleep. He has a carriage drawn by reindeer." Far better to say: "How clever of you to have guessed. Yes, it is Daddy, but that's a secret, and we won't tell baby sister, will we, because she still gets such lots of fun out of imagining a real Father Christmas."

This meets the case, and you will

this, don't let him keep up the pretence out of politeness' sake, for the whole thing then becomes a farce.

Children vary very much in the age at which they come to reason things out for themselves. Some children honestly still believe in Father Christmas

at six or seven, others have very serious doubts at four!

It is a pity for your children to find out from other children that Father Christmas is merely a very pleasant little story, and so I suggest that, when they come to the age of reason in this respect, parents enlighten them in a kindly way, giving them at the same time a feeling of importance that they are considered old enough to be told.

Above all, never lay yourself open to trouble by affirming that the face which the children saw when they were thought to be soundly sleeping was not Daddy's, but that of the mythical Father Christmas.

That would be but a foolish and unnecessary distortion of the truth.

Let the children, in these circumstances, know that Father Christmas is but an imaginary figure representing the happy feelings which their own father feels for them particularly at this time of the year, when we celebrate the birthday of the Greatest Gift that our Heavenly Father ever gave us.

# CERTAIN TO SELL SHORT STORIES

A Vic. Weekly paid £7/18/- for one story. Numerous other students have also obtained good prices. Read:

"Nocturne," printed by "Mouth" recently, brought me between £5 and £6.

"I have had nine stories published since I started your course."

"The first story I sent to America has been accepted."

"I received more for my stories while studying with you than I paid in fees."

"I received £6/4/6 for two stories in the 'Australian Journal'."

"The Bulletin' headlined my story, 'Justice.' I received £4/18/6 for it."

"I have just received a cheque for £8/13/6 from 'The Bulletin' for my story, 'Old George.'"

"I received £5 from the 'Sydney Mail' for my first story, 'Twin Ships.'"

# STOTT'S CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE

108 Russell St., Melbourne; 79 Pitt St., Sydney; 230 Adelaide St., Brisbane; 49 Flinders St., Adelaide; 238 Murray St., Perth.

MAIL THIS COUPON: CUT HERE

You too, can win success as a writer by taking STOTT'S Postal Course. Send Coupon for Free Library Prospectus.

NAME ..... ADDRESS ..... A.W.W. 335

# GIVE VICKERS



FAMOUS SINCE 1750



SHIRLEY TEMPLE, like thousands of little boys and girls, hangs up her stockings at Christmas. In fact, she has two!

find the child is pleased to be considered old enough to "be in on" this secret.

I think it is a pity to deprive little children from traditional folk and fairy tales on the grounds that they are not true.

VERY often a child will feel sure, long before he lets you know it, that Father Christmas is a myth; but he is too polite to take away from you the pleasure he knows it gives you to think that he does not realise this fact!

It is rather a curious position when one thinks of it—the child being so anxious for its parents' happiness. When you feel that the child is doing



# DAIN'S MASTER

GENUINE

# VINCENT'S A.P.C.



FOR sixteen years VINCENT'S A.P.C., prepared on the scientific hospital formula, has stood the test of experience throughout the medical world in banishing pain and soothing tired nerves.

You can obtain, in the easily available and concentrated form of VINCENT'S A.P.C. Powders and Tablets, this safe, scientific preparation for relief from pain.

Because of its perfect safety, its freedom from after effects and its rapid and certain action, insist always at your chemist or store on Genuine VINCENT'S A.P.C.

## STOP NERVE AND MUSCULAR PAINS!

Headache	Backache	Sleeplessness
Neuralgia	Nervy Feelings	Sea Sickness
Neuritis	Nervous Strain	Influenza
Muscular Rheumatism	In Asthma	The Pains of
Lumbago	Head and Ear	Sore Throat
Sciatica	Noises	Laryngitis
		Tonsillitis

VINCENT'S DO NOT AFFECT THE HEART AND THEY CONTAIN NO OPIATES.

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE SAY VINCENT'S

ALWAYS FINISH  
THE LEGS OF A CHAIR FIRST —



FREE FLOWING — QUICK DRYING — FULL WASHABLE GLOSS

Also "QUICK" Stain — "QUICK" Silver — "QUICK" Clear

Sold by all Paint and Hardware Stores

# ELIGIBLE Young MAN

Continued from Page 36

**T**O-MORROW she and Bruce would ride out together before the sunrise—and the whole world could come and watch them and glare at them for all she cared. She wasn't the dingy little secretary-companion, under everyone's orders any longer—She was the girl Bruce Challenger loved.

She didn't see him at all during the day. He spent the greater part of it in Sir James' study and office, giving him valuable information that he had gathered during his wanderings. Then he went to some tennis party, and then there was a dinner party at the club.

Bridget had no more than a brief glimpse of him in the evening when they met on the verandah as he came hurrying in from the club.

"Hallo!" Bridget said softly. "Had a good game?"

"Yes, thanks. I've got to go and change quickly. I'm rather late."

"You needn't hurry too much. Nobody arrives very punctually to a dinner party." Bridget said happily, and added: "I thought we might go out along a new ride to-morrow morning."

But Bruce couldn't have heard what she said, for he brushed past her and went indoors without answering her or letting her finish her sentence. Well, he was rather late, and a man hated hurrying over his changing.

Bridget was astrail earlier than usual next morning, feeling curiously restless to be up and away on horseback. She sat up in bed, watching the clock hands tick round slowly. This morning's ride was going to be rather special. It was an act of defiance to Cynthia... she felt excited, exultant, and thrillingly alive.

The ayah came pattering in on small brown bare feet, with her tray of early morning tea. A slip of folded paper lay on the plate. Bridget opened it carefully.

"Dear Bridget, I hope you will forgive me if I don't join you for a ride to-day. I think perhaps I have been overdoing it lately and ought to take things a little more easily."

"E.C."

The note slid out of her fingers, and she lay back, leaving her tea to get stone-cold. She felt blank and numb. The chilly, curt formality of the note hurt like a knife stab—and she knew the excuse he gave wasn't true. He was as fit now as any young man could be, glowing with health and energy. But—he wanted to put an end to their morning rides and their companionship.

Why?

**I**N the meantime she went about her work, outwardly calm and efficient; and Bruce avoided her, contrived never to be left alone with her, never to exchange more than the briefest and most ordinary remarks with her. Suddenly he had become a complete stranger, aloof, formal, so far away from her that she couldn't believe he had ever been her friend. And suddenly he seemed to enjoy Cynthia's companionship very much, to find much more to say to her. They came in from their rides laughing together, Cynthia's blue eyes shone triumphantly, and her voice was sweet and gay.

"I can't stand it," Bridget thought wildly as she sat tapping away mechanically on the typewriter. "If—if that happens I shall have to go away—leave India and never see any of them again. I couldn't bear it!"

Lady Colvin's plump, pink face beamed nowadays with placid satisfaction. Brenda went about scowling blackly, her eyes scornful.

There was to be a picnic on the night of the full moon to some ruins outside the city that were famous for their beauty and romantic surroundings. Everybody bustled about making preparations for it. The young people were going to ride out, the elder ones go by car with the supper. There was no fear of the night being rainy and unsuitable. Everyone knew that the full moon would sail up gloriously into a cloudless blue sky, that everything would be glamorous and excitingly lovely.

Cynthia helped pack cold duck and chicken sandwiches and fruit with a little song on her lips. She was in such a good temper that she had even insisted on Bridget joining their party. She must drive out with Lady Colvin. She didn't suggest that Bridget should ride out with her and Bruce... Once or twice when she mentioned Bruce she looked across at her mother with a little signalling smile of triumph—and certainty. They both took it for granted that she would come back from this picnic engaged to Bruce, certain of being the future Lady Aberlister.

Bridget murmured some excuse and went upstairs to her room. But pride kept her from breaking down altogether, her fierce Irish pride. She set her teeth, looked herself straight in the eyes in the mirror, and knew she would go through with it without flinching. But to-morrow she would

tell Lady Colvin that she had to go back to England to attend to family matters. And to-night at the last minute she would feel feverish and not fit enough to go to the picnic. Her courage wasn't strong enough to carry her through quite such an unbearable ordeal.

But now she powdered her nose, added a dash of rouge and lipstick to white cheeks and lips, and went back to work. With her she took a wooden photo frame that had got broken and which she had carefully mended with glue. She propped it up in the sun on the verandah floor to dry. Ten seconds later Bruce came up the steps, didn't see it, and kicked it in passing with his foot. It fell over, and the glued stand dropped off.

"I say, I'm awfully sorry," Bruce picked the frame up, looked at the photo in it, and set his lips in a sudden tight line. His voice, too, was stiff as he said: "How clumsy of me! You value this photo a great deal, don't you, and I might have damaged it badly."

"Well, of course, I'm fond of it," Bridget said in surprise. "It's a particularly good one of my brother."

"Your—brother?" Why on earth was he staring at her with that blank, incredulous look? "Did you say—your brother?"

"Yes, my brother Patrick." She was impatient and cross. "He's the only relation I have in the world, so of course, I'm fond of him and of that photo. But it only needs a spot more glue, so please don't bother about it any more."

**S**HE held out her hand and he gave her the frame in silence, stood looking at her a moment longer in that queer way, and then turned on his heel and walked abruptly away into the garden. Bridget took the frame upstairs and re-mended it. She must give herself things to do all day to keep her from thinking.

But the evening found her with nothing to do and hours of time for thinking. The picnic party left; her feverish feeling had duly been reported, and she was left behind alone in the bungalow.

The full moon came up, enormous, dull orange-red that deepened to a brilliant gold that flooded the garden with purest silver.

She strolled out into the garden, too restless to sit still, to read, to do anything.

"Bridget!" If a ghost had stepped out of the bushes in front of her she couldn't have been more startled.

"Bridget, did I scare you? I'm sorry." "Bruce!" she managed to say at last. "What are you doing here? The picnic—"

"I left the picnic to amuse myself. I had to come back—to you. Bridget, why did you stay at home? You weren't ill?"

"I didn't want to go," she said dully. "What was the good? Why did you come back? I'm just going to bed—"

"No, you aren't." He gripped her shoulders and turned her round to face him. "Bridget—darling, can you ever forgive me for believing that little fibber and what she told me about you and that photo?"

**W**HAT photo? I don't understand. "The photo of your brother. Do you remember one day you were cleaning the frame and you left it out on the verandah table to dry? Cynthia and I saw it when you weren't there, and she told me that it was a portrait of your fiancé, that you'd been engaged for four years to a young man who worshipped you, but that you were rather inclined to treat him badly and flirt with other men just to amuse yourself. But that in the end you meant to marry him... Bridget, what could I think about it? I had to keep away from you because I was—I was falling in love with you. I couldn't play the dirty on that young man who adored you and was waiting all these years for you... Bridget it was because I loved you so that I had to—give you up so completely. Is there any chance for me now at all?"

She stood in front of him, looking up at him with wet eyes that reflected the brightness of the moonlight.

"Bruce... I didn't know how I was going to live through to-night, thinking of you with Cynthia—perhaps kissing her, telling her you loved her. I—I was nearly going mad... "Telling Cynthia I loved her!" Bruce said, and laughed softly as he put his arms round Bridget's slimness. "That little, silly, goo-goo-eyed, fib-telling doll! To-morrow morning, darling, you and I will march up to her and say: 'Won't you congratulate us, Cynthia? We're engaged.' And it may be mean and spiteful of me—but I'm going to enjoy that as much as I'm going to enjoy anything about marrying you!"

(Copyright)



THE GHOST OF A CIGARETTE

destroys

# Sweet Breath

**K**NOW for certain that your breath is not offensive when you come into close contact with others. Keep it fresh and fragrant with the help of May Breath. One little tablet slipped into your mouth after smoking, or after meals, will destroy all odours instantly.

May Breath offers the safe, certain protection of an antiseptic mouth deodorant. Tiny tablets in small tins that can be carried in the purse or pocket.

1/- AT ALL CHEMISTS

# May-Breath

An Antiseptic Mouthwash in Tablet Form

MT286

# ALLURING LIPS



Men say so!

Her beautiful lips were irresistible to men. No painted look! Just natural blending of Tangee with her complexion. Tangee has the remarkable property of intensifying the natural coloring in your lips. Tangee color is your own! Its cream base keeps lips soft and smooth.

Also Tangee Theatrical, a deeper shade. Tangee Rouge Compact gives the same natural color as Lipstick.

UNTOUCHED — Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look, make the face seem older.

PAINTED — Don't risk that painted look! It's constricting and men don't like it.

TANGEE — Intensive, natural color, restores youthful appeal, and exalts the painted look.

Weekly Most Famous Lipstick  
**TANGEE**  
GIVES THAT PAINTED LOOK

Aust. Distributors, R. G. Turnley and Son, Melb. N.S.W. Dist., Turnley, Ltd., SYDNEY.

# Four "VAREX"

Applications...

# Heal Bad Leg

W.D.H. states that an ulcer which had given him pain for five years was completely healed after four applications of Varex. A simple, soothing, home treatment for various ulcers at any stage of development. No healing required. Permanent results. Write to-day for free booklet and all information to Ernest Healey, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Ltd., 3rd Floor, Dymally's Building, 42/43, George Street, Sydney, 927 Collins Street, Melbourne 2 3 4.



# SUMPTUOUS LINENS for the Traymobile!

Bertha Maxwell creates the kind of set that no real home-lover or needlework-lover will resist

Even though it is too late to work this set as a Christmas gift, consider how many of your needle-loving and home-loving friends would adore it, as a ready-to-be-worked linen gift.

A WELL-FURNISHED traymobile is the ideal way of serving afternoon tea; quickly wheeled into action and as quickly removed, it is one of our most labor-saving devices. Needleworkers appreciate this piece of furniture, it is so easy to decorate with handsome linens; but how often we see over-sized or unsuitable traycloths pressed into the work of furnishing a tea-waggon for which they were never intended. Don't let that happen!

YOUR traymobile needs its own linens, and here is a lovely set which we have prepared for you.

The great difficulty of the size of the covers has been conquered—you may order any size you wish up to 17 inches wide by 26 inches long for the price quoted. And remember that that is the actual hemstitched size; your lace or

GRAPES and their leaves, with occasional pieces of stem, are used to form this graceful, slightly unconventional pattern. These fruits are always opulent, and lovely in decorative art, and in the type of needlework shown here they are exceedingly easy to work to good effect. Such simple stitching for such a rich appearance. On the tray cover the design forms a central panel, suitable for all sizes of covers. It measures 4 inches by 12

## Ready-to-be-Worked Linen as Gifts

We suggest these enchanting Bertha Maxwell linens:

Apricot sideboard set, cream linen, 3/6.

Rosebud dressing-table set, cream linen, 3/6; blue, lemon, green, or pink, 3/9.

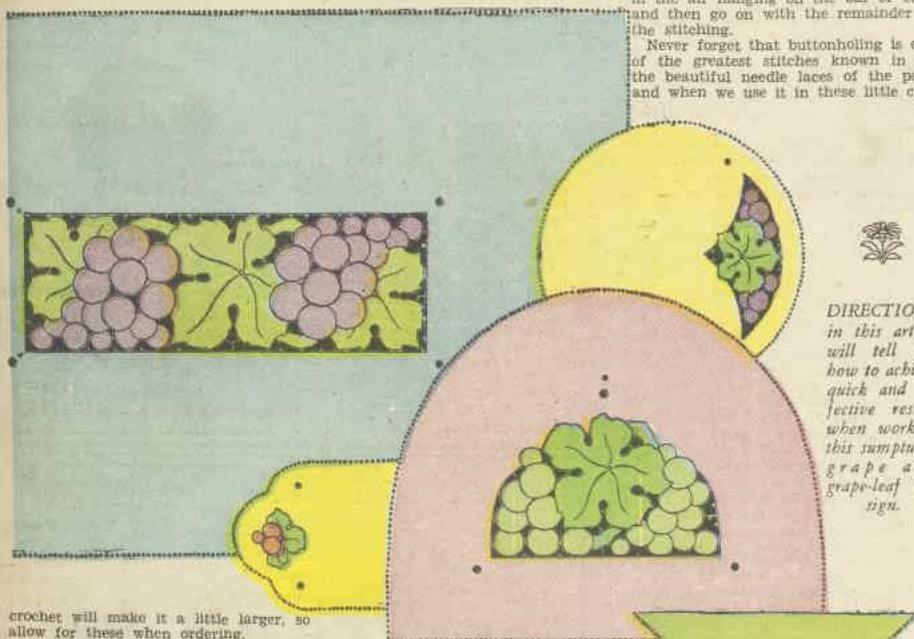
13-Piece iris luncheon set, cream linen, 7/6.

The framework or shape around the design is also buttonholed, with the knotted edge turned into the cutwork parts. Picots are shown in the drawing, but are omitted from the stamping on the linen. If you wish to add them, make a little pencil dot where they appear, or just work them in the middle of the buttonholed spaces. A buttonholed loop worked on the other buttonholing makes a lovely picot, or you may make it like a French knot in the air hanging on the bar or edge and then go on with the remainder of the stitching.

Never forget that buttonholing is one of the greatest stitches known in all the beautiful needle laces of the past, and when we use it in these little cut-



HAPPY TIMES AHEAD . . . Bertha Maxwell's most fascinating set of traymobile linens, comprising traycloth or cover, 17 x 26 inches, cosy 11 x 13 inches, tea-napkin 11 x 11 inches, d'oyley 8 inches diameter, and full-sized sandwich d'oyley. All sizes are actual measurements, the linens are cut an inch larger every way for margins. See prices on this page.



crochet will make it a little larger, so allow for these when ordering.

## Already Hemstitched

ALL these pretty pieces are ready hemstitched. There is nothing to do but to work the small but exquisite cutwork designs of grapes and leaves in simple buttonholing, and then to add a neat crochet border or narrow lace.

There are lovely linens available, the deep cream so suitable for ecru cotton or rich colorings, and pastel tints of lovely quality. If you live in a hot, dusty place, or where the water is not always so clear as you would wish, there is a variety of colorings in Cesarine from which to choose.

And these are the materials and prices of the pieces shown in the illustrations:

Traymobile set in linen, comprising 11 x 13 tea-cosy, 11 x 11 tea-napkin, 8 x 8 d'oyley, 6 x 12 sandwich d'oyley and traymobile cloth, 17 x 26 inches (or cut less as required) in white, cream, blue, primrose, pink, or green linen with spoke-stitched edges. Price, 8/9 the set.

Same set in blue, green, primrose, or pink Cesarine. Price, 6/6.

The articles may be purchased separately (in linen)—traymobile cloth 2/-, tea-cosy 2/-, tea-napkin, and d'oyley, 1/3 each.

In Cesarine, traymobile cloth 2/6, tea-cosy 1/9, tea-napkin and d'oyleys 9d each.

inches. A rounded panel decorates the cosy in a manner suitable to its own shape.

The eight-inch d'oyley has a curved motif worked only once, while the napkin and sandwich d'oyley bear the merest touch of work, three grapes and portion of a leaf.

## The Stitching

IF you can work a buttonhole, all these linens are yours for a few hours' work in that stitch. Take a length of cotton and run a row of light darning stitches just inside the outline of the grapes and the leaves. Then cover that with fine buttonholing, keeping the knotted edge outwards. Where two grapes touch in a back-to-back position, link their buttonholed edges together with a stitch or two instead of a bar; do this wherever parts of the design are close together with no bar shown.

Satin-stitch or outline the leaf veins; make the eyelets open or work them as satin spots.

## The Bars

WHERE they are long, lay three threads across and buttonhole back. Where they are short, one foundation thread will be strong enough. These bars are worked either when laying in the running stitches at first, or later when buttonholing.

work designs we are really making a form of lace. This is the reason of its richness and quick beauty in the small linens which we love to make and to use.

## Cotton to Use

STRANDED cotton or embroidery in all shades may be freely used for this work. The grapes may be worked in all kinds of pale greens, mauves, purples and indigo. The leaves are a medium green.

Do not make the mistake of using too fine a cotton in cut embroidery. It only adds to the labor, and does not give so rich an effect as a slightly coarse cotton boldly used. Cutwork done in fine cottons is apt to appear thin and weak. It is meant to have a carved, raised formation, and only firm cottons can achieve this.

If your work takes too long, or you are not pleased with it, try a number 18 embroidery cotton, or number 20 if the former is too coarse for your taste. Beautiful cotton is important in needlework, and unless it is sufficient in size to display itself well on the material, much of the beauty of our work is lost.

DIRECTIONS in this article will tell you how to achieve quick and effective results when working this sumptuous grape and grape-leaf design.



## NOTES BY A LADY OF FASHION

Sunday.  
Lang Mary to-day  
to remind her that Xmas  
is just around the corner.  
Told her that I am giving  
my best friends Lustre  
stockings this Xmas.  
She laughed and said  
"I hope I am on  
your list."  
many must appreciate  
good stockings too.

Lustre hose  
obtainable from  
all stores from  
4/11 to 12/11

Lustre full fashioned  
Stockings

From Smart Stores Everywhere



## NOW IT TAKES ONLY 3 DAYS TO MAKE DULL TEETH WHITE

Double Cleansing  
Achieves Quick  
Results

Removes Ugly  
Tarnish and  
Stain. Makes  
Teeth Sparkle

TRY IT  
TO-DAY



Don't believe that your teeth are naturally dull, off-colour, or susceptible to decay simply because brushing fails to keep them sound or make them white. Remember this:—

Any preparation that polishes teeth and fails to kill germs—millions of germs that swarm into the mouth and cause most tooth and gum troubles—ONLY HALF-CLEANS TEETH. One dental cream that kills troublesome germs as it cleans the teeth is KOLYNOS. Try it—a half-inch on a DRY brush, morning and night. Soon your teeth will look cleaner than ever before.

This unique, scientific dental cream contains two priceless ingredients that

give the teeth a DOUBLE-CLEANSING. As one foam into every crevice, over every tooth surface and washes away food accumulation, stain and tarnish—the other kills millions of germs.

Thus, in a remarkably short time, teeth are cleaned right down to the beautiful natural white enamel—without injury. They look more attractive than you ever believed possible. They are safeguarded against decay.

No, you need not put up with dull, HALF-CLEANS TEETH. Start using KOLYNOS, the antiseptic dental cream. Get a tube to-day. Sold by all chemists and stores. KOLYNOS lasts twice the usual time—because you use half as much.

## KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

The Antiseptic, Germicidal and Cleansing TOOTH PASTE

## "TOUCHING TOES" AT AGE 76

Although She Had Stiff Joints When She Was 65

### Has Taken Kruschen For 10 Years

Can you touch your toes without bending your knees? Will you be able to do it when you're 76? There is no reason why you should not, if you follow this woman's method of keeping fit. She writes:—

"When I was 65 my wrists and ankles began to swell. I was unable to turn my head round. As I did not care to qualify for the chimney corner, I decided to try Kruschen Salts. I have taken it regularly for ten years, and I have good health. I walk two miles or more each day, and can easily touch my toes without bending my knees—which I think good, considering I shall be 76 in two months' time. Only to-day I was asked how I managed to keep looking so well. I replied, 'I am a Kruschenist.'—(Mrs.) E. M. P.

Most people grow old long before their time because they neglect one vital need of health—the need for internal cleanliness.

Eventually they start the healthy Kruschen habit. Then, probably for the first time in their lives, they start getting rid every day of all waste



matter from the system. Instead of being clogged, the intestines are clean and clear. Instead of liver and kidneys being sluggish, they are active and efficient. New, healthy blood goes coursing through the veins—carrying health and strength and energy to every part of the body.

And almost immediately you feel your youth has returned; you feel young, energetic and happy. In a word, you've got that famous "Kruschen Feeling."

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 2/6 per bottle.

## Why 'NUGGET' gives life to your shoes

- Removes stains
- Feeds and waterproofs the leather and prevents cracking
- Gives a deep rich polish which preserves the smartness of shoes.



**NUGGET**  
DARK TAN STAIN  
gives a healthy tan to shoes

In Stock,  
Dark Tan Stain,  
various shades  
of Brown,  
and White.

## MEN and ANGEL

Continued from Page 7

"BEARING a lily doubtless," said Neville, "to lay in my folded hands." He raised himself on one elbow. "Is it a lily that I detect? Or merely the odor of sanctity?"

Angela said: "I've brought you some roses."

Under Mrs. Morgan's watchful eye she put them into his hand. Neville lifted them to his face slowly, almost it seemed with reluctance.

"Like those I brought you," he said, "the day of the house-warming—"

"Just the same!" said Angela eagerly. "Put them in water, Matty, will you?" said Neville. Mrs. Morgan went away carrying the roses as if they had been so many poisoned arrows.

"Oh, Neville—" said Angela.

"Bathroom mirror fell and cracked me on the head," said Neville quickly and irritably, as if to forestall any questions.

"Betty wired me it was your eyes. There isn't any danger, really, is there?"

"No more than a tin cup and a little dog will take care of."

"Not really—you don't mean that?"

"And if I did—"

Her own eyes filled and overflowed.

"Neville," she said, "I couldn't bear it—"

He thrust his chin forward angrily. He said:

"Look here, I'm not a corpse, you know, and I don't enjoy being wept over."

"Sorry," said Angela. She tried to laugh. She achieved—since he couldn't see her—an arpeggio of laughter that surprised herself.

"Try again, darling," said Neville. "That was like Mozart badly played. How was St. Malo?" he asked significantly.

"St. Malo," said Angela, "was perfect—"

—about—

—She was remembering the end.

"Then good-bye. I shan't see you again."

A door closing.

"Almost!" said Neville. He laughed. She felt his eyes burning through the bandage into hers. "All you expected, was he?"

Angela thought: "What's the use of trying to tell him the truth? He'll never believe—" She said: "Much, much more."

"Come a long way from the garden at home, haven't you?" said Neville.

Mrs. Morgan came into the room carrying Angela's flowers in an old black jar.

"Where've you been all this time, Matty?" said Neville. "Thought you were never coming back!" Mrs. Morgan glowed just listening to him.

"Put the roses on the table," he said, "and turn that damned radio off." She might have been his servant or his wife. When Mrs. Morgan had turned off the wireless she sat down in a chair near the couch.

"You say you had a delightful time on your week-end, Angela?" Then why cut it so short?" said Neville.

Angela thought: "When he twists his mouth like that there's a devil in him." She thought complete sincerity might disarm him. She said:

"I told you. I came as soon as I had Betty's wire—about you."

"That was very sweet of you," said Neville, "but quite unnecessary. Matty has done very well by me, haven't you, Matty?"

"You're no trouble," said Mrs. Morgan briefly. Her eyes shone.

"Won't let me have a drink—that's all I have against her," said Neville.

"You're much better without it," said Mrs. Morgan. She put out a hand she could not keep at home and smoothed the back of his rumpled head.

"You're no trouble," said Mrs. Morgan briefly. Her eyes shone.

"HAVE you plenty of cigarettes?" said Angela, trying to think of something she might do for him—anything.

"When you can't see you don't want to smoke," said Neville. "Besides, I have no wish to set my couch on fire. I'm in the bedroom off the hall. Matty sleeps in here," he added casually.

"How nice," said Angela. She looked at Mrs. Morgan thoughtfully. With proud assurance, Mrs. Morgan looked at her. "He hasn't had to have a nurse at all," said Mrs. Morgan. "Not even the first day and night."

"Was it very bad, Neville?" asked Angela. She couldn't bear to think of it—his feeling that bandage for the first time.

Mrs. Morgan began to answer for him.

"It was terrible—"

"Stop talking about it," said Neville brusquely.

Angela cast about for something that could be talked about.

"How is Mr. Morgan?" she asked his wife.

"Gene's all right. He's gone back," said Mrs. Morgan.

Neville laughed.

## Make delicious Fruit Junkets this easy way



No mixing of flavours and several ingredients—no mess—no failures! Just add the required amount of Hansen's Essence for making Fruit Junkets to lukewarm sweetened milk, pour out, let set and chill! Fragrant, delicious, healthful fresh fruit Junkets are ready to eat—sweets that are light, easy to digest and tempting to jaded appetites. Good for the children—popular with guests—easy to make—economical!

Order some Hansen's Essence for making Fruit Junkets to-day and surprise the family with a new sweet to-night!

• If you prefer plain junket you can get Hansen's well-known Junket Tablets at all grocers.

NOW  
**7 1/2 D.**  
PER BOTTLE

## HANSEN'S Essence for making FRUIT JUNKETS

ORANGE-LEMON  
RASPBERRY-VANILLA



Take  
HYPOL for:  
COUGHS  
COLDS  
BRONCHITIS  
ANAEMIA  
INFLUENZA  
PNEUMONIA  
LOSS OF  
APPETITE  
LOSS OF  
WEIGHT  
LOSS OF  
ENERGY

FROM the great North Sea comes the richest and sweetest Cod Liver Oil to make HYPOL for sick people.

Wonderous in its treatment of chest ailments, stimulating to the under-nourished, a builder of energy, and delicious to take, HYPOL has well earned its nation-wide popularity.

HYPOL is not bottled under any other name. To get this genuine food tonic and healer that has helped thousands of sufferers to ruddy health, say you must have HYPOL.

In Two Sizes—1/6 and 2/6 per bottle.

**Hypol**

Prepared in the Laboratories of  
FELTON, GRIMWADE & DUEKINS LTD.,  
MELBOURNE.



# Our Fashion Service and Free Pattern!

Patterns For All These  
Delightful Designs  
Available at Our  
Offices!

## UNUSUAL BLOUSE

WW1016.—A thrilling new style that will meet with your hearty approval—tailored and yet very feminine. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 1 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

## CLASSICAL MATRON'S STYLE

WW1017.—Fashion-wise matrons will appreciate this style. The sophisticated dolman sleeves are very alluring for the full figure. Skirt is straight. Sizes, 38 to 46 inches. Material required for 38-inch bust: 4 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

## AFTERNOON ENSEMBLE

WW1018.—Smart and cool-looking ensemble for afternoon wear. The finger-tip cape coat may be worn separately. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 1/2 yards, contrast 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Coat: 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

## YOUTHFULLY FASHIONABLE

WW1019.—With lines and details that mark it unmistakably new, this frock is charmingly youthful. Note the treatment of the sleeves and shoulders, and the waistline that keeps the figure slender. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

## TAILORED

WW1020.—As trim for the city as for the countryside. Tailored on smart lines with full sleeves and chic neck treatment. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 3/8 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

## CUTE PYJAMAS

WW1021.—These pyjamas, cut on modern lines with tailored legs, are smart for a small boy, 7 to 12 years. Material required: 3 1/2 yards to 4 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

## DRESSING GOWN

WW1022.—A "grown-up" dressing gown for a lad, 5 to 10 years. Gives plenty of room for lounging around, and it can be trimmed with his college colors. Material required: 3 1-8 yards to 4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

## EVENING ALLURE

WW1023.—Imagine yourself making a glamorous entrance in this evening gown of net or lace. Has fashionable flared hemline. Sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

## FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated in centre square, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Dept." to any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns after one month old.

ADELAIDE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.

BELBERRIE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 400F, G.P.O., Brisbane.

MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 183, G.P.O., Melbourne.

NEWCASTLE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 11, G.P.O., Newcastle.

SYDNEY.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 415X, G.P.O., Sydney.

TASMANIA.—The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Andrew Mather and Co., Pty. Ltd., 100-115 Liverpool St., Hobart.

Should you desire to call for the Pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....

Address .....

State .....

Pattern Coupon, 21/12/35.



## PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child.

## Our Free Pattern

See Coupon at  
Left of Page

OUR three-in-one free pattern this week covers many occasions. It may be adapted for dress, business, holiday, sports and beach wear, and is very simple and practical.

Interesting fashion highlights are the flat collar, full bell sleeves, tailored belts, raglan sleeves and full, fashionable yoke, and kerchief suntop in the very youthful beach suit.

Pattern is cut to fit a 34-inch bust.

Material required: Style No. 1: 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide, 1 yard contrast. No. 2: 3 5/8 yards, 36 inches wide. No. 3: 1 1/2 yards for shorts, and 7-8 yard with 1 yard for contrast for suntop.





# BRICK BRADFORD IN THE LAND OF THE LOST

## THE STORY SO FAR

Captured by the Sea Folk, who inhabit a city built under a giant glass bubble beneath the ocean, Brick Bradford earns the friendship of the King by saving the latter's little son from giant sharks. The sea monarch shows his gratitude by taking Brick out in a powerful submarine to hunt sea-serpents. Brick learns that harpoons are used, but that a bomb is in the nose of the craft for emergencies. The ship is caught by a monster serpent and wound in its coils. Read on.



MIGHTY COILS WHIP AROUND THE SHIP!



I'VE GOT TO GET TO THAT BOMB!



IT'S OUR ONE CHANCE! HERE GOES!



ONCE AGAIN YOU HAVE SAVED LIVES BY YOUR HEROISM—AS A REWARD I SHALL TELL YOU THE GREAT SECRET!



AS TRITON, KING OF THE SEA FOLK, HAS PROMISED, BRICK IS CALLED TO THE ROYAL CHAMBERS AFTER THEIR RETURN FROM THE SEA SERPENT HUNT—TO LEARN THE "GREAT SECRET."



GREETINGS, MIGHTY LAND MAN! I AM ABOUT TO SHOW YOU SIGHTS THAT WILL STIR YOUR SOUL!



SEA-GOLD! A ROOM FULL! SWEEP FROM THE OCEAN FLOOR AND SUNKEN SHIPS BY MY MEN—



NO! HERE, STEP SOFTLY, YOU BEHOLD ALA, MY ELDEST, FINEST SONS IN ALL THE DOWN-SEA—



AGAIN, NO! BUT THE GOLD AND THE GIRL ARE YOURS, MIGHTY LAND MAN, IF YOU BUT JOIN THE GREAT SECRET!



HERE IS THE GREAT SECRET—MY PLANS TO RAID AND CONQUER THE ISLES OF THE UPPER WORLD—TO DESTROY LAMAK TVRA AND ALL HIS VASSAL KINGS.



CENTURIES AGO LAND MEN DROVE OUR PEOPLE FROM THE ISLES IMPRISONED US IN THIS GREAT GLASS CAVE—YOU, WHO ARE YOUNG, MUST LEAD US BACK TO OUR HERITAGE!



NO—FOR I HAVE FRIENDS AMONG THE LAND MEN! THEN, DIE—SINCE THE SECRET HAS BEEN TOLD YOU—GUARDS!



GREAT GRIEF! THE WALLS ARE FALLING—AN EARTHQUAKE!



OUTSIDE, REPAIR SHIPS ROAD UPWARD AS THE GLASS CRACKS, THE GLASS ROOF AND A TORRENT OF WATER, SMASHES INTO THE CITY!



BRICK RUSHES OUT ONTO A BALCONY OF THE KING'S PALACE AND SEES THE SEA FOLK'S CITY COLLAPSING BENEATH TONS OF WATER POURING FROM A CRACK IN THE GLASS BUBBLE.

To be Continued.

## GETTING READY FOR CHRISTMAS



### Jolly Games for the Holidays

**MUSICAL BUMPS**  
THIS is similar to Musical Chairs, but the game is played without chairs. The children dance or walk round in a circle while the music is playing, but directly it ceases they "drop" on to the floor, and the one who is last to sit down loses. The game continues until one player is declared the winner.

**TELLING YOUR PAL'S AGE**  
IF you tell your Pal that you can discover his age and the month in which he was born without asking him a single question, you will probably be told to "do it."  
Tell your Pal to write down the number of the month in which he was born, double it, add five to the answer, and multiply the result by 50. He is then to add the age last birthday, subtract 250, and let you see the answer to the sum. The two right-hand figures will be his age, and the left-hand figure will be the number of the month in which he was born. Of course, you do not refer to the month by the number, you say the name.

### Christmas-Time

(By CORAL THORPE)

Oh the joys of Christmas time,  
Off have they been put in rhyme,  
Leaving books are put away,  
Sport's the order of the day.

City folk hie to the hills,  
Business men forget their bills,  
Families again unite,  
Pierces are the fashion quite.

Shops are full of gifts, and toys,  
Suitable for girls and boys,  
Parade kept out of the way,  
All appear on Christmas Day.

Price of 3/- to CORAL THORPE, Kangaroo, N.S.W. for this original verse.

### FUN AT THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

#### Ask Your Pals These QUESTIONS

- (1) Who was the first person to sail around the world?
- (2) Why are dykes used in the Netherlands?
- (3) What is the highest mountain in the world?
- (4) Who is "Il Duce"?
- (5) The piping of what musician was equally appealing to rats and mice and children? (Answers found elsewhere on this page.)

#### TRICK WITH A HANDKERCHIEF

THE object of this trick is to remove a handkerchief from under a glass of water without actually touching the glass or spilling the water. One solution is this trick is, of course, to request someone else to remove the glass, but that is not the correct solution.

All that you have to do is to give the handkerchief a sharp pull and it will come right away, leaving the glass undisturbed. Care should be taken to see that the handkerchief selected is one without a thick hem, because this would tend to complicate matters.

#### THE PUZZLING FIVE

LAY five coins in a row on the table. Above the centre one place another coin, and below the centre one place another coin. Thus you have a cross, made from the coins, which count five one way and three the other.

Now re-arrange the cross in such a way that it counts five both ways. Don't give it up. Just take the end coins of the row of five and place them on the coins in the centre. You've done it. Tidy now!

#### WHERE TO POST

Address all letters and contributions to "Pal Connie," Box 153E, G.P.O., Sydney.



SANTA CLAUS. Price of 3/- to MURIEL MILLS (11), 241 Anson Rd., Auburn, N.S.W., for this original sketch.



MY DEAR PALS—  
Are you going to stay awake and see Father Christmas on Tuesday night? I stayed awake one year, and felt sure I heard him moving about downstairs. He used to come down our dining-room chimney, and I used to hang my stockings on a chair in that room.

I suppose you know there are supposed to be two Father Christmases—an old one and a young one. The continents of Europe and Asia had a Father Christmas for years and years before anyone thought of sailing across the Atlantic in America and across the Pacific to Australia, so, of course, our Father Christmas is still quite young!

I'm not going to take up any more space, so I'll now wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a very Pally one, too.

Christie,  
From Your Pal,  
CONNIE.

#### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

- (1) Francis Drake.
- (2) Much of the country's area is below sea-level, and the dykes prevent the sea from inundating the land.
- (3) Mt. Everest (29,302 feet above sea level) is in the Himalayan Range, in Asia.
- (4) Benito Mussolini.
- (5) The Pied Piper of Hamelin, celebrated in Robert Browning's poem of that name.

Two Prize Cards to MILDRED MACKAY, P.O. Box 153E, G.P.O., Sydney, for sketch in this column.



# NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE



## CUDDLESOME KOALAS

—make adorable gifts, yet they're easily made!

WHEN these little woolly bears were brought into the office every girl clamored for one. They are the most fascinating, most cuddlesome reproductions of this lovable Australian family I've ever seen. They look really expensive, too, but cost only 3/9 each.

You can choose any shade of wool. The little white one was first favorite with the girls in the office. The other two you see in the picture were in brown and green.

**MATERIALS:** 7 skeins 3-ply wool, a No. 6 steel crochet needle, a small quantity of brown wool, some kapok (1lb.

of kapok makes three bears), a length of ribbon for the neck.

**PATTERN:** Make the required length of chain, work 1 double crochet into each stitch, turn with 2 chain. \* put hook through the first d.c. wool over first finger and hook twice, draw wool through two stitches then through three altogether, repeat from \* into every stitch to end of row.

**2nd Row:** 1 d.c. into every stitch. Repeat these two rows throughout, having all the loops on the one side.

**BODY:** Start at the top of the head as though you were going to make a child's beret, make 8 ch. join into a ring, work 8 d.c. into the ring.

**Round 1:** Making the loops, increase once in the first stitch then in every second stitch to the end of the round.

**Round 2:** D.c. all round without the loops, increasing once in the first st. then in every 3rd st. to the end of the round.

**Round 3:** Making the loops, increase once in the first st. then in every 4th st. to the end of the round.

Continue in this way for 14 rounds from start. Now work on these stitches for a depth of 9 inches and fasten off.

**THE EARS:** Make 5 ch., work 1 d.c. into 3rd ch. from hook, then 1 d.c. into each remaining ch., work the pattern backwards and forwards, turning each time with 2 ch. and increasing one st. at the beginning of every row until there are 23 sts. altogether. Fasten off. Make another ear the same.

**FOUR LEGS AND TAIL:** Make 8 ch. and work evenly as for the beginning of the body, increasing up to 27 sts. Continue on these sts. for about the depth of your finger; fasten off.

**TO MAKE UP:** Stuff the body evenly all over with the kapok, join neatly underneath, gathering each corner slightly. Fill the legs and tail, and sew into position.

With the brown wool make three tight little balls about as big as a fair-sized marble, sew in position for the eyes and nose. Tie the ribbon round the neck.

A CLOSE-UP of the woolly koalas. If you're time before Christmas, make one for a wee mite. If not, keep these directions and make several in leisure hours to come.

## The Holly Maid

Novel, Useful, and Quickly-made Gift for the Needlewoman

THIS holly maid makes an acceptable gift for a needlewoman. She is dressed to represent holly—symbolising Christmas—with a red velvet body, which acts as a pin-cushion, green frill at neck, and skirt of green (cut to represent leaves), and a green cap finished off with a bright red bead.

**Materials required:** A small doll's head, sufficient red velvet to make the



WHERE IS the needlewoman who would not appreciate this inexpensive, yet novel and useful, gift?

pin-cushion body (size depends upon the size of the doll's head), bran for filling, green material for frill at neck and skirt, 12 reels of various colored silks and cotton, two small balls of colored or white crochet cotton, one dozen or more assorted-size safety-pins, a small quantity of millinery wire, four curtain-rings, small length of red ribbon, and five red beads.

Make the body first of all and fill it with bran, then insert the doll's head; fix firmly in position. Now take one ball of crochet cotton and two reels of silk for an arm, place a length of wire through them and attach firmly to the body; twist the opposite end securely around a curtain-ring, add several safety-pins. Make the opposite arm to match.

Use four cotton-reels for one leg, thread through a length of wire and attach securely to the body; fasten a curtain-ring to opposite end; add the safety-pins. Make the second leg to match.

Make the green leaf frills for neck and skirt and a cap, adding a red bead at the end. Stitch the frills in position; sew four red beads down the centre of bodice; add a loop of ribbon, and the "Holly Maid" is ready for Christmas.



HOW OFTEN do we find at the last minute that we have forgotten someone at Christmas! These little powder-puff cases—so exquisitely dainty that they simply ask to be embroidered and given away as gifts. They are made of organdie over silk, with a dainty lace edge and light little floral designs. Colors in pastel shades, pink, blue, lemon, and green. To obtain, send in 1/- to our offices, stating clearly which color you want.



TEMPTING LIPS All Day Long

Those lips of yours! Are they fresh, ripe, inviting? Michel will keep them so all day long, for Michel lipstick is truly indelible. So flattering in shade, so soft, so appealing, it makes you feel and look ravishing.

Be sure to get the genuine Michel lipstick with the word "MICHEL" engraved on the case.

Other famous Michel beauty aids include the most adherent compact rouge made and cosmetic for eyelashes, that is non-irritating and water-proof.

**Michel**

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.



Here we suggest No. 1633 a lovely kimono in Lustre "Dulbloom" fabric with long sleeves and a generous wrap-over. Three smart color contrasts. 18/11.

A Gift of Lustre is a Gift of Quality

We are justly proud of the style and quality of Lustre Lingerie. Every little detail from our original design to the finished garment is carefully watched in order that you may depend upon Lustre as a gift that will mark you as a discriminating and thoughtful giver.

**Lustre**  
lingerie

FROM BETTER SHOPS - EVERYWHERE

## Travel Service

A Commonwealth Savings Bank pass-book disposes of all the money worries that usually trouble the traveller.

Money can be transferred to any point, and withdrawn or deposited at any one of the Bank's 4000 Branches and Agencies without cost.

Ensure the utmost convenience and safety by travelling, not with a dangerously large amount of money in your pocket, but with just your pass-book to see you through.

**Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia**

(Guaranteed by the Commonwealth Government)

Drink it at Home for Summer Vitality!  
**HORLICK'S**  
"COLD" Buy a tin today!



## A SURE FRIEND IN UNCERTAIN TIMES



## Ah! come in my A.M.P. FRIEND!

"I HAVE been thinking of your remark that policies taken out before 31st December share in the 1935 bonus. I had better take out that special policy we were discussing, and do it to-day."

There spoke a wise man. Wise, because he discussed his affairs with an expert adviser from the A.M.P.; wise, because he took the A.M.P. man's advice as to the policy best suited to his needs; wise, because A.M.P. bonuses being so substantial, he seized on the chance to share in that for 1935, and acted promptly.

There are many kinds of A.M.P. policies. There are policies to meet every life risk that a man runs; to provide income for old age; to educate children; to pay off mortgages; all designed to give men and women security and peace of mind.

Every A.M.P. policy is backed by £100,000,000 of assets invested in the governmental, municipal, and private undertakings of the people of Australia and New Zealand. The A.M.P. is the largest mutual life office in the Empire and one of the largest and strongest financial institutions in the world. Use it, fellow countrymen! Use its great strength to buttress your own life and affairs in 1936 and afterwards.

The next time an A.M.P. adviser calls on you, lend him your ear. But don't wait for a call. Write and ask that an adviser (or full particulars) be sent to you. Write to-day.

## A.M.P. SOCIETY

C. A. ELLIOTT, F.I.A.  
Actuary.

A. W. SNEDDON, F.I.A.  
General Manager.

## HEAD OFFICE:

87 PITT STREET, SYDNEY

Branch Offices at Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, and Hobart.

District Offices throughout all States.

Use Hardie's

**TILUX**

for  
COVERING YOUR  
BATHROOM and KITCHEN WALLS

TILUX is a Marble-finished Ruberastone Cement Wall Panel. It is always Artistic and Hygienic — Waterproof and Easy to Clean. Available in 8 Beautiful, Colourful Patterns and a variety of sizes. Easily Erected. Only a fraction of the cost of tiles fixed. Write for illustrated pamphlet and samples—FREE!

## JAMES HARDIE &amp; COY. LTD.

SYDNEY: C. York & Barrack St.  
NEWCASTLE: 334 Hunter St. West  
Brisbane: Breakfast Creek Road,  
Newstead.  
ROCKHAMPTON: N.Z.I. & M.A. Co.  
BUNDABERG: Wyper Bros. Ltd.  
MELBOURNE: 581 Little Collins St.  
PERTH: Riverside  
ROSELAND: Clarkson Ltd., Rundle St.  
MACHRAY: Chas. Porter & Sons Ltd.  
TOWNSVILLE: Cummins & Campbell

## MEN and ANGEL

Continued from Page 46

SHE read it standing under the light in the hall, the condescender watching her with melancholy curiosity.

It was not from Horace. It was from her grandfather, Andrew Todd. And it was very short. "Your grandmother died last night," was all it said.

Something stirred in Angela's breast. Something wrung her heart like a hand. She thought, with a sob struggling all the way up from the silent places of her: frightened and forlorn tenth year when her grandparents took charge of her. "Oh, granny—granny!"

Two days later Angela went again to see Neville. As Angela went in Mrs. Morgan was going out. In a blue dress with a broad hat shading her frank, ardent eyes, she looked uncommonly content, almost peaceful. At the sight of Angela, however, her peace became instantly less certain.

"Please don't make him talk too much," she said, low voiced, urgent, standing just outside the entrance to Neville's flat. "The doctor says he should be quiet. Shouldn't have to worry."

Angela shifted a flat, square box which she was carrying and put her hand on the doorknob.

"Tell me," she said, "if you don't mind too much, about Neville's eyes. What does the doctor think?"

"He can't tell yet," said Mrs. Morgan.

"Exactly what does he say?" insisted Angela.

"It may be all right, or Neville may be blind for life," Mrs. Morgan's face comforted with the words. "In any case I say he must have quiet. Excitement's bad for him."

"Thanks," said Angela. Brief and icy.

Neville called from the inner room: "You still there, Matty?"

"I'm just going," said Mrs. Morgan brightly. "Here's Miss Todd to see you."

Angela went into the sitting-room. Neville was sitting in a deep chair with a screen at his back. In dressing-gown and slippers as before, with his eyes neatly bandaged. He looked tired and worn, but when Angela spoke his mouth twitched into a smile.

"Hello, Angel. Been neglecting me. I think you might have come in yesterday."

Angela said: "Yesterday I worked." She had stood from morning till night in the studio, struggling with stubborn clay, struggling not to think too much about home and the gentle, frightened old face that would lift no more to Andrew Todd's thunders. She said: "I had a cable myself."

"HORACE becomes extravagant," said Neville.

"Not from Horace," said Angela. She told him about her grandmother.

"I'm sorry," said Neville simply. He could be as simple as a child when he chose. "Rather a nice old girl, wasn't she?" He put out a hand, feeling for Angela's. She took it and laid her cheek down on his fingers.

"Poor sweet," he said, "feeling a little forlorn, aren't you?" He rubbed her cheek tenderly. All at once the rubbing stopped. When Angela looked into his face he was laughing like a blindfolded satyr.

"Horace," he said, "his sudden desire for travel. Bet you anything you like there's home connection—"

"With what?" said Angela.

"With your grandmother's death, of course."

Angela said: "But that's ridiculous." "We shall see what we shall see," said Neville. "That is," he added mordantly, "if seeing is ever again to be my happy privilege."

"Neville, darling—" said Angela. She could not go on. He made her heart ache so.

"I'm not your darling," said Neville. "Yes you are."

Once she had said it, it seemed true. "That's what I came here to-day to tell you. If you still feel the same—about me—I'll marry you to-morrow—if you like."

"Is to-morrow by any chance the first of April?" Inquired Neville.

"You're being noble," said Angela. She put her hand on his sleeve. "The moment I got Betty's wire I left St. Malo."

"And Talmadge," he reminded her. She took that squarely.

"And Talmadge. I remembered what you had said—about one of us needing the other. I thought this might be the time."

"On the strength of that you walked out on him?"

"Yes."

Neville laughed more like a satyr than ever.

"I shan't be seeing him again," said Angela. She steeled herself even against memory.

"Well, my good girl," said Neville. "I'd say you've been very foolish. Much better have seen your little holiday to its finish." Salacious amusement pointed his drawl.

Angela thought: "He thinks it wouldn't be fair to me." She said: "Let me come and take care of you Neville—please!"

He only shrugged in malign indifference.

"Now you're being a self-sacrificing, true-hearted woman, aren't you? What a Christian pair we'd make!"

"Damnation," he added irritably. "I'm doing very well as I am."

Angela said hesitantly, because she was after all not given to interference in other people's affairs:

"I know. I can't help seeing how Mrs. Morgan has taken possession."

"I was never so comfortable in my life," said Neville. He jerked at his bandage with unsteady fingers.

"You're going to get well," said Angela, "but by that time you won't be able to do without her—can't you see that?"

"Time enough to cross that bridge when I come to it," said Neville.

"What I mean is," said Angela more diffidently, "mightn't she—in a way—be rather taking advantage of your being in a mess?"

"So far I haven't caught her with any of my spoons in her pocket," said Neville. "Don't you worry about Matty."

"I'm not worrying about Matty. I'm worrying about you."

HIS thin, nervous hands, the bitter lines about his mouth. Behind that bandage what black curtains might not be closing, shutting him into a hell of isolation and fear. Angela thought: He shan't put me off like this—he's got to know he can count on me.

While she was thinking it he smiled with more than a touch of malevolence.

"Don't forget—Horace'll be here next week. You must be free to reward virtue—if so requested."

Angela didn't want to talk about Horace. She didn't want to think about him. She got up and opened the box she'd been carrying when she came in, lying till then on a table at Neville's elbow.

"I brought you something," she said. She took a mask out of wrappings in the box and laid it on Neville's knee. It was life-size. A scolding face with beetle brows, a great sharp nose, moustaches sweeping down above a pursed, pugnacious mouth.

"Remember?" She put the face under Neville's fingers. He felt its surfaces at first without much interest. Presently, however, his finger-tips grew taut. He lingered over the beaked nose in intent silence. All at once he broke into a chuckle.

"Le v'lal Le v'lal," he said. "The gendarme from the Petit Guignol."

"Is it like him, really?" cried Angela. She went down on her knees beside his chair. "I made it for you yesterday."

She thought of the night in the window—Notre Dame's deep bell striking four. Neville's cheek hot against hers in the rain-cool shadow.

"Something between you and me," he had said, "that will never be between me and any other woman."

Then, for all his proud pretence, he must want her now—close, comforting.

SHE turned her face against his breast and waited. She could feel his heart beat harder. She put her hand over his on the mask.

At that: "Take it away, will you?" he said abruptly. "Seems a bit heavy."

Angela took it from him and stood up. She felt suddenly tired—unable any longer to try to get under his guard.

"Mind reading me the paper?" said Neville. "Matty left it somewhere about."

Angela found it on the table in the dining-room, settled herself in her chair again and began to read. Neville slumped in his with his head against the back of it. His rough dark head with its blinded eyes. He folded his arms tightly. His mouth was a bitten, rebellious line.

"And for God's sake don't read so softly," he said. "Nobody's dying at your feet."

To be continued

Printed and published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd., Macdonell House, 331 Pitt Street, Sydney.



## My secret for quick skin cleansing

Daggett & Ramsdell  
Perfect Cleansing Oil

Here is the answer to women who have always hoped for a liquid skin cleanser that would quickly and completely remove dust, dirt and make-up. Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cleansing Oil penetrates deeply into the pores, and dirt and stale make-up vanish instantly. It leaves your skin soft, smooth and immaculately clean. Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cleansing Oil is especially convenient when traveling or when you wish to refresh your skin in a hurry. Try this modern way of keeping your skin beautiful.



Daggett & Ramsdell

It's easy

to get every scrap of dirt, grease or burnt-in substance off aluminium. Use Steelo... it polishes also. A 6d. packet contains 5 pads and special soap—enough for 5 weeks.

**STEELO**



## Women who are martyrs to PAIN

If you are subject to periods of prostrating pain you ought never to be without 'Bayer' A.P.C. Powders. At the first sign take a powder and the pain will pass off. Repeat when necessary and you will escape the attack you dread so much. The exceptional purity of the 'Bayer' ingredients accounts for the wonderful curative efficacy of 'BAYER' A.P.C. Powders, so be sure to get 'Bayer' and avoid disappointment.

Box of 12 powders, 1/6  
Box of 24 powders, 2/6  
Of all Chemists.

**'BAYER' A.P.C.**  
QUICK-SURE-SAFE



**NO FLEAS ON ME!**



Fleas and lice are killed dead by Pulvex. It keeps off others for days. It's guaranteed non-poisonous, odorless, tasteless. Pulvex all your pets. Give them peace from scum this summer. Pulvex costs no more—beware of imitations. Get Pulvex from all chemists and stores. 1/3 lb. or double size, 2/6.

Wholesale Distributors:  
WILLIAM COOPER & NEPHEWS,  
(Aust.) Ltd.,  
4 O'Connell St., Sydney

**PULVEX**  
KILLS FLEAS OFF—KEEPS THEM OFF

## Christmas Pudding

Must Have

### BRANDY

★★★★

**SERVE** your pudding alight with the blue will-o'-the-wisp flame impart to it the rare flavour and bouquet of Tolley's fine brandy... for in this you preserve the traditional Christmas spirit.

**How to serve the Brandy with the Xmas Pudding**

This is the correct way (for pudding to suit five persons):—

1. When mixing the pudding, add to the ingredients one 2oz. Flask of Tolley's Specially Selected Brandy, which is known and sold as Tolley's 3-Star TST Brandy.
2. When the pudding is steaming hot and just about to be served, take a dessertspoon and make a hole (the size of the spoon) in the top of the pudding. Four in. the hole the contents of a 2oz. (Miniature) Flask of Tolley's 3-Star TST Brandy until overflowing, allowing the brandy to spread over the pudding and into the service dish. Apply a match and the brandy will burn very prettily and spectacularly with a bright blue flame at the same time permeating the pudding with that delicious, lingering flavour so necessary to success.

Even if you have already cooked your pudding, the burning of the brandy over the pudding just prior to serving will impart to it that same delightful and exhilarating flavour.

**The Brandy should be Tolley's because it's strongest**

It is necessary to obtain and use a brandy which has sufficient spirit strength to burn readily and at the same time having the necessary bouquet so that it will impart the true flavour of the grape to the pudding.

Tolley's TST Brandy (3-Stars) is, as far as we know, the strongest bottled brandy on the market—it won the championship prize of the whole of the British Empire of London and recently as November this year, and sufficient can be purchased in two 2oz. Flasks at only one shilling each (in the Metropolitan area). In your own interest refuse substitutes. If you have difficulty in obtaining supplies write to Box 1000, G.P.O., Sydney, enclose one shilling for each Flask required in stamps, and we will arrange for same to be delivered to you.

**TOLLEY'S Special**  
3star **HOSPITAL**  
TST **BRANDY**

## FOR CUTS and SORES

Get free trial tin of

### TIGER SALVE!

Satisfied mother says: "Tiger Salve is a wonderful remedy for all the hurts of children and grown-ups too." Cuts and sores, if neglected, may lead to serious infection. For burns and scalds, bites and stings, bruises, eczema and chilblains, Tiger Salve is the healing remedy. Prove its healing properties. Send 3 penny stamps to cover postage and packing to Tiger Salve Pty., 185 George Street, Sydney, and a trial tin will be sent you.

**PETTY'S HOTEL**

Wire or Write for Reservations.

York St. Sydney

# Will A.L.T.A. Send a WOMEN'S Team ABROAD?

Many Brilliant Players Ready

By RUTH PREDDEY

If it is intended to send a team of Australian women tennis players abroad next year, it is time something was done to pave the way, so that the Australian Lawn Tennis Association will have no loop-hole for escape.

Women tennis players are undoubtedly treated as the Cinderellas of sport, for nearly all other sporting activities, especially those controlled by women, have formulated some plans for overseas games next year.

IN Australia women tennis players probably equal, if they do not exceed, in numbers the men players, and those who belong to State courts probably help their associations in a more financial way, inasmuch that they generally play every day in the week.

And what do these players, who mean so much to an association, reap in return?

Since the inception of tennis in Australia only two women's tennis teams have represented Australia abroad. Two years ago we had the first visit from an overseas team here in Misses Round, Lyle, and Dearman.

Fortunately, Miss Joan Hartigan was able to represent Australia at Wimbledon during the last two years, but with the exception of £100 voted her by the Australian Lawn Tennis Association, and a further £100 from her State Association, she was unassisted financially.

However, the opportunity afforded the Australian Lawn Tennis Association to send a team of women players abroad next year is particularly bright, especially when there are such outstanding players in Joan Hartigan, Thelma Coyne, Dot Stevenson, and several other promising juniors.

## Can Find Money

MISS HARTIGAN has said that on her visits abroad she has found the tennis public of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales particularly anxious for another women's tennis team to visit them from Australia. The impression of goodwill left by the previous touring team has not been forgotten, and Miss Hartigan stated that "it was amazing to hear so many people recall the different matches and those who played in them."

Next year a team of women hockey players will leave for America, and towards the end of the year the women cricketers will be selecting their team for England. Both these associations are entirely controlled by women, and the members in each team will not be fewer than fourteen, exclusive of the manager.

If tours of this kind can be successfully arranged by a mere handful of women, it should be an easy matter for an organisation like the Australian Lawn Tennis Association to send four players abroad.

One hardly likes to think that the tennis associations are playing dog in the manger, but if the coming season is allowed to pass without the sending abroad of a women's tennis team, one can come to only one conclusion.

Several members of the A.L.T.A. have expressed their association on the matter of finance, saying that the sending of a Davis Cup team abroad is a more financial proposition than that of sending a women's team.

It only needs the Australian Lawn Tennis Association to give its consent to a team being sent next year, and the women members will find the money and the players to take part in the Wimbledon championships, and to play matches against the rest of the world's outstanding players.

**SPIRO POWDER**  
For Feet & Armpits

Prevents perspiration odour. Stops chafing and prickly heat.

Obtainable at all leading Chemists.



MRS. R. COZENS, formerly Miss Lonie Bickerton, who visited England with the last Australian women's tennis team in 1928.

## HEAT Creates the Fashions FOR TENNIS

Shorts and Sun Hats Popular in the Interstate Matches

From JOAN HARTIGAN (in Melbourne)

Victorian girls registered their best team win for years when they defeated us in the recent interstate match without the loss of a rubber.

N.S.W. have been the winners for the past four years, and even though the Victorian side has been strengthened by the inclusion of Mrs. Hopman, much credit is due to the younger members of the team, who showed great keenness and great improvement in their game.

THIS is going to make our task of regaining supremacy very difficult.

Interstate tennis is becoming more and more popular. This was made apparent by the large galleries which watched the matches every day. Unfortunately, Albert Ground, where the interstate fixtures took place, is not roomy enough, and a great many had to stand.

During the Victorian championships last week, which were held at Kooyong, the heat was so intense at the beginning of the week that many players gave walk-overs to their opponents, while in several cases others were forced to retire.

Miss May Black, who played beautiful tennis during the interstate match, collapsed during her first round match with Miss O'Kane, but was allowed rest and recovered sufficiently to continue with her match, which she won in straight sets.

Miss Black could not produce her best form when in Sydney recently, owing to an attack of influenza, and since her return has not had the opportunity of resting from hard tennis.

Miss Shirley Whitaker was another victim of the heat, and, after her match with Miss Peggy Menzies, had to be carried from the court.

## Protected Themselves

SHORTS were the predominating fashion during the tournament, both for men and women, while many also adopted large sun hats.

Miss Thelma Coyne could hardly be seen under her large white linen hat which was lined with green. The hats may be discarded when the weather gets cooler, but it certainly looks as though shorts of all descriptions have come to stay.

The social functions arranged by the Tennis Association were very enjoyable, and the players certainly owe a debt of gratitude to the committee who go to such a great deal of trouble arranging these functions.

At the luncheon given in honor of the visiting players, Mr. Norman Brookes, the president of the Australian L.T.A., welcomed the players, and, in reply, Jack Crawford and Don Turnbull were loud in their praise of what Mr. Brookes had done for them during their recent Davis Cup tour, and of the manner in which he had shouldered their defeat with them.

After Saturday's tennis, the players were entertained at a dance at Kooyong. The club house was beautifully decorated and made a perfect setting for the ai-

## OUR BOOK OFFER!

Here is Taken K7 in The Australian Women's Weekly "Treasury of Knowledge" Book offer.

**TOKEN K7**

CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE ON YOUR VOUCHER.

Here is Taken D12 in The Australian Women's Weekly "World's Best Mystery Stories" Book offer.

**TOKEN D12**

CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE ON YOUR VOUCHER.

Here is Taken B25 in The Australian Women's Weekly "Children's Treasure House" Book offer.

**TOKEN B25**

CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE IT AT ONCE ON YOUR VOUCHER.

## JUST ANOTHER IDEA FOR CHRISTMAS!

We made our Lemon Cheese early, but this time we were cunning. We hid it—right away in the dimmest, darkest corner of the pantry, where fingers small and large could never discover it. It's not that we're mean, but this was Copha Lemon Cheese, and so extra delicious that we did want to save it for the Christmas parties. Small children just adore Lemon Cheese Tarts and things—and grown-ups are not far behind in their adoration either.

**COPHA LEMON CHEESE**

6 ozs. Sugar	1 pint of Water
2 ozs. Pure Copha (grated)	Juice of 3 Lemons
1 oz. Arrowroot	Grated Rind of 1 Lemon.
2 Egg Yolks	

Mix together all ingredients and boil for one minute stirring well all the time. Allow to cool, stirring occasionally. This is a delicious filling for Sponge, Biscuit or Bread Sandwiches or for Lemon Cheese Tarts, before or after baking. Thinned with a little milk, it makes a delightful sauce for puddings, etc.

If you'd like lots of new recipes, send for the Copha Recipe Book. There are so many exciting things in it. Cakes, pastry, puddings, and sweets! And Copha really does make the most delicious dishes, and as it's a pure vegetable shortening, it makes them more digestible, too.

When you send for your Recipe Book, ask also for the Copha Vegetable Cookery Folder—both books are free and post free from:—

Edible Oil Industries Pty. Ltd.,  
Department WW,  
Box 2625E, G.P.O.,  
Sydney.

"Every Picture tells a Story."



**Weak Kidneys are Dangerous!**

They often cause months of serious illness.

HEALTH begins to go the moment the kidneys weaken! Backache, urinary disorders and dizzy attacks are usually the first symptoms, but rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago or renal dropsy soon adds to your distress. To end this pain and avoid even worse troubles, strengthen the kidneys with Doans Backache Kidney Pills at once. 50,000 grateful people testify that they owe complete recovery to this special kidney tonic.

**BACKACHE AND URINARY TROUBLE**

Mr. J. Barlow, Bootmaker, "Thelma," Godfrey Street, Melbourne, says: "Some eight or nine months ago I had a severe attack of kidney trouble. My back ached fearfully and I could not move without my kidneys. The doctors were seriously distressed and I was very worried and misadvised a good deal in consequence. I had a constant desire to pass water and the pain in doing so was awful. I was also troubled with bad headaches and altogether felt ill and miserable. My mother persuaded me at last to try Doans Backache Kidney Pills and so you know how glad I am I took this remedy. It gave me relief almost at once and before long banished the backache and urinary trouble completely."

Refuse inferior substitutes. Insist upon

**DOANS**  
Backache Kidney Pills

The genuine package bears the Leaf Trade Mark.



# And Now It's **FARMER'S** back page!

MAIL ORDERS TO  
P.O. BOX 497 AA,  
SYDNEY, . . .



Special stocks of  
all these shoes  
for Mail Orders

**13/9**

## THE "SUNLIT" SANDAL

Lovely blue calf with blue patent, white buck with blue patent, and brown calf with brown patent strips. 1/2's, 2 to 7.

## "SUMMER SANDAL SHOP"

has thousands of styles  
ready to go on holidays!

Exactly the kind of shoes that prove a seventh heaven on your feet when days get sizzling hot. The kind to slip into—and forget. Farmer's Summer Sandal shop has everything from white buck sportsters to dashing cruise sandals and golfers—at the lowest, easiest-to-part-with prices in town. Come and see



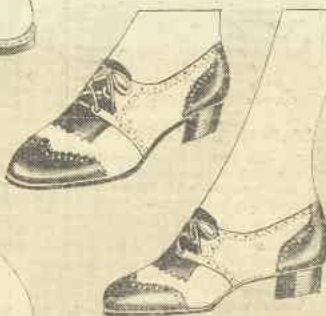
**5/6** Bright evening shoes for the beach, in gorgeous colours. Crepe sole, wedge heel. T-bar, instep-tie or ghillie. 2-7.



**13/9** The Kiltie golf shoe is in brown calf in the freemantle style. Elastic gusset. Kromhyd sole. Half sizes, 2 to 7.



**13/9** A foursome golf shoe to assist your stance. In white imitation pig grain and sturdy brown calf. Half's, 2 to 7.



## The Three in Centre

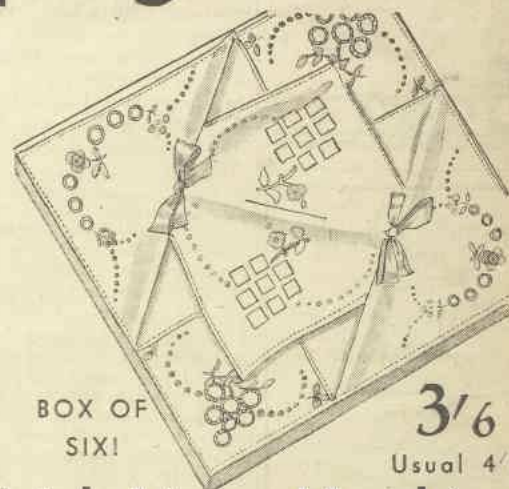
**13/9** The St. Moritz five-hole oxford. Perforated brown calf, imitation croc. White buck, blue calf facing. Leather soles. 1/2's, 2 to 7.

**13/9** A classic ghillie tie—the "Viking." Perforated. White buck, blue calf, white buck, white calf. Half's, 2 to 7.

**13/9** "Gypsy". Leather sole. White buck with navy, brown, red or green calf. 1/2's, 2 to 7.



**9/11** One of Farmer's most popular sports oxfords. Imported white mesh. Crepe sole and wedge heel. For tennis. 2-7.



BOX OF  
SIX!

**3/6**  
Usual 4/6

## Irish Linen Hankies

Neatly Embroidered!

Imagine it! Six pure linen, Irish embroidered handkerchiefs in a gay Christmas gift box for only 3/6. If Farmer's hadn't secured such a tremendous quantity the price would have been 4/6 at least. But there they are—six lovely linen hankies that you'd be thrilled to receive yourself—for an amazing 3/6.



each  
**10 1/2d**

## Emb. Irish Linen

Hand-embroidered Irish linen bordered by a 1-3/4 inch hem-stitched hem, size 10 1/2 x 10 1/2 ins. Offered now at only 10 1/2d each

each  
**1/11**

## Emb. Hand loom

Very fine linen, hand-loom embroidered in pale grey thread; 1 inch hemstitched hem. 10 1/2 x 10 1/2. Bound to make a successful gift.



each  
**2/6**

## Gay crepe-de-c.

Yes, crepe de chine! Gorgeous designs and colours! Narrow hems. The size of 17 1/2 x 17 1/2 ins. makes it big enough for a scarf.

each  
**1/3**

## On striped Linen

Fine quality linen, with narrow striped borders in brown green, red or blue. Pure white centre. 11 x 11 inches. Price, each, 1/3



Dozen  
**3/11**

## Ideal for sports

Printed lawn, 2 inch coloured border, white centre. Two-tone effects in navy/sage, green/red, brown/orange. 11 x 11 inches.

Dozen  
**2/6**

## Of Printed Lawn

Sparkling Summer Spots on coloured printed lawn in two-tone combinations. Sage, green, red or brown. 9 1/2 x 9 1/2 ins. 6 for 1/3



THE PUBLIC LIBRARY Supplement Must Not Be Sold Separately.

18 DEC 1935

# The RIGHT To LOVE

A COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL By DOUGLAS WALSHE

Free Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly. ISSUE OF DEC. 21, 1935.



JUDSON, Sir Henry Chase's butler, was serving cocktails in the drawing-room of Sir Henry's country house to Sir Henry's very smart week-end house-party.

Manners change, and butlers must move with the times. Bare backs and bad language, lipstick and eye-black, even powder applied. Judson, aged 60, had, as it were, swallowed without turning a hair.

Nobody, however, troubled about Judson's feelings, or was even aware of them. Blind to his dignified disapproval the guests took their little glasses from the tray he held out to them—among them Nancy Morestone, the charming young wife of Roger Morestone, the famous international financier.

Blue-eyed and golden-haired, with her slim figure gowned in blue georgette of the very latest fashionable cut, and with a rope of pearls worth twenty thousand round her slender, lovely neck, Nancy lifted her glass and smiled at a young man standing beside her.

"Chin-chin!" she murmured through bright, red lips.

She was twenty-five, and had been married three years.

"Cheer!" the young man answered, and kept his dark eyes upon her while he sipped.

He was twenty-seven; Gilbert Davis was his name, and by profession he was an architect. It was when he had supervised putting the famous swimming bath into her husband's house in Grosvenor Square that he and Nancy had first met. For over a year they had been friends, growing more and more friendly as the months slipped by.

Gilbert was tall and very good-looking, with dark hair, and dark, bright brown eyes.

Morestone liked him. A very busy man, Morestone was quite pleased for Gilbert to take his wife about. Nancy must have friends and be amused. No doubt of her had ever entered her husband's mind.

He took her loyalty for granted. A hard, masterful man, Nancy was Morestone's one soft spot.

Three years ago he had met her while he was on holiday in Torquay—a lovely lonely little orphan who had been brought up by a maiden aunt, and was working in a local solicitor's office, to which Morestone had gone to swear an affidavit.

Morestone always knew what he wanted, and generally got it.

Nancy handed Gilbert her glass, and Gilbert returned it to Judson's tray.

Why things happen we seldom know. They

just happen. Nothing particular had been said or done. Gilbert had only looked at her as he had looked at her a hundred times before. Yet Nancy felt as if something had suddenly awakened her.

Her eyes were grave when Gilbert returned to her side.

He loved her, and she loved him. That was what she knew. That was what she had learned while the house-party were chattering all around them.

What was to be done about it?

"Slip out into the garden with me after dinner," she whispered.

Gilbert nodded. His eyes lit up.

They went in to dinner. Gilbert did not take her in. He sat opposite to her, two places to her left.

Quietly Nancy studied him.

She loved him, and he loved her—and she was married.

"I suppose I ought to have known that it was bound to happen—ought to have realised that it was happening," she thought.

Yet somehow she hadn't. They had just gone on playing around—and now—

SHE went on thinking.

Looking at Gilbert, she thought about Morestone.

He had come into her life like a whirlwind. She had believed it to be love. But it wasn't.

At the time it had seemed like a fairy story or a miracle. Roger Morestone's strong arms had lifted her in one breathless heave from provincial poverty to riches and the West End. Wonderful it had been at first—till disillusionment came.

Wonderful it was—till she had found out how hard it was to know where strength ended and brutality began; till she had discovered, in short, that she did not love, never had loved, and never could love that harsh, bewildering personality.

But Roger was not disillusioned. That had always been the trouble. Roger still loved her—Roger, who had given her so much, and whom she had taken for better, for worse, till death did them part. And because he still loved her she had done her best to play the game.

But what about that now—when she had learned what she had learned to-night?

Gilbert smiled at her, and she looked away.

The man on her other side said something—and she tried to look as if she had heard, and then lost herself again.

"I must still play it! I must! I must!" she told herself, eating chicken that tasted like sawdust or bran.

Judson refilled her glass with champagne.

Sir Henry told a funny story and caught her eye.

Nancy joined in the laughter. It is wonderful what one can do when one tries.

So the dinner dragged to an end and she found herself in the garden with Gilbert.

"I asked you to come out so that I could tell you that I want you to go away and never see me again," she said without preamble.

Gilbert drew a quick breath.

"Why?" he asked succinctly.

"You know why."

"No."

"Yes, Gilbert—yes."

His arms moved significantly—but Nancy held him off.

"If you want me to say it, I will say it," she said bravely. "I have come to care for you too much."

The young man's body tensed.

"Darling!" he cried.

"And you care for me too much," said Nancy—holding him still with her eyes.

"Care? Care? There is nothing on God's earth I would not do for you," he burst out, moving close again and bending over her. But gently she pushed him away.

"Then go."

Two words, two little words, uttered in a quiet, silvery voice; they dropped on him like a deadly, crushing weight.

Once more his arms moved a little in response to an instinct to crush her in them; to try that way to make her change her mind.

She shook her head.

"Gilbert—please—not," she said.

There was a short, tense silence while they gazed at each other, two souls in torment, two poor, tortured things.

"Does—does your marriage—matter?" he asked, hoarsely.

"Of course it matters."

"You don't love him now, Nancy?"

"I am his wife."

"He is tired of you."

"No, Gilbert—not!"

"Then why does he leave you so much alone? Why is he not here?"

"He is busy."

It was all there—the whole case—packed into that swift, sharp interchange. Gilbert understood. Whatever her own feelings might be, and however much it hurt, nothing could make her false to the husband who still loved her.

"All right," he said, jerkily, fighting to get what he could, fighting not to lose her altogether. Half a loaf was better than utter starvation. "All right, then. But we can still be friends. If I promise not to make love to you, but just to go on being a pal—"



"No," she broke in. "That would be playing with fire—and this fire's too big to play with, Gilbert."

Again it was all there—the whole case—all the danger and the inevitable end packed into that one heart-cry.

He sighed. He stared at her dismayed. Suddenly words poured from him.

Nancy let him have his say, let him hurt her still more than she was already hurt—and then:

"It is the end, my dear," she said gently. "After to-night I don't want—I mustn't see you again. It's—it's the only way." Again there was a silence, strained and painful.

She was calling to all that was best in him. He knew it. And she was right. He knew that. Too fine, she was, to be involved in the usual mess, much too fine. And she expected him to be just as fine—hard, that.

"Very well," he said at last. "It is up to you."

He paused, and then went on, as she did not speak:

"You'll let me have just one kiss for remembrance?" he begged.

"No—not Good-bye."

"GOOD heavens!" gasped Lawrence Westerham aloud.

The newspaper shook in his hand, and his eyes positively goggled at the headlines. They were grey, those horrified eyes, and his face had gone grey, too, ashen grey.

Westerham was fifty—a society bachelor in great demand at a shoot or as a dinner guest; amusing, well-groomed, and, as his valet put it, quite the gentleman.

But now, breakfasting in his expensive service flat at Westminster, Westerham was confronting the shock of his life.

Roger Moretone had committed suicide! The headline in the paper only said that he was missing, but Westerham was sure that he was dead.

Yesterday—Sunday—Moretone had chartered an aeroplane to take him to Paris—and when it arrived there was no sign of him and a door had been found unwatched.

Was it an accident? asked the headline in that Monday morning's paper.

Of course it was suicide. The fellow had thrown himself into the Channel, because, after all, he was only another of those swindling international crooks. Westerham told himself with a shudder.

Shakily he rose from the breakfast table. Coffee and deviled kidneys interested him no longer.

He was ruined—trapped—without ever having had a run for his money! God in Heaven! how could he have been such a fool as to let Moretone victimise him like this!

Throwing the paper down, fumblingly he lit a fat, expensive Egyptian cigarette.

And only last week Moretone had got round him to part with all his scrip—his gilt-edged scrip—practically every penny of his capital! Moretone had promised to double its value before the end of a year, and make him a millionaire before he had finished with him.

"And I believed it—mug of mugs!" Westerham snarled at himself, and hurled his cigarette into the fire.

"I must have been the last of his victims, the very last one he rooked," he told himself bitterly.

His grey eyes gleamed with an almost murderous rage. Only too plainly his fifty thousand had not saved Moretone.

Feeling like nothing on earth, Westerham began to pace up and down his room.

A thought came to him. The fellow would be sure to have made provision for his wife—those swindlers always did! Supposing he went round to Grosvenor Square and saw Nancy Moretone at once—got in first, before anyone else could get at her?

Distraught with anxiety he dressed quickly, snatched up his hat, flung himself into his overcoat, and went out.

He had to ring three times at the Moretone mansion in Grosvenor Square before the door was answered, and then it was only opened an inch or two.

"Oh! it's you, sir!" exclaimed Perkins, the Moretones' butler. "I thought it was them Press again."

"Mrs. Moretone?" Westerham faltered.

"Week-ending with Sir Henry and Lady Chase, sir. She's motoring up. I'm expecting her any time."

"I'll wait then, Perkins. I must see her."

"You'd better come to the study, sir. The mistress always goes there first for her letters. I'll put anyone else in the drawing-room."

He led the way.

"Perkins, I don't think I should let anyone else wait," said Westerham, through hot, dry lips. "This—this is a horrible homecoming for Mrs. Moretone. She won't want to be worried, you know."

"Perhaps you're right, sir. It will be nice for the mistress to find you here to comfort her. I'll let nobody else in."

Westerham nodded, and looked away.

The butler went away, and Westerham, unable to sit still, began to walk up and down the room.

His eye caught a pile of letters lying on the desk—Moretone's letters and her letters. Rather dreadful for Nancy, having to open her dead husband's letters, he thought.

His eyes hardened. Good Lord! One of the letters was addressed to Nancy in her husband's handwriting—must have been posted before he started yesterday on that aeroplane trip. Jove!—yes—it bore the Croydon postmark.

For fifty years Lawrence Westerham had been a gentleman, because all his circumstances and surroundings had helped him to be a gentleman. But now he was up against it—right up against it.

Nervously he glanced at the door. Fifty and penniless—too old to start again.

Call it blackmail, call it what you like, he thought defiantly—he had himself and his future to think of.

He opened the letter.

WESTERHAM'S hand shook as he took the little packet of closely-covered sheets from the envelope and unfolded them.

"My darling (the letter ran).

"When you have read this it is to be destroyed at once, and never mentioned to a soul."

"I have not worried you with my troubles, but for months I have been fighting with my back to the wall because of the mess the whole world is in. I was straight enough till things went wrong, but in trying to pull the chestnuts out of the fire I have had to do many things of which the Law will disapprove."

"I spare you the details. You will hear all about it when the lawyers and journalists get to work. The point is that I am done, and must clear out or be sent to prison for a long term of penal servitude. And so I am taking a chance."

"I propose to jump out of the aeroplane just before we reach the other side."

"I cannot, of course, have a parachute, as my object is to make everyone believe that I have committed suicide, but I shall be wearing a crash helmet, and also one of those specially lined flying suits in which a man can float for hours, right side up."

"Very likely I may be killed outright by the force with which I strike the water, I do not really know what will happen."

"If I am so unlucky as to be spotted when I jump, or when I swim ashore, you will know what has happened because, of course, I shall be arrested. But if you hear nothing, and my body has not been found in the Channel within three weeks, you can

safely take it that I am still alive, and on my way to the other side of the world to wait for you. I am sorry, my dear, that you should have to bear this suspense, but it is unavoidable."

"The key enclosed in this letter is the key of my desk. In the middle drawer on the right-hand side you will find a packet of precious stones which should sell for at least fifty thousand pounds. Put them away for a month or two, and then take them to Rotterdam and dispose of them discreetly. This will be necessary, because you will have everything else taken away from you, poor darling. I anticipate that the creditors will formally seize the house and all your jewels at once, but if you can hide some of your jewellery from them, so much the better."

"Don't let all this make you unhappy, my sweet. It is only a cloud that will pass."

"To give myself a better chance, since it will be a rich fugitive for whom they will seek till they give it up and believe that I am dead, I am travelling steerage, and taking, with me only barely enough to maintain me till you join me with the proceeds of the sale of those stones. So, you see, I am utterly dependent on you."

"They will be a very long six months without you, but I must bear that, my dear. Six months hence the *Gloriana* is scheduled to sail for Buenos Aires—take a passage in her (or any other boat put on in her place) and you will find me waiting for you when you arrive. Do not hesitate, darling: if you have heard nothing I shall be there. The police, I repeat, are not fools, and I shall have many clever, bitter enemies who will keep them up to the mark, so I shall make no effort to get in touch with you. I shall just wait out there for you to come with the money on which we can start afresh, my own wife, whom I love so dearly. Ever your,

"ROGER."

WESTERHAM put the letter back in its envelope.

It was the letter of a strong, unscrupulous scoundrel who happened, also, to be a very loving husband.

"That's what he got that money out of me for!" he thought bitterly. "To buy those stones his wife is to sell again in Rotterdam!"

A red mist swam before his eyes.

"It isn't good enough—it isn't good enough," he muttered, glaring at the envelope he was still holding in his white, well-manicured hand. Then:

"He is dead!" he said abruptly, aloud.

Of course Moretone was dead. The plan was utter madness. He would strike the water like a stone. There was not the least chance that he had survived. Westerham suddenly made up his mind.

Nancy Moretone must take care of herself!

"I am going to have those diamonds—they are mine, and I am going to have them!"

It was his money that had bought them, and he would take the lot! It was quite safe. He had only to destroy the letter and help himself.

He took the key of Moretone's desk, and unlocked the drawer. Ah! there it was—the little brown-paper parcel that would put everything right for him.

Hastily he slipped it into his pocket, and into the fire he flung the letter he had just read.

White and trembling, he watched it burn.

The key—the key—what should he do with the key of Moretone's desk? Drop that also, in the fire? No, no—it would be found when the grate was cleared. Better pocket it. The desk could easily be broken open.

The last of the ashes of the letter had just disappeared in the red coals when the door opened behind him, and Nancy came in—pale and griefed.

"Just in time—not a minute to spare!"



he thought as he turned to greet her.  
"Mr. Westerham. Perkins told me you were here. Good of you to come," said Nancy tonelessly.  
Westerham held out a shaking hand.  
"My dear—this is dreadful," he murmured.  
"Ghastly! I saw it in the papers before I started." She dropped into a chair.  
"Roger, a crook! It's incredible! And to go out like that—when I thought he was so strong—unable to face the music!"  
"I am afraid things must be very bad," said Westerham.  
Restlessly she rose.  
"Letters," she gasped, catching sight of the pile. "Perhaps—"  
If Roger had really committed suicide, surely he would have written to say good-bye, not just have gone out without a word? Feverishly she searched, while Westerham watched—with an arm pressing against the little brown-paper parcel in his pocket.  
"No. Nothing!"

NANCY looked at Westerham.  
"That makes me think that perhaps he isn't a swindler as the papers are hinting," she said. "Perhaps it was an accident and he did make a mistake about the aeroplane door? Otherwise I am sure there would have been a message."  
Her eyes begged him to answer—beggared for comfort—beggared for assurance that she had not been tied for three years to a thief, dressed and fed and decorated with stolen money.  
"Accident, or the other thing, he is dead," said Westerham, speaking with difficulty. "He can't possibly have survived."  
He knew his manner was strange, but told himself that it did not matter. She was too upset to notice.  
"Yes," Nancy gulped. "I know he must be dead. I didn't mean that. What I meant was—"  
She stopped and Westerham nodded. He knew what she meant—and he also knew the worst. Had he not read Moretone's letter?  
"I am afraid it is a bad show. No use deceiving yourself, Nancy. It is what you fear—that everyone is thinking," he faltered. "But all you can do for the present is to wait and see—give them time to go into things. I—I am frightfully sorry for you, Nancy. That's what I came over to tell you, and—to offer to do anything I can."  
He held out his hand.  
"I had better leave you. You would prefer to be alone."  
"Thank you. Thank you very much," Nancy looked at him piteously. "If you are right in what you think about things, I am afraid you will have lost a great deal," she added, with a sigh. "All my friends will have lost. I do hope you are not ruined?"  
"No, no. Don't worry about me. I shall be all right. Lost something, of course, but not more than I can stand."  
He dropped her cold little hand.  
"Good-bye. Don't forget. Anything I can do at any time," he murmured, and fled.  
Left alone, Nancy stared unhappily round the room that had been but was no longer Moretone's study—stared vaguely about her as if she were looking for something that she had lost.  
Coming up in the car she had tried to hope that if Roger were dead at least he had not died disgraced. Accidents might happen to anybody, even Roger Moretone. But now she felt that not even that hope was left to her. Westerham—Roger's and her friend—had convinced her that the only explanation of what had happened was the horrible, humiliating worst. Roger was just a financial swindler who had taken the coward's way to escape arrest and imprisonment.

"No, no. I must not be bitter," she told herself.  
Because he was dead, because he was gone, she tried to think kindly of him, tried to remember their happy moments together, and his unfailing generosity to her.  
The prospect of what lay before her during the next few months made her feel physically sick—and afterwards, when it was all over—what then?  
"Oh, Roger!" she cried to the empty room. "How could you? How could you?"  
The fingers of her clenched fists dug deep into her palms.  
She started and turned at the sound of the door opening behind her.  
It was Gilbert.  
"I had to come," he said, and paused, breathless, not with haste, but with pity for her white, anguished face.  
"It is ghastly for you, my dear," he went on, as Nancy did not speak. "But it is not your trouble only—it is mine, too. That is what I am for—to get between you and trouble, Nancy."  
Nancy continued to look at him blankly. "There is only one thing to be done—and you are going to do it," he said. "We must be married—at once."  
He slipped an arm round her waist.  
"I've thought it all out. You'll let me—you will marry me, won't you, Nancy?" he pleaded.

NANCY'S lip quivered as she freed herself from the arm that Gilbert had slipped about her.  
She was deeply moved. But:  
"My dear, of course I won't," she said, with a little shake in her voice. "As if I could let you marry me—like that—out of pity."  
Gilbert's brown eyes darkened with disappointment.  
"It isn't pity," he protested.  
"It is. It's marrying me just to take care of me!"  
"Well, why not?" He shifted his ground. "Isn't it my job to take care of you?"  
As he had told her, he had thought it all out in his own way, and to him it seemed the obvious and natural thing that he should take charge of her.  
"I love you, and I cannot bear to think of you worried or hurt," he said simply. "And you love me."  
His eyes commanded her to admit it.  
"Yes," said Nancy, softly.  
"Then why not marry me?"  
Nancy shook her head.  
"Even though I love you I am not going to marry you just to be protected," she said.  
"It's nice to know that you care—to feel that you are there," she said. "But this is my show, I've got to see it through," Gilbert protested that it was his show, too.  
"All you can do is to stand by, my dear," Nancy said. "Stand by and be my friend—"  
She stopped because the door opened.  
"There's a man here from Scotland Yard," Perkins reported. "Inspector Metherington is his name. He insists on seeing you at once, ma'am."  
"Bring him in," said Nancy.  
It had begun. She looked at Gilbert.  
"Don't go," she said, "unless he makes you."  
The inspector entered, a brisk, tactful man.  
"Mrs. Moretone?" he asked.  
Nancy nodded.  
"Is this gentleman your solicitor, madam?" he inquired.  
"No," said Nancy. "A friend. But I should like him to stay, if you don't mind."  
"Not at all," said the inspector. "This is only a preliminary interview."  
His keen, trained eyes had been looking round the room, and had noticed the pile of letters on the desk.  
"Has your husband ever said anything to

you about committing suicide?" he inquired.  
Nancy shook her head.  
"You had no idea that such a thought was in his mind?"  
"Not the slightest."  
"But you knew something of the difficulties he was in?"  
She looked into the inspector's mask-like face.  
"Was my husband in difficulties?" she asked, for she still did not know for certain.  
"Surely his letter told you?" Metherington countered.  
Nancy raised her eyebrows.  
"What letter?" she asked, puzzled.  
"The letter you found among those other letters when you returned," said the inspector.  
"There was no letter," said Nancy.  
"Are you sure, madam? Someone has clearly been searching among those envelopes."  
"I did," said Nancy. "But there was no letter."  
Gilbert frowned. Sharp, trappy sort of chap, this plainclothes inspector, he thought and wondered if there had been a message, and Nancy was concealing it.  
"No letter must be destroyed," said the inspector. "It must be handed to me, and I will hand it to the coroner, should there be an inquest."  
He paused, but Nancy did not speak.  
"I am aware that all this is very painful for you, Mrs. Moretone, but these things must be thoroughly investigated. We shall spare your feelings all we can. But if there was a letter, we must see it."  
"There was no letter," Nancy said again. The inspector changed the subject.  
"Have you any objection to my taking possession of these?" he inquired, gathering up the envelopes and holding them out.  
"Not at all," said Nancy.  
"HERE, wait a bit," Gilbert interposed. "If he puts it like that it does not sound as if he has the right to take them, Nancy."  
"Oh! let him have them," said Nancy quickly. "I want to do all I can to help them to find out everything as soon as possible."  
Gilbert shrugged and subsided.  
"That is certainly the best line for you to take, Mrs. Moretone," said the inspector, a little more humanly. "This gentleman is correct. At present we have no rights. Everything is, so to speak, in the air."  
"An unfortunate metaphor," Gilbert thought.  
"We are just trying to find out where we are," Metherington went on. "Was that your husband's desk?" he asked.  
Nancy nodded.  
"It might be of the greatest assistance at this stage if you would allow me to examine its contents."  
"Do," said Nancy. "If it will help you, Inspector."  
"Nancy—wait a bit," Gilbert protested. "You ought to see your solicitor. It's not wise for you to hand over everything—"  
"That is a question for Mrs. Moretone, not you, to decide," the inspector interposed.  
Gilbert's eyes flashed.  
"That be hanged for a tale," he cried, warmly. "She ought to have proper advice."  
"I have offered no objection to that!" the inspector retorted. "But if Mrs. Moretone is willing to hand over all her husband's papers—"  
"She isn't," said Gilbert. "Not till she has seen her lawyer—nor is she going to answer any more questions except in his presence."  
"Yes, I am, Gilbert," Nancy interposed. Once more Gilbert shrugged and subsided.  
"I am sure you are wise, Mrs. More-



tone," the inspector commented. "It will save a lot of time and trouble in the end."

Gilbert stood by and listened while he asked her a lot of questions about Roger's private life. And then, suddenly, Gilbert had an idea, and slipped quietly out of the room.

He found Perkins in the hall and asked him if he knew who was Moretone's solicitor. Perkins did, and gave him the number.

Gilbert rang him up. It was some time before he could get through, and then more time elapsed while he discussed the situation with the senior partner of Lessing, Lessing and Co., explaining that he was a friend of Mrs. Moretone, who was very anxious that the best possible should be done for her. There was her future to consider; he was sure Mr. Lessing would understand.

"Quite," said the lawyer.

This inspector chap was only bluffing—fishing—nosing round to see what he could find out, and already Nancy had offered him the contents of her husband's desk—all his papers. It was quite likely that among those papers there might be—well, something that would be very useful to her.

"Quite," said Mr. Lessing again. "I agree that it is most unwise and precipitate."

"Then come round in a taxi and stop her," said Gilbert. "I have tried, but she won't listen."

"I will be there as soon as I can," said Mr. Lessing.

Gilbert rang off and returned to Nancy. He reached the door of the study just in time to see Inspector Metherington coming out, with a large brown-paper parcel under his arm.

"Wait a bit," said Gilbert. "I have sent for Mrs. Moretone's solicitor."

"I have no desire to see Mrs. Moretone's solicitor," said the inspector. "And if he wants to see me he will know where to find me."

"What have you got there?" demanded Gilbert, laying a hand on the parcel.

"Stand back," said the inspector. "And take my advice: don't attempt to interfere with me in the execution of my duty."

"It is all right, Gilbert," Nancy explained. "He is only taking some of Roger's papers away for examination."

"But he has no right yet—" Gilbert began.

"Yes, he has," Nancy interrupted. "I gave him leave to break open the desk, and told him he could send some men round to open the safe as well."

"Good morning," said the inspector, and marched off.

Gilbert looked at Nancy with stern, disapproving eyes.

"You do make it jolly difficult for people to take care of you," he protested. "Now listen: after this you are to do nothing without first consulting Mr. Lessing. He will be here in a minute or two."

"I am glad you sent for him. I want to see him," said Nancy.

"It is just as well I didn't fall in with your idea about our getting married at once," said Nancy. "We should have been very disappointed if we had fixed it up. The inspector got quite human while he was opening Roger's desk, and he told me that it will be six months at least, and perhaps a year, or even two, before the courts will 'presume his death.' Her voice shook. "That's rather dreadful, isn't it, Gilbert?"

"Ghastly!" exclaimed Gilbert. The news made him more anxious than ever about her.

"Nancy, was there a letter?" he asked. She shook her head.

"Mr. Lessing," Perkins announced. They all shook hands.

Lessing was a portly, impressive man of fifty-five, very well dressed, and with an assured, persuasive manner.

He began by expressing his sympathy with Nancy, and then asked her if it was her wish that he should act for her.

"Please," said Nancy, and Gilbert and the lawyer exchanged a significant glance.

"Mrs. Moretone is not being very good," said Gilbert. "She let that inspector I told you about take all he wanted out of Roger's desk, and she has agreed that he shall send some men here to open the safe."

Lessing stroked his chin.

"You know, perhaps, what is in the safe?" he asked Nancy, half-smiling.

"No—I have no idea."

"But whatever there may be there makes no difference to you?" the lawyer insinuated.

"I don't quite understand," said Nancy, puzzled by both his question and his manner.

"To be blunt, Mrs. Moretone, since there should be a perfect confidence between a solicitor and his client, your husband has made other provision for you?"

"No," she said—and the lawyer spread out his hands in a gesture of disappointment—or was it surprise?

"I can take it that that is the truth?" he pressed her.

"Absolutely," said Nancy—and Gilbert, who loved her, cursed Moretone for his neglect.

"Moretone doesn't seem to have thought of anyone but himself, and getting out of it," he said to Lessing. "So it is up to us to do what we can for her. It's not fair that she should—"

"Yes, yes," said Lessing hastily, for there were things that were better not put into words.

"If you will leave everything to me, Mrs. Moretone," he said, "I think I can promise at least to keep the wolf from your door."

Nancy looked from one to the other of the two men, and drew a deep breath.

"Oh! you don't understand," she burst out. "I know you are thinking of me—but you don't understand. It is not to steal stolen money for me that I want a lawyer, Mr. Lessing—but to help me to give it all back! My husband was a thief—I've been fed and dressed on what he swindled out of others. Everything I have has been stolen from somebody!"

"My dear lady," protested the startled lawyer, "that's not the way to look at it."

"It is the way I look at it," said Nancy, as if that settled the matter—and it did—for her.

GILBERT stood back. Let the lawyer talk. He would soon convince Nancy what utter folly this was!

Lessing cleared his throat.

"Sentiment is all very well, Mrs. Moretone," he began, and then Nancy interrupted him.

"It is no use your talking, either of you. I have made up my mind. I am giving it all up—everything. There shall be no trickery—just a clean sweep. This house—my jewels—the money in my account at the bank—the furniture—my own car. Nothing really belongs to me, and I will be no party to any of it being made out to be my property."

"Nancy—Nancy—really this is madness," cried Gilbert. "Hang it, Lessing, make her see it!"

But Nancy gave the lawyer no chance to intervene. Ever since she had heard the news about Roger this was what had been gradually crystallising in her mind, and out it had come.

"I must do it. I will do it," she declared. "I want to feel clean—as clean as I can feel."

She caught her breath. Could she ever feel really clean again? Then, controlling herself with an effort, she turned to Lessing.

"That's why I told the inspector he could send and open the safe—and that is what I want a solicitor for," she cried. "To arrange it all for me—give everything back—sell everything—keep nothing, not one penny!"

If you will do that for me I shall be very grateful. If not, I must find someone who will."

Lessing looked at her with a light of unwilling admiration in his shrewd eyes.

"If those are your instructions, I can only carry them out," he murmured.

"They are my instructions," said Nancy, firmly.

Gilbert tried again.

"Nancy—think!" he interposed. "What will become of you?"

"I worked for my living before I married, and I can do it again," she answered.

"No, no, darling! You can't," Gilbert pleaded.

"I can—I will—I must," said Nancy, slowly, and then, like the lawyer, Gilbert also surrendered. It was no good. They could do nothing with her. She must have her way.

THERE was a terrible cry when, during the next few days, the huge series of frauds in which Moretone had been involved were gradually brought to light. Prices crashed in New York, London, Paris and Berlin—Wall Street, indeed, had one of its panics, and the committee of the London Stock Exchange called a special meeting to discuss the matter.

The Channel was scoured for the missing financier's body, and the Press were loud in their demands that his dummy directors should be arrested and punished. The auditors were attacked, and the Government was abused.

Nancy bowed her head to the raging storm. Photographs of the famous swimming bath appeared in all the papers with sarcastic captions, and hundreds of people wrote to her, some bitterly, some pathetically, but all taking it for granted that, of course, she would come out of it all right, and wanting her to do something for them.

It was ghastly—there was no other word for it. All her friends seemed to have had money in Moretone's companies, and they all reproached her for not having given them the tip to get out in time.

When rumor after rumor concerning Moretone had been proved false, Lessing persuaded the committee of investigation to accept it that Moretone was dead, and a compromise was arrived at before a Judge in Chambers. Because of the public money and the complicated interests involved, it should be accepted pro tem. that Moretone had committed suicide, and if nothing further was heard of him within six months, the Judge would hear a formal application "to presume his death."

His decision, the Judge stipulated, was to be taken only as applying to the special circumstances of a special case. But Nancy was not interested in the legal aspect of the matter. All that concerned her was that now she could give up everything, and start again with nothing.

"It may be magnificent, but it isn't business," said Mr. Lessing, parodying the famous saying about the charge of the Light Brigade.

"What are you going to do?" asked Gilbert.

"Leave Grosvenor Square at once, and find a job," said Nancy.

"Where are you going?"

"Anywhere," said Nancy. "Some cheap boarding-house."

During the three years she had been Roger's wife the aunt who had brought her up in Turkey had died. Her other relations were too angry with her about their losses for her to think of going to any of them. She preferred to be independent.

GILBERT frowned, hating the thought of Nancy in a cheap boarding-house. But, of course, it would only be for a time. As soon as Moretone's death was legally presumed she was going to be married. Gilbert was quite determined about that.



"What sort of a job?" he asked, anxious as ever to help and protect.

"Well, I was a typist in a lawyer's office before I was married," said Nancy.

Gilbert looked at her rather oddly. "I suppose you wouldn't care to come and be my secretary?" he inquired.

"Do architects have secretaries?" Nancy asked.

"Of course. I've got one now."

"Then keep her, my dear," said Nancy.

Gilbert frowned.

"It's rather hurtful the way you won't let me do anything for you," he grumbled.

"I can't let you turn a girl out of her job on my account, darling," said Nancy. "Besides, I know you wouldn't treat me properly. I'm not playing at this."

"Oh! all right," said Gilbert gloomily, and then brightened again. "All the same, let me see if I can't find you a job?"

"A genuine job," said Nancy.

He nodded, and she asked him what he had in mind.

"Westerham," he explained. "He knows everybody, and can pull all sorts of strings. I know you wouldn't ask him for yourself, but let me go to him and see if he can find some duchess or countess who wants a secretary—a nice easy job, well paid, and in the sort of surroundings you are accustomed to—"

"Gilbert," Nancy broke in. "I do wish you wouldn't talk as if I can't live anywhere but in a glass case. I was a working girl till I got married, please remember."

"Lots of water has gone under your bridge since then, Nancy. Do let me try Westerham? He's a good sort, and he likes you," he pleaded.

"All right," she agreed. "I am too proud to do it myself, but you can try Westerham for me if you like."

Gilbert went round to see him at once, while Nancy was packing the few things she had reserved to take away with her. Perkins and all the staff had been already sent off. Downstairs there were only a man and wife who were to act as caretakers till the house and its contents had been put up to auction for the benefit of the creditors.

While she was waiting for Gilbert to return there came a ring at the bell.

The caretaker answered it, and informed her that a gentleman had called from the "Daily Gazette."

"Oh! just get rid of him," said Nancy. "Say I have nothing to tell him."

The caretaker returned to the young man who had been sent round by his editor to discover if there was anything fresh in the Moretone affair. He was a very clever young man, and the caretaker was not accustomed to dealing with the Press. He told him that Mrs. Moretone had nothing to say, and in response to a little skillful pumping he also told him how Nancy was going away to earn her own living, having given up everything, and how the house was to be sold.

THE journalist's eyes sparkled, as he turned away from the front door at the very moment that Gilbert came up to it.

"No luck," Gilbert reported to Nancy. "I only saw Westerham's man. Westerham has gone abroad, and his man has no idea when his master will be back. I left a message asking him to ring me up when he returns—I couldn't do more because Westerham has not left his address. All his man knows is that he is on the Continent somewhere. Sounds a bit odd, don't you think—rather as if there were a lady in the case?"

But there was no lady in the case. It was simply that if one had fifty thousand pounds' worth of precious stones to dispose of discreetly it would not be at all discreet to let it be known that one had gone to Rotterdam.

"I shall look on this as Fate," said Nancy. "and do as I meant to do—try for a job on my own. Gilbert, don't you think I had better go back to my maiden name and become Nancy Somers again? My old refer-

ences are in that name, and I don't want everyone pointing at me and getting to know what I want to forget."

Gilbert nodded.

"I certainly should," he agreed, and caught hold of her left hand.

"That means you can take this off," he removed her wedding ring, the only ring she had kept. Then he lifted her hand to his lips.

"Now mind," he said to the third finger, "you're to stay bare till I'm ready to cover your nakedness!" And then he kissed it.

The young journalist was a very good journalist. He had got a very good story, and he made the most of it. The picture he drew, in words, of Moretone's widow voluntarily sacrificing everything and going out into the world to earn her own living was a very telling and interesting one.

A hard-faced, bearded, shabbily-clad man read it in a French paper in Marseilles. He was waiting outside a waterside lodging-house for a boat that was to carry him as a steerage passenger to South America, and it was the day before that boat was due to sail that the paper came into his hands.

First the man frowned. Then he smiled. He had read a lot about Roger Moretone in the French papers while he was waiting, but nothing had interested him so much as this.

"Clever little Nancy!" he thought. "Joye, this was the stuff to throw dust in their eyes! What a stunt! His loyal, splendid Nancy had told the world that she had gone off without a penny—to keep them quiet and unsuspecting—while she sneaked over to Rotterdam to turn that little brown-paper packet into the fifty thousand pounds she was to bring him, with herself, to Buenos Aires when it was safe!"

IT was in Holland that Westerham read the story.

He frowned when he read the young journalist's story, and his first reaction to it was rather curious.

"Good Lord! that's what she would have done with my fifty thousand," was the thought that flashed into his mind. "Thank goodness I had the sense to take it back!"

He felt relieved. It was all very well for Nancy to be so quixotic—Nancy was not fifty.

When he was back in London he would write to Nancy, tell her how well he considered she had behaved, and offer to do anything in his power to help her. He might even say that if at any time a few hundreds would be of any use he would be only too glad to come to her assistance.

His meditations were interrupted by a page-boy belonging to the hotel handing him a note.

He forgot Nancy and the story he had just read about as he opened it.

One of those diamond dealers he was finding it so difficult to handle had promised to let him have his final offer to-night.

Westerham glanced at the note angrily.

Twenty-five thousand! Nonsense! Moretone had said those stones were worth fifty thousand, and where money was concerned Moretone was a fellow who knew what he was talking about. These fellows were trying to rob him—taking advantage of his ignorance and the fact that he was a gentleman.

If only he dared employ an agent, but he dared not. Secrecy was the essence of this transaction. The police of half a dozen countries were investigating Moretone's affairs; one slip, one false move, and he might find himself in the cart.

Worried and angry, he tore up the note. "I won't take it. I won't be robbed!" he told himself.

It was not Nancy's way to do anything by halves. She had vowed to leave Grosvenor Square empty-handed, and she left

it as empty-handed as she could in the circumstances.

Gilbert was very worried about it all. He did not like the cheap boarding-house in which she established herself.

He had invited himself to dinner there with her on her first evening, and, frankly, the place appalled him—not for himself, but for Nancy.

"My dear idiot," said Nancy, when he was unwise enough in his loving idolatry of her to tell her what was in his mind, "for goodness sake get the idea out of your head that I'm like the little donkey in the nursery rhyme, only fit to be fed on strawberries and cream, or whatever it was."

The look in her eyes softened her words. "I've had those years of luxury I was not entitled to, and now I have to even things up—that's all," she added.

Gilbert took her out for a walk after the meal, to get her away from the other guests, who never spoke to her without calling her Miss Somers, and who had asked him straight out if he was her young man.

IT was while they were out that a placard attracted his attention. He bought a paper, and they read the young journalist's story.

Nancy was furious. This was the last sort of publicity she courted. It made her feel sick.

"Thank goodness I've gone back to my old name—otherwise this might make it very difficult for me to find a job," she said. "It must have been that fool of a caretaker."

Gilbert was not at all upset about the matter.

"Dash it! you are behaving splendidly, and I think it is just as well that people should know about it," he said.

"I'm not looking for puffy medals," said Nancy.

Gilbert changed the subject.

"I say," he exclaimed, "how much money have you got? It may be some time before you find a job, and you have never told me what you intend to do for cash."

"Oh! that's all right—all arranged for," said Nancy. "Don't be afraid, darling. If ever I am really in a hole I shan't hesitate to borrow a fiver from you. I'm going to sell some jewellery, though—the things I had when I was married."

"Why not let me do that for you?" Gilbert suggested.

"All right," she said. "Thanks very much."

"How much do you expect to get for them?" Gilbert inquired.

"Between fifteen and twenty pounds," said Nancy.

She gave him the things when he took her back to the boarding-house, and after he had left her Gilbert chuckled to himself.

At last he had an opportunity of doing something for her—and he meant to make the most of it.

He called at the boarding-house on the following evening and found Nancy rather disheartened. The first day of putting her name down at various places and studying the papers had not made the prospect of a job seem very encouraging. Evidently it was going to be more difficult to earn her own living than she had anticipated.

"I got thirty-four pounds fifteen shillings for the lot!" announced Gilbert triumphantly.

Nancy brightened.

"Gilbert—how topping!" she cried.

Thirty-six pounds-odd—she could live for a long time in the boarding-house on that! "You should just have heard me bargaining with the blighters!" said Gilbert. "Beating 'em down—up, I mean."

"It's heaps more than I ever dreamed they would fetch," said Nancy. "Tell you what, you must let me take you to the pictures and buy you a cocktail with the fifteen bob. That shall be your commission, darling."

"All right," said Master Gilbert. "I reckon I've earned it."



It was all lies. He had not sold her jewellery at all. He was just keeping it for her, to return it some day later on. So far, every time he had tried to help, she had done him down, but this time he had done her down—and he was proud of it! Not one single quail was troubling his conscience.

**I**T was no good. Thirty thousand was the uttermost farthing Westerham could screw out of the dealers in Rotterdam. He was very disappointed about it, and he knew he was being swindled. But in the end he was obliged to accept the offer.

Twenty times a day since he had taken them, he had told himself that those stones were his stones, and he had every possible right to them. But he had not been to Eton and Oxford for nothing. The oftentimes with which he told himself that was proof that he did not really believe it, and was only trying to keep his pecker up.

It was fear that finally made him agree to take thirty thousand.

"They are worth fifty thousand," he said obstinately, "and I won't take a penny less."

"Well," said the dealer, "I will tell you what I will do. I will send to Hatton Garden and find out exactly what you paid for them, and give you fifteen per cent. less. One of my assistants shall fly over to-night. What about that?"

"I'll take the thirty thousand," said Westerham, in a panic, horrified at the thought of any inquiries being made, and fearing that the result would be that they would be taken from him and he would be arrested.

The dealer gave him a banker's draft. He was only bluffing. He did not know and he did not care where they came from.

On the boat that was taking him back to England Westerham paced the deck in a very gloomy frame of mind.

He had dropped twenty thousand pounds through that cunning devil who was now lying at the bottom of the Channel.

Curse that swindler, Moretone! When he wrote to Moretone's wife, on second thoughts, he would not say anything about a few hundreds being at her disposal any time she needed them.

His man welcomed him with his usual deferential smile.

"There are two urgent messages for you, sir," he reported. "Mr. Gilbert, Davis told me to ask you to ring him up as soon as you returned, and so did Inspector Metherington, of Scotland Yard."

"Eh?" said Westerham, startled. "He has been here twice to see if you were home, sir," the valet explained.

Westerham went to the telephone. There was no question as to whom he would ring up first, Metherington. He must find out what he wanted. "Good heavens! was he on his track about those stones? He must know at once."

"Mr. Westerham speaking," he said, when he got through. "I understand that you wish to see me."

"I'll come round at once," a strange voice informed him.

**W**ESTERHAM rang off, quaking with fear. The fellow had been very curt—very quick—sounded most alarmingly anxious to see him. Was he going to be bowled out and arrested?

No. Nonsense! Nobody could possibly know. He was a shareholder of Moretone—all sorts of inquiries were going on—it was foolish to panic. All he had to do was to keep cool.

He drank off a double whisky, and left the bottle and siphon ready. Might throw the chap off the scent if he gave him a drink.

What a time he was coming! He paced up and down the room, waiting.

Ah!—a ring—voices—here he was at last! "Mr. Westerham?" said Metherington, as he came in.

"Yes. Good evening, Inspector," said

Westerham shakily. "Er—er—sit down. Have a drink, won't you? Help yourself."

"No, thank you," said Metherington. "Never touch anything on duty."

"You—you want to see me about something?" Westerham faltered, anxious to know the worst.

"Yes," said the inspector. "I have discovered that shortly before Roger Moretone did away with himself he made some rather extensive purchases of precious stones in Hatton Garden, and I want to know if you can give us any information as to what has become of them?"

Westerham turned away.

**W**ESTERHAM felt numb with horror. He turned round, looked at the inspector, and tried to speak, but no sound came through his slightly dropped lower jaw.

Metherington knew about those precious stones, and he had come to him to bowl him out.

Shudderingly he lowered his eyes to his wrists, seeing an imaginary pair of handcuffs upon them.

What would his sentence be? A year—two—ten? he wondered wildly.

"I am tracing all possible assets for the benefit of the creditors," said Metherington, in his harsh, distinct voice. "It was Mrs. Moretone who suggested that I should come to you."

Nancy! So the letter had been missed—Nancy had realised that he must have taken it—discovered about the stones—and had put this fellow on his track. Nervously Westerham moistened his lips with the tip of his tongue.

"Mrs. Moretone thought you would be able to help me," added Metherington.

"Why should Mrs. Moretone think—?" he began, and stopped abruptly. Good heavens! he had been about to say why should Nancy think he had taken that letter and the letter had not been mentioned yet.

"I had better explain," said Metherington. "Mrs. Moretone thought that as a friend of her husband you might know what she did not know. We want to know what has become of those stones. We mean to get hold of them."

Westerham's blood ran cold again.

"Surely you are not suggesting that I have them?" he demanded, unable to bear the suspense any longer and determined to bring the matter to a head and know where he was.

The inspector smiled.

"Of course not," he said.

Westerham sat down.

"It's like this," Metherington went on. "We know that Moretone, just before he cleared out, bought a lot of precious stones that could easily be turned into money. We know, too, that he was in that aeroplane—that has been definitely established in spite of all the silly stories knocking about. Now a man who is going to hurl himself out of an aeroplane into the Channel doesn't do it with forty or fifty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds in his pocket. That's not sense."

"Quite," said Westerham, as the inspector paused, evidently expecting him to say something.

"Those stones were meant for somebody," Metherington went on. "Naturally our first thought was his wife. I'll be frank with you, Mr. Westerham. I suppose you've seen in the papers what she has done?"

Westerham nodded.

"Well, we thought that might all be just bluff—thought she had those stones and was putting up that stunt to throw dust in our eyes. So we traced her—quite easily, of course—to a boarding-house, where she is living under her maiden name. I had a long interview with her. To cut a long story short, she absolutely convinced

me that she knew nothing about them, and was as straight as a die."

Westerham produced a gold cigarette case.

"If you won't have a drink, at least have a cigarette," he said. A cigarette would help to mask his fear, and confusion, cover the bewilderment that was now alternating with his terror. What was this chap after? Metherington accepted a cigarette.

"Now, if Moretone did not give them to his wife, and did not take them with him himself, what about a mistress?" he asked.

Westerham started.

"These millionaires!" The inspector shrugged. "He got those stones for somebody, and if it wasn't his wife—well, I ask you! I had to put it to her. Did she know of any rival in his affections? But she didn't. She told me she was sure there wasn't anybody."

He flicked the ash from his cigarette into the ashtray that Westerham had placed beside him.

"Wives, naturally, are the last to know about that sort of thing," he went on. "I had to point that out to her, and ask for a list of friends—men friends—who might be likely to know such a fact. Among them she gave me your name. While you have been away I have been round making inquiries, and I must admit that I have drawn blank. Can you help us, Mr. Westerham? Do you know of any other woman in Moretone's life to whom he might have wished to give forty or fifty thousand pounds on the quiet, before he committed suicide?"

Westerham shook his head. A false scent! Every moment he had been becoming more and more alive again.

"I know of nobody," he said, firmly.

He rose, as a sign that the interview was over. Westerham was himself again, ready coolly to dismiss the man before whom five minutes previously he had been quaking in his shoes.

**S**ICKENING. Nancy called the unwanted publicity which the young journalist had thrust upon her.

The situation had to be faced, and she had faced it. That was all. It was absurd for Gilbert to fuss so about the boarding-house and her abrupt change from riches to poverty.

"Shut up about it—forget it," she had said to him. "This is Miss Somers speaking, not Mrs. Moretone. You don't know Miss Somers—you have only just met her—and you have a lot to learn about her, old thing."

The words were light, but their message, their command, was serious. Gilbert recognised it.

"Very good, Miss Somers." He had accepted her rebuke. "May I say I am very pleased to meet you, and like you even more than I liked Mrs. Moretone—and shall like you still more when your change your name again."

"That's better," Nancy had remarked. "Except the last bit. Rather dragged in, I call that."

But from the moment it was understood between them that the past was past—held in suspense. Even Inspector Metherington's startling suggestion that Moretone had had a mistress for whom he had made provision before he died was not to be discussed. Nancy did not believe it, but Gilbert naturally was ready to believe anything about Roger, after the way he had let Nancy down, so it was just as well to let the matter drop.

They became, in short, just two ordinary people—a prosperous young architect who was very friendly with a young lady who lived in a boarding-house and was looking for a job.

About the job Westerham had proved a broken reed. Gilbert and he had talked on the telephone, but Westerham had not



been able to do anything. In the end Nancy found a job for herself by answering an advertisement.

She and Gilbert met every evening, and had come to a working arrangement about it. For every time he took her to dinner he must dine with her once at the boarding-house as her guest.

It was on one of those evenings that she informed him that at last she had found work.

"He's a funny little man—my job—and I don't like his ties much, but he's taken me on," she said. "He's sweet—fat and bald."

"Fine," said Gilbert. "Evidently no need for me to be jealous."

"There were twenty-four other girls waiting to be his typist," said Nancy, proudly, "and he chose me."

"Why?" said Gilbert. "Now you have told me that I am jealous. It can only have been for your looks!"

"It was sentiment—pure, sticky sentiment. I told him that I had got my experience in a solicitor's office in Torquay—and that was where he had spent his honeymoon."

"I didn't know that Torquay solicitors' offices were honeymoon resorts," said Gilbert.

Nancy withered him with a look.

"That was what did it. He's a widower, poor man, and when he heard that I had worked in Torquay, well, it didn't even matter that my reference was four years old. He just asked me what I had been doing since then, and I told him that I had been staying at home—"

"Nancy," exclaimed Gilbert, "you shock me!"

"And then he told me about his honeymoon, and what his wife had died of, and said I could start to-morrow."

"I wish he wasn't a widower," said Gilbert. "You are sure he is very fat and very bald?"

"Absolutely."

"Then you may try him, Nancy."

"Thank you, Gilbert. Very kind of you to give me leave."

**D**URING the weeks that followed it seemed to Nancy that she really had put most of her troubles behind her. Punctually at nine-thirty in the morning she went to John Martin's office, and left at six with the consciousness that she was one of the world's workers again, and that her employer appeared to be pleased with her.

Martin was a coffee-broker, and except for an office boy Nancy was all the staff. Somewhere down at the docks there was a warehouse, but that was not Nancy's concern. Taking down dull letters about bags of coffee "f.o.b." "c.i.f." or "f.a.t." was the way she passed most of her time.

She liked Mr. Martin. He was sweet to her in a fatherly way, and often talked to her about Torquay. But one morning, when she had been there a month, he received a letter that made him go purple with indignation.

It was a circular from the committee investigating Roger Moretone's affairs.

"Look at that," he burst out, thrusting it into his startled secretary's hands. "No hope of a penny for the shareholders—that's what that means! Eight thousand I had invested in that rotter's rotten companies—and it has all gone, every farthing of it!"

Nancy reddened, and the circular shook in her hand.

"All my savings, the money I hoped to retire on," Martin raved on. "Wasted by that swine on swimming baths for his house in Grosvenor Square—frocks and jewels for his women—God knows what! If I had him here I'd throttle the life out of him."

He banged his fist on his desk.

"Look at me—still got to go on working—"

running my business on overdrafts, hard put to it to keep my head above water at fifty-five—all through him and his lying prospectuses and his lying promises. And think of the thousands worse off than I am!"

He struck his desk again.

"Do you think I believe that yarn that was in the papers about his wife giving up everything? Not likely. She's all right. Be sure of that. She only sold her frocks because they were out of date, and gave up her jewellery because she had more and better hidden away. Done, we have been, all along the line, every one of us who trusted that dirty, lying sneak-thief."

Nancy bit her lip. Very sorry for her employer, she quite understood the violence of his abuse, and even made allowances for his remarks about Roger's wife.

"Don't think about it. It's no use crying over spilt milk," she said, unable to think of anything else to comfort him.

"No—it isn't—and the milk is spilt, all right," he said bitterly. "Oh! I know it's my own fault. I believed him when he said his companies had such marvellous prospects. Like a fool I thought that all he touched would turn to gold, dreamed about doubling my capital."

Breaking off abruptly he pulled open a drawer of his desk and began to fumble in it.

"I've got a photo of him and his wife here, Miss Somers. Taken at some society function. I cut it out of the paper because I liked the look of him so much. He struck me as so strong and trustworthy—curse him! Ah! here it is."

Nancy held her breath as he pulled the cutting out.

"Now would you think that man was what he turned out to be?" demanded Martin, staring at it—and then suddenly started at Nancy instead.

"Good Lord! Miss Somers—this is you!" he gasped. And then, as if he could not really believe it, added: "Isn't it?"

"Yes," said Nancy.

**T**HEY stared at each other, both at a loss what to say next. It was Nancy who spoke first.

"Now, perhaps, you will believe that it is true that his wife has nothing, and is working for her living," she said, quietly.

"Yes," said Martin, still staring at her. "But—but—" He paused and started again. "You will have to go," he said bluntly.

"I haven't swindled you," said Nancy.

"I don't know so much about that," he interrupted. "Your reference—"

"That was quite genuine. I was brought up in Torquay and worked there till I was married."

"You told me you had been staying at home—"

"What else could I say?" Nancy challenged. "It was true. I couldn't tell you who I was. I wanted that forgotten. I should have liked to be frank with you—but how could I be?"

Martin drummed on his desk with his fingers.

"I don't want to trouble you with my private affairs," Nancy went on. "But, as a matter of fact, I have been just as badly let in as you or anyone. I had no more idea what my husband really was than you had."

A silence followed, a strained cease silence.

"All the same, you will have to go," said the coffee broker. "I can't possibly keep you."

"Mr. Martin—is that fair? Isn't that being very hard on me?" Nancy retorted.

"Perhaps. But I can't help it." He looked at her frowningly. "You said yourself that the only thing I could do was to try to forget how I have been robbed. How could I forget it if you were here reminding me every day? I'm only human. I couldn't stick it."

He looked away.

"Could you? Could anyone?" he de-

manded, in a sort of angry distress. "I don't want to be hard on you, or add to your troubles if you—if what you say is true."

"It is," Nancy threw in quietly.

"All right. I'll accept it. But—but—" He looked at her again. "You must go. I am sorry, but I can't have you here. I'll do all I can for you—give you a good testimonial in the name you came to me under, and a month's salary in lieu of notice—"

"A week will do," broke in Nancy. "That is all that I am entitled to."

She rose, realising that it was useless to go on arguing, or hoping. She would have to go.

"I suppose you would rather I went at once—to-day?" she said.

"Please. He drummed on his desk again.

"Yes, that would be best," he said jerkily.

"In—in your testimonial I will say that you came here in a temporary capacity. Make it look better Mrs.—Miss Somers. I'd keep you if I could, but I can't. Couldn't stand it."

Nancy had lost the job she had been so pleased to get.

**F**OR Westerham, the old, gay round of the society bachelor's life had begun again, and he felt secure.

Nancy had disappeared from his ken, and Moretone's name now only occasionally appeared in the papers.

The thirty thousand he had got for the sale of those precious stones had been safely invested in gilt-edged securities. For a little while he had been tempted to scout round for a good thing that might make up the loss, but had decided against it in the end.

The risk was too great. After Moretone, whom could one trust? Gilt-edged for him!

His conscience was not troubling him. All he had done was to take back what was unquestionably his own.

And then a cat burglary occurred at a house where he was week-ending. Certain features of the case caused the local chief constable to call in Scotland Yard, and Westerham found himself again brought into contact with Inspector Metherington.

Westerham had lost nothing, and knew nothing about the burglary except that it had occurred while the household was at dinner. His room had not even been entered, but when Metherington came down to make inquiries naturally he passed the time of day with him. It might have looked suspicious if he hadn't.

"Well, Metherington, how's the hunt for the lady going?" he inquired.

The inspector shrugged his shoulders.

"It isn't going at all, Mr. Westerham," he answered. "As far as we can find out, Moretone was absolutely blameless in his private life."

"In short you're stumped?" queried Westerham.

"Yes. It's most puzzling. He must have bought those stones for someone. For a time I even began to wonder if he had bought them for himself."

"How do you mean?" asked Westerham, feeling puzzled.

"To get away with. A fake suicide," the inspector explained. "But, of course, that is absurd. He cannot possibly be alive. There is no doubt that he was in that plane, and no doubt that he jumped out—and that must have finished him."

"Of course," said Westerham. "No, that won't do, Inspector. There cannot be the slightest question but that he is dead."

But somewhere about three in the morning Westerham woke in a cold sweat and switched on the light beside his bed with a trembling hand.

For a moment or two he lay panting and terrified. Then:

"It was only a dream," he gasped.

He had dreamed that Moretone was alive. In the dream he had seen him struggle out of the water on the other side, just as had been planned in the letter that Westerham had read and burnt.



It was only a ridiculous dream—Moretone was dead. And it was quite easy to understand why he had dreamed that Moretone was alive. Metherington had put the idea into his head.

He lay down again, switched off the light and tried to get back to sleep.

But sleep would not come.

"Good heavens! I believe he is alive!" Westerham suddenly muttered in the darkness.

"No—no—nonsense," he said to himself.

"He is! He is!" something seemed to say inside him, with a dreadful stunning conviction.

Westerham got out of bed. He could not lie still. The phrases of Moretone's letter kept into his memory again—the fact that Moretone's body had never been found stabbed at his mind. Westerham stared about him with horror and dismay.

"He is alive—he pulled it off!" he thought wildly. "Good God! what have I done—what shall I do?"

In the morning Westerham laughed at himself. Alternately sipping an early cup of tea and munching a biscuit, he found the terrors of the night ridiculous by the bright light of the day.

The cause of the dream was obvious—Inspector Metherington's remarks; and the key, paralysing feeling that had followed it was just a fit of nerves.

Moretone was dead—very dead by now. It was not reasonable. It was not common sense to imagine that he could possibly have survived.

Pouring himself out a second cup of tea, Westerham told himself that he was going to forget it, and never be such an idiot again. He had saved himself, and he was not going to worry. Moretone was dead.

THE day before Westerham had his disturbing dream, at half-past eight in the evening, a certain liner was well on its way to South America.

A bored, resentful man was leaning against the rails on the steerage deck. His clothes were shabby, and a dark, untidy beard hid a firm, square chin. There was a sullen look in his piercing dark eyes, and he was not very popular with his fellow-passengers. They did not know what to make of him.

He hated the steerage. The familiarity of the stewards annoyed him after the deference to which he was accustomed. He was irritated that for steerage passengers the only promenade deck was a covered one, cramped and crowded. Damn it! he wanted to feel the sun on his head. Whenever he had travelled in a ship before it had always been first-class, in one of the suites with a seat as of right at the captain's table. This beastly covered-in deck made him feel as if he were in prison.

The food was good of its kind, but it was not his kind. He loathed high tea, and he loathed the rough way in which everything was served.

Like a king suddenly kicked off his throne he felt, and passed his time, aloof and embittered, angry that there was now nobody to do him honor.

Hard and masterful, he wanted to be in the first-class world again with his beautiful wife beside him—but, in the meantime, he had to put up with the steerage.

He put up with it, but he did not like it. Darkly he shut himself up within himself, and sought comfort in the thought of how well his plans were going. Nobody suspected him. He was in no danger so long as he lay low.

The steerage deck was cluttered with children—noisy, nosy little brats, Moretone called them.

One of them, racing about in some childish game, fell against him as the ship rolled, while he was standing by the rails looking gloomily out to port.

"Get out of it, you little devil," he snapped, and kicked the child away.

The boy howled, and his father, a great,

lumbering Swede, sprang up and rushed at Moretone.

"What for you keeck my leedle son?" he demanded truculently. "I knock your head off—I trow you in de sea!"

Other passengers gathered round. Contemptuously Moretone regarded him. He was not afraid. Nothing would have suited his present mood better than to knock the fellow down.

Then he got a grip of himself again. Steady! If there were a row, a fight, the captain would be brought into it—something might make him suspicious—wireless—

"I beg your pardon," said Moretone humbly. "He startled me, and I did it before I knew what I was doing. I am very sorry."

So there was no row. The angry Swede cooled down, reluctantly accepted the apology and the explanation. Moretone had saved a fuss and made an enemy, and rendered himself more unpopular with his fellow passengers than ever.

NANCY was very troubled, seriously worried and unhappy again. She had lost the job she had been lucky to get so easily, and she could not find another. What was she to do? Earn her living she must.

"Why don't we get married?" said Gilbert, always eager to come to her rescue.

"We can't—you know we can't," said Nancy. "We know, and everyone knows that Roger is dead, but the courts have not yet legally 'presumed his death,' as they call it; and till they do nobody would marry us."

"It could be done in another name, and put right later," suggested Gilbert.

In the ordinary way he was a reasonably enough law-abiding citizen, but he loved her and was sorry for her, and he wanted to take care of her. That, he considered, was his mission.

Nancy shook her head. Some day she would marry him, when she was legally free and the past was really behind her, but there must not be anything hole-in-the-cornerish about their union.

"No doubt you are right, darling," said Gilbert. "But—but what the dickens is to become of you?" he asked anxiously.

He tried another proposal. "Listen, Nancy. We are going to be married when we can—that's settled, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Nancy simply.

"Very well, then. After we are married you'll take money from me, so why shouldn't you take some now, to make things easier all round? It would only be for a month or two, and what is mine is yours—"

"No can do, darling," Nancy interrupted, firmly.

"Why ever not? Don't be so stuffy," he protested.

"After we are married I shall earn whatever I take from you, as your wife and housekeeper," said Nancy, with a catch in her breath. "Till then I must keep myself."

That was that.

"You make me feel that I don't know whether I want to heat you or kiss you," said Gilbert despairingly.

"Kiss me," said Nancy, "and talk about something else."

A fortnight passed, and Nancy, at the end of it, was still without a job and funds were getting alarmingly low. Something had happened to the remittance of that thirty-six pounds for which she believed Gilbert had sold her pre-marriage jewellery.

One of the old maids at the boarding-house had told Nancy, with no idea that Nancy was in any way concerned, the sad story of what happened to another old-maid friend of hers, a certain Miss Wright.

Miss Wright had lost everything in the Moretone smash. She was dying and practically penniless.

Nancy had sent Miss Wright twenty pounds—put the notes into an envelope with a slip saying they were from a sympathiser. Nancy, who had lived so luxuriously

on Moretone's money, felt that she just had to.

She said nothing to Gilbert of what she had done—and neither to-morrow nor the next day nor the day after did she find a job. Instead, Gilbert came to her with the news that he was going away.

"I've struck lucky," he informed her. "A chap up north has given me a commission to redesign a shooting box and bring a castle up to date. I am off to Scotland to-morrow, and shall be away three weeks at least, perhaps a month."

He looked at her anxiously.

"What about you?" he inquired.

"Oh! I shall be all right," said Nancy, her invariable reply. "Have a job and be settled down in it long before you come back."

"We will write to each other, of course," he frowned. "And if you're in a hole at all, you'll let me know?"

Nancy nodded.

"I'd hate to come back and find you in the workhouse," he said. "Promise, if you want help—"

Nancy stopped him with a kiss.

"I did think of refusing to take the job on till you were settled," he said uneasily.

"That would have been silly, darling. You push off and make a lot of money and don't fuss," said Nancy.

It was rather lonely after he had gone. Not till he was no longer there did Nancy realise how much he had comforted her in her troubles. And the work problem became more and more insistent.

Nobody wanted her. Even with her recent testimonial from Mr. Martin she could find nobody who would employ her. It began to look as if she really would have to put her pride in her pocket and appeal to Gilbert for money, or starve.

Should she—should she write to him for help, she wondered, and then suddenly had an idea.

Not yet. She hated to fail. There was still one chance left. Perhaps Mr. Westerham might be able to help her to find what she wanted. He had not known of anything when Gilbert had talked with him on the phone, but he might know of something now.

Yes, she would go and see Lawrence Westerham.

A BUS took Nancy to Victoria, and she walked the rest of the way to Westminster to save a penny.

Westerham lived in one of a block of fashionable service flats near St. James' Park.

Westerham's man answered the phone, and reported to his master that a Miss Somers had called.

"Somers?" said Westerham. "Never heard of her. Go down and find out what she wants."

Then he changed his mind. He was in a very good temper to-day. One of the gossip-writers had a paragraph in his column that morning about "Lawrie" Westerham, the well-known wit and raconteur, and had repeated one of his stories. In all probability this Miss Somers was only after a subscription to something, but flattered by publicity Westerham felt that he would not mind parting with half a crown.

"Tell them to send her up," he amended his instructions.

Two minutes later his man showed Nancy in.

Westerham reddened. His grey eyes widened in surprise. This was the first time he had seen Nancy since the day when he had opened and burnt Moretone's letter. A chilly feeling ran down his spine. What did she want? Why had she given another name? Was it a trap? he wondered, as he stood staring at her, too taken aback to offer either his hand or a chair.

Nancy looked puzzled. What was the matter? This was a queer way to receive an old friend, she was thinking.



"Why did you give your name as Miss Somers?" Westerham asked nervously. Nancy gave a little start. "Oh! I see," she exclaimed. "It is my maiden name. I have gone back to it. Sorry. I didn't think."

Westerham forced an uneasy laugh. "I thought you were after a subscription. Do sit down. How are you getting on? Have a cigarette?"

He offered her the fat, expensive Egyptian variety that he affected.

"Mind if I smoke my own?" said Nancy. Westerham struck a match, and she noticed that the hand that held the light for her was shaking slightly.

What was the matter with him? Embarrassed by his embarrassment, she plunged abruptly into the object of her visit.

"You were the first to offer me help. You said it at any time you could do anything I was not to hesitate to ask. I want work. I thought it was going to be easy to earn my living, as I had been a worker before I was married. But it isn't. I found one job, but I soon lost it. It came out who I was. And now I can't find another, and I wondered if perhaps you could put me in the way of hearing of something."

Westerham took his cigarette out of his mouth. His hand was still shaking.

"It was very foolish of you to give everything up," he said, lowering his eyes to her feet. "It would have been much more sensible for you to have saved what you could for yourself."

Nancy shook her head. "No. That would have been loathsome," she said quietly. "You wouldn't, in my place. You would have done what I did."

Westerham winced. "As to that, I can't say," he said stiffly, bating himself.

"But I can," said Nancy. "I know you better."

Westerham took another draw at his cigarette. Damn it! she was making him feel very small and mean.

"I am sorry," he said awkwardly. "But I don't think I can do anything. Davis spoke to me about it on the phone, and I couldn't do anything then, and I don't see how I can now. Finding jobs for people isn't quite in my line."

A proud look came into Nancy's eyes. His manner and his words made it impossible to regard what he had said as anything but a snub.

"Oh, well! It doesn't matter," she said. "I just thought, perhaps, you might happen to know of something—someone who wanted a secretary. As the telephone girls say, I am sorry you have been troubled." She half-smiled, to make light of her wound. He had hurt her—but he should not see! She rose.

"If—the loan of a few pounds would be any use—"

Westerham deliberately.

Nancy's eyes hardened. "No! Of course not," she flashed. "Well, good-bye. I shall be all right. I dare say I shall find something quite soon."

She held out her hand.

Westerham took it.

"Good-bye. It has been very nice to see you again. My man will take you to the lift," he said, smoothly, and called him.

IT was not often that Nancy lost her temper, but it was pretty well gone when she got out of the lift.

Who would have thought that Westerham was such a fair-weather friend as that? In spite of the way he had come running round on the day Roger's death had become known, he would not lift a finger to help her, for all his fine words—would not even try! He had offered her money, as if he thought she had come to him to beg, and sent his man to the lift with her—not even seen her out himself.

Walking along Victoria Street, she cooled down and began to think a little more clearly.

She could not understand it. It was not like the Westerham that she and Roger had known. Suddenly it struck her that ever since the news of Roger's end, Westerham had been different, oddly and disconcertingly different. That day at Grosvenor Square, now she came to think about it, his manner had been very strange. It was strange, too, that all this time he should have kept out of her way, when he professed to be such a friend.

What was the matter with him? What was the meaning of it all? It gave her a feeling that there was a lot more behind it than just a desire not to be bothered with someone who had gone down in the world. Westerham seemed afraid of her. Why? His manner was—yes, guilty—as if he were ashamed of something, and had to be rude and nasty to her in consequence.

Or was that absurd? What possible reason could Westerham have for being afraid of her—what could he have done?

With a shrug she gave it up. It was a mystery she could not solve. For the time being she had other and more important things to worry about.

Work—she must find work!

Gravely she considered the problem. Westerham had failed her, and there was nobody else to whom she cared to turn for help, especially after that rebuff.

She did not pity herself. Not once did she tell herself how hard it was that one who had lived for years as the wife of a millionaire should be reduced to such straits through no fault of her own.

What she had to think about now was a job.

Desperately she ran over in her mind all the jobs she could think of and came to the conclusion that her only hope was in the work about which she knew something—shorthand and typewriting.

Then suddenly an idea swept into her mind, born of the desperation of her plight.

Why not buy a typewriter on the hire purchase system? Portables were not very expensive; she still had enough to pay the first deposit, and could earn the money for the other instalments and keep herself as she went along. With her own machine she could work in her bedroom at the boarding-house—type into the small hours if she had the work to do. It would not cost much to put a few small "ads." in the paper, and she was willing to work at the lowest rates if only she could keep going.

Her eyes lit up. Excitedly she quickened her pace. Oh! this was a splendid scheme, the very thing for her. Why had she not thought of it before? Visions of heaps of manuscripts rolling in to be typed danced before her eyes—novels, plays, specifications, estimates, reports. Who so hopeful as the man or woman just about to start a new thing?

She jumped on to a bus. Obviously her first step was to secure her landlady's permission to use the boarding-house address.

Never had Nancy known a bus travel so slowly or stop so much—Nancy, all worked up, afire with her new idea, was anxious to get things settled.

The landlady was in the hall when Nancy entered by the door that could always be opened by turning the handle during the daytime. The usual smell of cooking was in the hall as well.

"Can I speak to you for a minute if you are not too busy?" inquired Nancy, with a dazzling, excited smile.

The landlady frowned.

"I want to speak to you, Miss Somers," she said coldly. "I should be obliged if you would vacate your room at the earliest possible moment."

Nancy stared at her with the smile wiped right away.

"Good heavens!—why?" she demanded startled and dismayed.

"I PREFER not to give any reasons," said the landlady. "You must!" said Nancy.

The landlady obstinately pressed her lips together.

"I insist upon knowing why you want me to go," said Nancy.

The landlady remained dumb.

It must, of course, be Roger, Nancy thought. Oh! why, why should his sins be visited upon her like this?

"It's most unfair!" she exclaimed, impetuously. "Even if you have found out about my husband, you have no right to turn me out—as if I were a criminal and an outcast," she meant to add, but she other cut in swiftly.

"Oh! you have a husband, have you, Miss Somers?"—with a sarcastic emphasis on the "Miss."

Nancy flushed.

"He is dead," she said quickly—and stopped.

So it was not because she was Mrs. Moretons that she was being turned out! "I have given myself away," she thought, with an angry catch of her breath.

The landlady stared at her, horror-stricken.

"A husband, eh—and he is dead?" she gasped. "I wondered what you had done."

"What do you mean?" said Nancy, sharply.

"So that's what they are after you for?"

The woman's voice shook. "And you dare to come here, to a respectable house like mine—pretending to be a single woman—to hide yourself away from them," she faltered.

Nancy stared at her, utterly bewildered.

"What on earth do you mean?" she demanded.

"You know what I mean!" The woman's imagination was running away with her. "I wasn't born yesterday. They think you killed him. It must be that. They are inquiring into his death."

She loved to put two and two together, but she was not very good at sums.

"I am not going to be mixed up with a murder case," she said with a shudder. "Out you go!"

"A murder case?" echoed Nancy. "For goodness sake, tell me what has happened!"

"The police have been here, Miss Somers. A gentleman from Scotland Yard. An inspector," said the landlady shakily. "He asked all sorts of questions about you."

She shrank back a little, as if Nancy were something too horrible to be near.

"I couldn't quite make out what he wanted—he would not give anything away," she went on. "But now I know that you were married, and your husband is dead, and you are posing as single—"

"Was in Inspector Metherington?" Nancy interrupted impatiently.

"That was the name. I am not used to having people in my house whom the police come inquiring about. I thought at first it was something else—shoplifting or something, and, anyway, I meant to get rid of you. But now I have heard about your husband—"

"You stupid, evil-minded old woman—"

Nancy began, and then paused, as her sense of humor came to her rescue.

At last she understood what had happened. Evidently Inspector Metherington was still keeping an eye on her—why, she could not think. But this ridiculous creature thought he was inquiring into Roger's death, and suspected her of being a murderer!

"Aren't you making a mistake?" she asked sarcastically. "Surely, it would have been better to hold your tongue and keep me here? That would have made it so much easier for them to hang me! But now you have warned me—"

The sarcasm was wasted, however.

"I don't want to be brought into it. I only want you to go," said the landlady, with another shudder. "This sort of thing does a boarding-house no good."



"Oh! I'll go, all right," said Nancy, "as soon as I can find somewhere to go to—unless, of course, I am arrested before I can get away."

She would have to leave. It would only be possible to stay if she told this woman everything, and she could not bear to do that.

"I'll go out and look for another hiding-place at once," she added.

She walked away out of the door by which she had entered so excitedly ten minutes ago.

NANCY had no difficulty in finding a new lodging, and arranging with her new landlady to be allowed to use the address. Nor was there any difficulty about purchasing a portable typewriter on the instalment plan, putting her small "ads" in various papers, and laying in a stock of carbons and type-writing paper.

To be on the safe side she even told her new landlady her story, so that if Inspector Metherington, or anyone else, came making inquiries there would be no further misunderstandings. The woman was sympathetic.

The difficulty was about the work. The advertisements came out, but the manuscripts did not come rolling in as Nancy had dreamed.

The first week's bag was a set of verses from a poet who would never set the Thames on fire, and the utmost Nancy could charge him was eighteen-pence.

Nancy felt very despondent. Thus, the new typewriter came in very useful for writing long letters to Gilbert, but that was not very profitable. True, too, that Gilbert's letters back to her were very amusing and thrilling. He addressed her almost inevitably, as "Dear Murderess," and sandwiched in between his accounts of what he was doing in Scotland there were paragraphs that positively made her heart glow. But love-letters were all that the postman brought her, and glad though she was to have them, they did not help with the rent, the instalments on the typewriter, and her food.

Strict economy was the order of the day—buns for lunch, and something out of a tin for supper, and the plainest of plain breakfasts.

One day a novel did turn up—seventy-eight thousand words of vile handwriting to be turned into neat, legible typescript at a shilling a thousand words for one top and one carbon copy.

Nancy almost kissed that manuscript. Night and day she toiled at it, feverishly happy to have a really big job at last. Three pounds eighteen shillings—it seemed like a fortune to the girl who such a short while ago had had a dress allowance of three thousand a year!

Nancy took the manuscript back to the sender in person, to collect the money on the spot, and on the way a wave of the blackest pessimism swept over her. She was sure he would not pay up—sure he would make some excuse to put her off—promise to send it next week, and then never pay her at all—cheat her out of her hard-earned reward.

But he didn't. He paid her and thanked her, and said it was beautifully done.

And then there was nothing again—nothing for days and days—no more work, nothing to do but sit in her dreary bed-sitting-room till she could bear to sit there no longer.

Unquestionably, that six weeks was her hardest, saddest time. It does not sound long—six weeks—but it seemed an age to her with Gilbert away, and only just enough dribbles of work coming in to keep the wolf from the door.

And then Gilbert came back and things were better. Gilbert made all the difference. Everything had gone well with him up North. His plans had been worked out and approved, and he had had a very good time.

"I shan't have to go up again till the job is well under way," he informed her. "With any luck, we ought to be able to work the journey in with our honeymoon."

"You seem very sure there is going to be a honeymoon," said Nancy.

"I am," said Gilbert. "If there isn't, you're in for the row of your life."

Nancy smiled. She was always smiling when Gilbert was about.

"What I meant," she explained, "was supposing the Courts won't presume Roger's death, as no body has been found? In some cases, I understand, they insist on two years."

"But this is a special case," Gilbert answered confidently. "There can't be a shadow of doubt that he is dead, and the judge practically promised to do it in six months for the sake of the shareholders. In the public interest—not ours—though it comes to the same thing."

Gilbert was right. A receiver, assisted by a committee, had been appointed to take charge of the affairs of Moretone's companies, and at the end of the six months a formal application was made to a Judge in Chambers to presume the death to facilitate a settlement. Nancy was not present. The application was not made on her behalf, but on behalf of the shareholders.

Neither she nor Gilbert knew that it was actually being made till Gilbert saw a brief paragraph in the evening paper.

He hurried to her with it, and thrust the paper into her hand.

"Read that," he said, slipping an arm round her waist.

Nancy sighed as, after reading it, she let the paper flutter to the floor of her bed-sitting-room.

"I did my best to give him a square deal—even if he did not give me one," she murmured, half to herself.

Gilbert's arm tightened about her. He touched the paper with his foot.

"That means that, at last, he is legally and completely dead," he said. "You are finished with him, Nancy—quite finished."

"Yes," said Nancy.

"And you are coming out of this," Gilbert looked round the bed-sitting-room. "You are going to marry me at the earliest possible moment," he announced, turning her round so that she was facing him.

"Am I?" said Nancy.

"YES," said Gilbert. "You are! It is all over. You are through with it all now. There is absolutely no reason now why you should not marry me and be happy."

"You are sure—quite sure—that you really want to marry me?" said Nancy, with a little catch in her breath. "It isn't pity—because you are sorry for me?"

"Dearest, don't talk such rot," he protested, gently.

"You looked round this room. You said: 'She's coming out of this.' Darling, I don't want to be proud, but that sounds more like putting a penny in a blind beggar's tin than as if you really wanted me."

"I'm an ass," began Gilbert, contritely, but was allowed to say no more.

"No, you are a dear," she interrupted.

"But I don't want you to think so much about me. I want you to think of yourself. Never mind whether I live in a nice room or not, or whether I am having a hard or an easy time. I can't marry you to make things better for myself—I can only do it if—"

"I am thinking about myself!" he broke in, releasing her, and letting his arms drop to his sides with his fists clenched.

"I love you, and ever since I found it out, I have had only one thought—to get you," he went on. "If I have tried to take care of you it has only been for myself. It wasn't charity. It was the most utter selfishness. When you were hurt and

worried I was hurt and worried, because you had become part of me."

Love alone like a flame in his eyes.

"I have been waiting and waiting for this moment, when you should be free—and when it came I couldn't wait another minute," he cried. "I had to come to you at once, because I loved you and wanted you so. I couldn't even think of your feelings, and give you a little time to get used to the idea that you are now legally a widow."

Nancy looked at him with glowing eyes, satisfied—completely satisfied.

"All right, darling," she said, softly. "I do believe, and I do understand."

She flung her arms round his neck, and kissed him.

Tightly he hugged her.

"If any man can love a woman more than I love you, I wish he would tell me how to do it," said Gilbert, gravely.

"I am glad you love me like that," said Nancy. "But I think your definition of selfishness is rather an odd one."

She wriggled away from him, and, pushing him into a chair, seated herself on his knees.

"I can't think what came over me," said Nancy, with a little gulp. "I had a sudden feeling that—that something was wrong. All I could think was that perhaps you didn't really love me, and were only asking me to marry you out of pity."

"It was only nerves—I ought to have waited till to-morrow—and I was an idiot to say anything about this room," Gilbert answered. "It's a topping room. I beg its pardon. It's a perfect paradise to-night."

"I shall always love it, for your sake," said Nancy.

THAT paragraph in the papers caused an interest in the affairs of Roger Moretone to flicker up again. For a right and a day the scandal took on a new brief lease of life. Under the announcement of the decision of the courts the morning papers printed a summary of the case, to refresh their readers' minds. Hundreds of Moretone's victims read it, and sighed or cursed afresh over their losses. John Martin, the coffee-broker, for whom Nancy had worked for a little while, was one.

Legally dead was the fellow now? "Well, that doesn't help us shareholders much," said Martin to himself. "We have known that he's dead for months!"

He shrugged. Perhaps it would make things easier for Moretone's widow? He was sorry for Nancy. He had an uneasy feeling that he had been rather hard upon her.

"But I could not help it," he told himself. "I could not possibly have kept her on."

Westerham was another who read it—at breakfast in his flat. Unexpectedly, just as it had done once before, Moretone's name leapt out at him from a headline in his morning paper. But this time it did not rob him of his interest in his coffee and deviled kidneys.

He nodded approval of the judge's decision.

Dead? Of course he was dead—and Westerham was very glad to find the Law confirming his opinion—no, not his opinion—his certainty.

IT was telegraphed all round the world, that paragraph, for, as an item of news, it was unquestionably of world-wide interest. Moretone himself read it in Buenos Aires.

He was living in a pension, waiting for Nancy, a black-bearded, embittered man, lying low, and desperately anxious to get into harness again.

All sorts of schemes were fermenting in his mind, ready to be embarked upon when



Nancy appeared with the money necessary for him to make a fresh start.

He was tired of having nothing to do, and even more tired of being a nobody. More and more he was missing the power and the deference to which he had become accustomed.

Buenos Aires is a big, rich city, where those who have money go in for a great deal of display. That sort of thing appeals to the Spanish-American temperament—and was rather as a red rag to a bull to Roger Moretone.

Money was his god, and he envied others the possession of what he was temporarily without. For safety's sake, to give his get-away a better chance of succeeding, he had had to come there with only just enough to maintain himself till Nancy could bring his nest-egg across.

To make money you must have money to begin with. But once he had started, he would shake them up! Kowtowing to him, eating out of his hand, as the City had eaten out of his hand, he would soon have the lot of them! Wait till he got going again.

There wasn't a woman in the place who could hold a candle to his Nancy, or a man whose brains stood a chance against his, he told himself, as he watched and waited and planned with boredom and bitterness in his heart, hiding himself in a second-rate boarding-house—and drinking more than was good for him at the cafes, because he was so bored and envious, and hated so much being "out of it."

"Never mind. I'll pull up when Nancy comes, for I shall have something to do," he told himself.

It was in one of the cafes on the Avenida de Mayo, Buenos Aires' famous principal business street, a hundred and twenty feet wide, that Moretone read the latest news about himself. In that street he meant to have his offices—already he had made inquiries about a suitably imposing suite, and the name of the company under which he was to trade—at first—in grain and cattle, had already been decided.

He stroked his dark beard and smiled when he learned that a Judge of the High Court had decided that he was legally dead.

Good! That showed that they were not on his track, and that nobody had the least suspicion at home. It was splendid news.

He ordered another drink, and silently toasted Nancy. Never had he felt so pleased with her, or loved her so much.

A girl in a million, Nancy was—the perfect, loyal, loving wife! Knowing that he was still alive, the darling had actually had the nerve to sit tight and say nothing while those mugs went through their legal formalities and solemnly "presumed his death!"

"I'll pay you back, my dear," he mused. "I'll buy the earth for you! Every woman in this place will be green with envy of you before I am done!"

A thought occurred to him:

"I may as well go round to the shipping office and check it that it is the Gloriana she will be coming out by. That would be something to do."

He snapped his fingers for a waiter, and paid his bill.

To bully or buy had always been his method—but it had passed as "personality" in the days of his success.

His mind went back to Nancy and money—his twin obsessions—as he strode out into the sun.

"I'll bet she made a good deal with those sharks in Rotterdam—got the full fifty thousand those stones were worth, perhaps a bit more," he told himself; and then, by an obvious, natural transition, his thoughts drifted to the man who had parted with the money that had made the purchase of that little brown-paper parcel possible.

That idiotic society mountebank! How easy it had been to rook him! All one had to do was to laugh at his silly stories and promise him a fortune, and Westerham

had parted with everything like a lamb rushing to the slaughter!

Pushing past a beggar who was holding out a palsied hand for alms, Moretone laughed scornfully. The beggar thought he was laughing at him, and spat at his shadow. But it was Westerham he was laughing at, wondering amusedly what Westerham and all his other victims thought of things now. Serve them right! They had gambled on him, and lost—that was all.

His Spanish being only just sufficient to get along with, he sought out an English-speaking clerk at the shipping office. With an authority strangely at variance with his shabby appearance, Moretone explained what he wanted to know.

The clerk looked him over, and nodded. Yes, the next boat out would be the Gloriana, he said curtly.

Irritated by his manner, Moretone walked out without thanking him.

But all was well! Everything was going like clockwork with his carefully-laid plans. In 21 days the Gloriana would arrive with Nancy and the capital he needed to make a fresh start.

**G**REAT fun Nancy found the preparations for her second wedding. The first, she knew now, had been a mistake. An inexperienced girl had been dazzled by an overbearing, masterful man.

But she had no doubts whatever about her second venture. Gilbert would never disappoint her, and she hoped she would never disappoint him.

They spent a week-end with his people, whom Nancy had never met before.

Gilbert's father was the rector of a tiny village in Somerset, a grey-haired, simple, kindly man, with a kindly wife.

Nancy fell in love with them and told them all about herself with the utmost frankness. So much, indeed, did Nancy like them, that she changed her plans to please them.

To avoid attracting attention, not wishing to do anything to cause the Moretone scandal to flicker up again in the Press, Gilbert and Nancy decided to be married at a register office as quietly and unobtrusively as possible. But the rector and his wife, though full of sympathy and understanding, were rather shocked and hurt. They did not like register office marriages.

"Darling, why shouldn't we be married down here?" Nancy suggested to Gilbert. "Let your father do it. It's so quiet and out of the world. I don't believe anyone would know—and he'd love it."

So it was decided.

The honeymoon was only a week, important business not making it possible for Gilbert to take any longer.

"We'll have another honeymoon later on, when I have to go north again on that Scottish job," he said.

"I like the idea of a honeymoon on the instalment plan," said Nancy, in a mood to like everything, and agree to everything.

Back in town at the end of a week that had passed like a minute, Nancy settled herself down with her cook and her house-parlourmaid to get Oakleigh really straight while Gilbert was at his office—what she called "architecting." And in the evenings sometimes they went out and sometimes they didn't and it was just as nice for them both either way.

They had been back exactly a week, when one evening Gilbert said:

"Come up West and dance."

"Why?" said Nancy.

"Because I feel like it," said Gilbert.

"Suppose I don't?" said his wife.

"You'll have to," said her lord and master. "Because what I feel like is dancing with you. Nobody else will do."

He rose and jerked her out of her chair. "Go and make up your face while I get out the car," he ordered.

Nancy, who had not bothered to have "obey" left out of the marriage service,

went up and changed her frock to a much smarter one, besides attending to her face—while Gilbert rudely tooted the horn.

"Thought you were never coming," he grumbled when at last she appeared.

"Idiot—you can't dance in the frock you dine with a husband in," said Nancy.

He took her to a fashionable place, and while he danced with her ran scornful eyes over the rest of the well-dressed throng. "Not a female beast in the room who can hold a candle to mine," he said.

"Thanks," said Nancy. "I do love your metaphors, and I don't want anyone to hold a candle to me—much obliged. I should burn."

"I say," exclaimed Gilbert. "Look! There's Westerham, blight him!" He had been "off" Westerham ever since Nancy had told him about her visit to Westerham's flat.

Westerham came up. He did not want to, but he felt that he had to. Markers demanded it, and his valet always said that he was quite the gentleman.

He offered his hand, and to Gilbert's annoyance Nancy took it.

"Well, my dear, how are you getting on?" said Westerham uneasily. Gilbert stood like a poker.

"Fine," said Nancy. "That's my husband."

Westerham started—stared at Gilbert, and then broke into a smile of pleased surprise.

"Congratulations—heartiest congratulations to you both," he cried. "By Jove! this is good news. I must say you haven't lost much time! That was all you were waiting for, I suppose—that application to the court. I am glad. The very best to you both!"

His friendliness and his delight were so obviously genuine that Nancy beamed upon him, and even Gilbert thawed.

Now he had nothing whatever with which to reproach himself, Westerham was thinking. Now he need not feel the slightest further uneasiness about the letter he had opened, and the little brown-paper parcel of which he had taken possession. They were his stones, of course—bought with his money—and Nancy would only have turned them over to the creditors; but, dash it! all the same, one couldn't help feeling one had played a bit low-down on her.

But one need not feel that any longer. She was all right now—safely married to a rising young architect—yes, this was topping news!

"I understand that you didn't want a fuss, but you might have let me know," he said reproachfully. "An old friend like me! Even if it is a bit late, I shall send a wedding present. I insist on it. What's the address?"

"We don't want—" began Gilbert, but was not permitted to finish.

"You've got to have one, my boy. Come on, where is it to be sent?"

"Oakleigh, Lissen Avenue Streatham," said Nancy.

"So that's where you are hanging out? I shall do myself the honor of inviting myself to call. Must see the turtle doves on their native heath, what? Well, once more—my heartiest congratulations. Afraid I must go back to my party. Won't ask you to join us. You prefer a solitude à deux, eh? Quite. I understand. Good luck."

He drifted away.

**T**HE Gloriana was coming up the Plata estuary, a majestic vessel crawling through a busy, difficult waterway.

Tense with impatience, Moretone puffed at a cigar.

Excitedly, he stared at the huge liner, trying even at that distance to spot Nancy among the crowd of passengers lining the side.

Two or three figures, he decided, might be she, and waved to them on the chance.

Then it occurred to him that she would not recognise him, with his beard, so far away.



"I do hope my beard won't be a shock to her," he thought.

Curbing his impatience as best he could, he waited till the boat tied up. The medical officer had already visited the ship, so the gangways were run out at once, and the passengers started to stream ashore.

Moretone drew back, chilled with a sudden fear. Supposing, unknown to Nancy, there was a detective on board? Supposing she had been followed by someone from Scotland Yard, who would be waiting his chance to pounce on him when she joined him?

No. No. That was just nerves. Had not the courts officially pronounced him dead?

He pushed forward again. So far Nancy had not come down any of the gangways. He was certain of it, for he had kept them all in view.

Should he go on board? Was that where she was waiting for him? Most likely. He forced his way on to the ship.

"Meeting someone," he snapped to the steward who tried to bar his progress at the top of the gangway.

The man let him pass, and Moretone stared about the deck.

There was no sign of Nancy.

He got hold of the chief steward and asked for the passenger list.

There was no Moretone there.

"She has come out under another name, to make sure," he thought, and tried Somers, her maiden name.

There was no Somers there.

He frowned irritably. Stupid of Nancy, this; how could he find her if he didn't know the name she was travelling under? He hated waiting, and she knew that—buto now he would have to wait till she showed herself.

Once more his eyes swept the ship and the quay, watched other meetings, saw more and more passengers drive away.

It takes a long time to clear a liner of all its passengers—first, second and third class. The third class went off last, and Moretone scanned those passengers as carefully as he had scanned all the others.

His eyes were growing harder and harder, and his face paler and paler, as the thought that he would not let himself think forced itself more insistently into his mind.

At last it had to be faced. A ship's officer came up to him.

"Are you wanting anything?" he inquired.

"All the passengers have gone ashore."

"All?" gasped Moretone.

"Every blessed one," answered the officer.

Moretone turned and made his way down the gangway.

Nancy had not come.

Why?

What was he to do next?

**C**ONSCIENCE is a queer thing at the best of times, and the conscience of Lawrence Westerham, now fifty-one, was queerer, perhaps, than most people's consciences.

He was quite happy about Nancy now. No longer was he afraid of her. On the contrary, he was filled with a desire to do all he could for her and her husband.

He rang up Oakleigh.

"About that wedding present—I don't want to give you anything you already have. What would you like?"

"I can't think of anything," said Nancy.

"What about a pair of entree dishes?"

"Got 'em."

"A coffee-set?"

"Got two."

Westerham made several more suggestions, with no better result.

"It's terribly nice of you," said Nancy.

"But I am afraid you will have to drop it. We seem to have everything."

"Nonsense. I must give you something. You have a cocktail-shaker, I suppose?"

"No. As a matter of fact, we haven't," replied Nancy.

"Good! I shall send you one," said Westerham.

He rang off, and in a day or two there was delivered at the house a resplendent cocktail outfit consisting of a shaker, a tray, and half a dozen yellow glasses, with a cock and the rising sun enamelled on them in the brightest and most fascinating colors.

Nancy and Gilbert went into raptures over the gift.

"Terribly good of him, isn't it?" said Nancy.

"Terribly," Gilbert agreed.

"I had better ask him for dinner, don't you think?"

**W**ESTERHAM accepted the invitation. He came in full rig—white tie and tails—and insisted on being shown over the house.

"Charming," was his verdict. "I can't tell you how glad I am to find you comfortable and happy again, my dear," he said to Nancy, so gravely that Nancy had to laugh it off.

"Oh! Gilbert's not too bad as husbands go," she said.

The dinner was a great success. Westerham was at his best and most entertaining. He could see how happy they were, and he told them some of his very best stories. And in the drawing-room afterwards he completely won Nancy's heart.

"I've always liked Gilbert, but I like him better now that he has married you," he said. "With any luck I ought to be able to put quite a few commissions in his way."

"That's jolly nice of you," said Nancy.

"I want to see you two get on," Westerham beamed upon her. "Now I come to think of it, Lord Summerdale said something to me the last time I was staying with him about building a new wing. I'll ask him to lunch, and—"

He stopped abruptly as Gilbert, who had gone to the telephone, returned.

"Was it anything exciting, darling?" Nancy inquired.

"No. Only something irritating," Gilbert answered. "A wrong number."

Westerham left soon afterwards, and when he had gone Gilbert said to her:

"You were talking about me when I came in from the phone, weren't you?"

"Yes," Nancy replied. "Lawrie was saying that he means to do what he can to put work in your way—there's some job at Lord Summerdale's that he is after for you."

"I say!" exclaimed Gilbert. "That's a good egg. Old Westerham could be jolly useful. He knows everybody. If he is going to start pulling wires for me—"

"He isn't," said Nancy. "He's pulling them for me! You only come in as my husband. He's my friend, not yours, my lad!"

Wrangling happily, they went to bed.

It was evening in Buenos Aires.

Roger Moretone was seated in a cafe, glooming, and making his drink last out as long as possible. All round him people were sitting at little tables, talking and laughing as if there were no cares or puzzles in the world. Behind him a band was playing, and dancing was going on. The music jarred on his nerves, but he did not want to go away, because he had nowhere else to go.

Where was Nancy? What had happened to prevent her from joining him?

After he had got over his furious, bewildered disappointment he had told himself that she must either have missed the boat, or had some good reason for not sailing on it. She would come by the next. She could not cable to him, of course, because she had no address, and did not even know the name under which he was living while he waited for her.

Yes—she would come by the Montana.

But the Montana had come in yesterday, and Nancy was not on board her.

What did it mean?

A waiter began to hover round his table, and Moretone scowled at him, and then went on with his sinister brooding.

It could not be that she was afraid to sail for fear of getting him trapped and caught. That danger had passed. The courts had presumed his death.

What was it, then? That she did not want to come out to him?

His eyes flamed with rage. Unthinkingly, he seized his glass and emptied it.

He loved her. He wanted her. Utterly

incredible it seemed to him in his monstrous egotism that she could have played him false.

His thoughts went off at a tangent. God! what a fool he had been not to have risked it, and brought that little brown-paper parcel with him after all! But he had fumbled it. At the time it had seemed such a good plan to leave it to Nancy to bring out to him when the fuss had died down. To slip off with only just enough to land him in Buenos Aires, to travel steerage, where nobody would think of looking for a defaulting financier.

His eyes darkened as the memory of what had happened when he had jumped out of the plane swept over him. The plunge—the breath-taking fall through the air—and then down, down into the dark, chilly water, conscious and terrified because the crash helmet had done its job so well—horribly conscious, horribly terrified—lungs bursting, brain shouting in his ears that never, never would he come up. And then, just as he was thinking that he must open his mouth and—and finish it, the shoot upwards, the realisation that a miracle had happened, and he was floating on the surface, and had only to swim ashore.

He shuddered. It had been ghastly, much worse, infinitely more terrifying than he had expected. And after going through all that and enduring all that he had endured during the last six months—

**H**E started, roused from his reverie by the waiter picking up his empty glass.

"Go away," he snarled.

But the man did not go away. He stood waiting for his money, waiting for another order, or the table.

Moretone glowered at him, with murder in his heart, longing to smash his fist in the fellow's face, stretch him dead at his feet for daring to bother him about such a trifle when he was up against it like this.

But, with a gasp, he recovered his self-control—paid, and went sullenly out into the brilliantly lighted Plaza de Mayo, with its Government palace and the historic cathedral in which repose the remains of the Argentine hero, General San Martin. Grimly he began to walk about, staring with angry eyes at the Colon theatre, the opera house, and the Jockey Club, obviously hating their splendor, hating everyone and everything.

Had Nancy double-crossed him?

Had she left him deliberately in the lurch—this lovely, blue-eyed wife whom he had believed was playing his hand so astonishingly well, and whom he had trusted with all that he had been able to rescue from the smash?

He gritted his teeth. Then:

"No, no," he cried aloud, unable to believe it of her—and walked on, heedless of where he was going or whom he jostled, a strange, sinister figure even for Buenos Aires.

But the doubt came back. What other explanation could there be?

A lot can happen in six months. In six months, a woman, even Nancy, left alone, with fifty thousand pounds at her disposal, might fall in love with someone else and—

"No, no," he said once more, unwilling to believe this of her.



He stared at the river and the shipping. How he had got there he did not know. "I must go home, go back and find out what has happened," he found himself thinking.

He was done without her and the money—absolutely done—practically penniless—only a pound or two left. Writing or cabling would be useless. He had no more idea of her address than she had of his. There was only one thing to do—run the risk—go home and find her—get her and the money—or the stones if she had not yet sold them, he told himself fiercely. But, of course, she had sold them. Otherwise what could she be living on, after that stunt she had put up about giving up everything.

"I am going home!" he muttered. "For her and my money!"

But how was he going home—how was the needful to be raised for his fare? Even for a passage in the steerage he had nothing like enough.

There was only one chance—to get a job as attendant on a cattle boat—if he could.

He knew what it meant. He had learned a good deal since he had been in Buenos Aires. It meant working his passage back in the roughest, most dangerous, and unpleasant way known. God help Nancy or anyone, if Nancy or anyone turned out to be to blame for driving him to it.

He had known it would be hell—and it was hell, thought Roger Moretone on the third day out, and wondered if he could possibly stick it.

By bribery he had got on to a cattle-boat—by parting with the equivalent of a British pound, almost the last of his ready money, to the hard-bitten foreman in charge of the cattle-deck.

It was ironical having to pay a bribe to get signed-on for such a job! But the fact was that such places were in great demand for wasters and failures to get back. No experience was required; any incompetent could be bullied and kicked into doing what was necessary—feeding and watering the animals, tightening or slackening their fastenings as required—and dodging their horns.

He slept on the cattle-deck in a dirty, open bunk to be near his charges. Day and night the smell of the cattle was in his nostrils, and their angry, frightened moaning and bellowing was in his ears, awake or asleep.

It was hell, all right, and every day he grew more and more embittered and sinister-minded. He had plenty of time to grow embittered and sinister-minded, for cattle-boats are slow, speed at sea being so terribly expensive.

Endless the voyage seemed, and things got worse instead of better as the ghastly days dragged by. The weather broke, and the cattle became devils as the ship rolled and pitched with ever-increasing violence.

How he hated the foreman and the other cattle hands, and how he hated those snoring, bellowing, angry brutes on whom he had to wait—he, Roger Moretone, once courted and flattered, once a king in the City, who had surrounded himself with every luxury that other people's money could provide, including a private swimming bath in his mansion in Grosvenor Square!

A sort of cold, monstrous fury settled on him as the cattle-boat ploughed its way across.

He would show them—by God, he would show them! He would get it all back—Nancy, the money, everything, he vowed as the ship rolled and the cattle screamed with terror and tore at their ropes and chains.

EVERYTHING was going very well at Oakleigh. Nancy was very happy with her housekeeping and her husband, and Gilbert was so busy that he hardly knew which way to turn.

A second instalment of the honeymoon was quite out of the question for the time. "I am awfully sorry, darling," he said to Nancy one morning at breakfast, "but

I am afraid that holiday trip to Scotland is off."

Nancy's face fell a little.

"Why? Too busy?" she asked.

Gilbert nodded.

"The utmost I can manage is a flying trip up north to inspect the progress of the work, and sign a certificate for the contractor to get an instalment of his money," he explained. "Night train up one night, and back by the night train the following night."

"Bad luck," said Nancy. "But it can't be helped."

She was disappointed, but business was business, and she was glad he was doing so well.

"You can come, too, if you think it worth it," said Gilbert.

Nancy brightened.

"Can I really?" she cried delightedly, and added: "Wouldn't it be rather a waste of money?"

"Blow that, when I am making such heaps," Gilbert answered.

"You are sure I shouldn't be in the way, darling?"

"Not a bit. You would be someone to talk to in the train, when I wasn't asleep; and while I was actually on the job you could go and pick daisies."

"I'll come then," said Nancy. "Though I don't believe I shall find many daisies on the Scotch moors, and I never pick them, anyhow."

EVERY voyage comes to an end, and so, at long last, the cattle-boat had crawled up the Scheldt and docked at Antwerp, the port for which she was making. Her cargo had been discharged, and Moretone had been discharged as well, with the few pounds he had earned on that never-to-be-forgotten voyage in his pocket.

He crossed to Harwich, third class, and went on to London by train.

Nobody took any special notice of him. His papers were apparently all in order. The Moretone scandal was dead and forgotten. Nobody was looking out for him.

He took a cheap, furnished bed-sitting room in Pimlico, since he must have somewhere to lay his head till Nancy was found.

His house in Grosvenor Square had been sold and all its effects scattered at a public auction. It would be most unwise for him to show himself in any of his old haunts. He could trust nobody. Full well he knew that there were hundreds—thousands—who would be only too glad to have his blood—put the police on his track, and rejoice in his being sent to penal servitude for a long term.

Obviously he must be very careful.

He was safe enough so long as nothing happened to call too-close attention to him. It was most improbable that anyone would recognise him, partly because his appearance was so different now that he was so shabby and bearded, but chiefly because nobody was thinking of him. That was his trump card.

It was a risk, of course, but not a very serious risk and, anyway, it was a risk that had to be run.

What worried him was to whom he was to appeal for news of his wife. That person would have to be let into the secret that he was still alive—that was unavoidable.

Nancy had disappeared—but some of her friends must know what had become of her. Which of them should he tackle?

Obviously it must be one she was likely to have kept in touch with, and one who was not one of his victims. Young Davis, the architect, was the one he had decided upon—on the cattle-boat, when he had had plenty of time to think things out.

Yes, Davis it should be, and the sooner he saw him the better.

"I'll go to his office at once," Moretone told himself, and then frowned.

Wait. In the past he had been to Davis' office a dozen times, and once or twice to his flat as well, when he wanted to see him in a hurry.

Supposing one of the clerks recognised him?

"He won't. Why should he? I shall be the last person he is likely to be thinking of," Moretone told himself with a shrug.

But he was not convinced. To stand at a desk and ask for someone, to wait while the message was sent in—hang it! that was asking for trouble. Clerks always stared at callers while they were waiting. No—it was not good enough.

"I had better go to his flat," Moretone thought.

But the same thing applied. Davis' house-keeper might recognise him. Of course, he might have changed servants, but one could not count on that.

"I know what I shall do," he exclaimed, and went out to a telephone box.

"I want to speak to Mr. Davis personally," he said, when he got through.

"What name, please?"

"Sir Arthur Belmont."

"Just a moment."

The clerk informed Gilbert that Sir Arthur Belmont wished to speak to him. "Never heard of him," said Gilbert. "Find out what he wants. No—never mind. I'll take him."

"Yes?" he said into the receiver.

"This is Sir Arthur Belmont," Moretone answered. "I wish to see you about a little job I want done to my town house. I am in a hurry—could you come round to 11 Beaton Square at once? The place is shut up. I'll meet you outside—"

"I am sorry," Gilbert interrupted, "but I am afraid I am too busy to take on any more work at present." Who the dickens was Sir Arthur Belmont? he was wondering. There was something about the curt, authoritative voice that seemed vaguely familiar.

Moretone's expression hardened at the other end of the wire.

"Well, come and see what I want done," he said firmly. "If you are too busy at present, no doubt we shall be able to arrange about the date. I particularly want you to draw the plans. I know your work well."

"I am afraid—" Gilbert began, and then that strangely familiar voice cut in again.

"It won't take you more than ten minutes in a taxi. You will find me waiting for you when you arrive. 11 Beaton Square. Good-bye."

Moretone rang off.

GILBERT put back the receiver. He did not want any more work at present. Confound Sir Arthur Belmont, whoever and whatever he was, for ringing off in that autocratic way, and so making it necessary for Gilbert to go and meet him.

"I've a good mind to give him a miss," Gilbert thought. "Serve him right."

Then it struck him that that was not good business.

"I had better go," he decided, and rang for his secretary.

"Just look up Sir Arthur Belmont, will you, Miss Robertson? I am going out to meet him, and may as well know who he is. Shan't be more than three-quarters of an hour, if anyone wants me."

Miss Robertson looked up "Who's Who," and reported that Sir Arthur was not in it.

"That's odd," said Gilbert.

"Perhaps he was knighted quite recently," suggested Miss Robertson.

"Probably," Gilbert agreed, and told her to send the office boy to get him a taxi. He was off in a few minutes.

Driving to Beaton Square, another thought struck him. "The place is shut up. I'll meet you outside," Sir Arthur had said. Queer that. Why not wait for him inside? He must have a key.

The taxi went down Victoria Street, and as it drew near the Stores Gilbert gave a start as he caught sight of someone descending from a bus on the other side of the road.



He stopped the taxi—jumped out—told the man to wait, and intercepted her as she crossed. It was Nancy.

"You never told me you were coming up to town to-day!" he exclaimed.

"No," said Nancy. "I didn't want you to know."

"Why not?"

Her eyes twinkled.

"It's a secret," she said cheerfully.

"Wives have no secrets from their husbands!" Gilbert retorted.

"Then husbands should not have birthdays!" Nancy answered back.

"Oh! I see. You have come up to buy me a birthday present." Gilbert had forgotten that his birthday was next Monday.

"What are you going to get me?"

Nancy pointed to the big building in front of which they were talking.

"It's in there—at least I hope it is—and you'll know on Monday morning," she laughed.

She changed the subject.

"Where are you off to?" she inquired.

Gilbert told her about his insistent new client.

"I'll tell you what," he said. "You go in and get what you want, and then wait for me by the main entrance. I'll pick you up as soon as I've finished with him, take you back to the office, and then we'll have lunch together."

"Nice!" cried Nancy.

He got back into the taxi.

Four minutes later the taxi stopped outside No. 11 Beaton Square, and Gilbert got out and paid the driver, eager to make short work of Sir Arthur and get back to Nancy.

A shabby, bearded man was loitering about. Gilbert looked at him curiously. Could this be the new client?

The shabby, bearded man approached him.

"Sir Arthur Belmont?" Gilbert began, and then stopped, wondering if he had gone mad.

"No. That was only a ruse to get you to come—"

"Moretone!" Gilbert gasped, with a chill feeling of horror in his spine.

The other nodded.

"Yes. I wasn't killed." Coolly he explained about the crash helmet, and the specially-lined suit and the bag hidden among the sand dunes.

"Legally, I am dead, but in fact, as you can see, I am very much alive," he said, crisply.

"Yes," said Gilbert—flatly—unable to think, only able to speak with the greatest effort.

"A bit of a shock for you?" said Moretone.

"It would be a shock for a great many people, eh? I was afraid to come to your office, in case your clerks recognised me. Needless to say there's no job for you at number eleven."

"No," said Gilbert. "I see."

Tone and manner were still dazed, and Moretone looked at him sharply.

"Well, since then I have lost sight of her," said Gilbert. "So I am afraid I can't help you."

"This is a very big disappointment," said Moretone. "In fact, it's a hell of a blow. I made sure that you would still be friends with her, and know where she was. Damn it! Davis, I must find her. That's what I have come back for."

He flung Gilbert a piercing glance.

"I can't understand your dropping her like this," he said suspiciously. "It doesn't sound—"

"I didn't drop her," Gilbert cut in quickly. "It was she who dropped me, and everybody—disappeared—so fed-up with the scandal and the fuss."

Anxious though he was, Moretone half-smiled. That wasn't the reason—that was only Nancy's kid.

"I see," he said thoughtfully. "Well, I've got to find her. I did not want to, but if you can't help I must try another old friend."

The grim determination of his tone made Gilbert shudder. His blood ran cold again. Moretone would find her—easily. He had only to reveal himself to someone else to discover what had happened.

"Why run the risk of being given away?" he asked desperately. "Why not go back to the Argentine while you are safe?"

"I want my wife!" said Moretone—leaving out about the £50,000 he also wanted with her.

Gilbert looked away. If only he could get a few minutes to think.

He shrugged.

"You can't get twopenies for a penny in this world, and that's what all shareholders expect," he added, as Gilbert did not speak.

"Mind if we walk about?"

Mechanically Gilbert fell into step beside him.

"You are the only person to whom I have made myself known," Moretone said.

"I had a feeling that I could count on you not to give me away. You can't—can you?"

"No," said Gilbert. "I can't."

It was a terrible temptation to have this heartless swindler arrested and put out of the way behind prison bars. But that would not help. What about Nancy? She would still be Moretone's wife.

"Good. I knew you would be a sport," Moretone began to talk again, and told him how he had fled to Buenos Aires.

"I have been lying low there all this time, and now I have come back," he said, determined not to tell Gilbert too much.

He drew a deep breath when he found himself alone. Thank God he had got away from the fellow at last! Now he could think this ghastly business out. Its awfulness was staggering.

Nancy was not his wife—

"But she is, she is!" a thought flashed into his brain. "He—her first husband—is legally dead, and dare not come alive! Therefore, she is mine, legally, and in every other way—and he can't do anything, if only I can keep him away from her."

RELUCTANTLY, Gilbert signalled to a passing taxi. The appointment with Nancy must be kept. Somehow, he must go through with it.

He sank down on the seat.

What was he to do?

Roger Moretone was alive in fact, but dead in law. He wanted Nancy; he was determined to find her and make her come back to him. To gain time—to throw dust in his eyes—Gilbert had promised to try to find her for him, and meet him again three days hence.

"If it were for her good, I would give her up," he thought. "But it isn't. She loathes him. She found him out years ago."

What was the right thing to do about this ghastly mess?

The journey was a very short one. With a start he realised that the taxi had pulled up, and Nancy was hurrying towards it.

He opened the door, and she got in, happy and smiling, glad they had met, and that she was going to have the unexpected pleasure of going to his office and lunching with him.

Mechanically he gave the driver his office address.

"Say something! Say something!" an inner voice cried warningly in his distracted brain.

"Well—got my birthday present?" he jerked out.

"It's ordered. 'Fraid I've been rather extravagant. I do hope you like it."

"What is it?" he asked, stupidly.

"You'll know in five days' time—next Monday, Mr. Curious," she laughed.

In three days—on Saturday—he would have to see Moretone again, Gilbert thought.

"Darling, you are looking very pale," exclaimed Nancy. "Aren't you well?"

"Never felt better—must be the light in this taxi," he said, quickly.

He thought of slipping his arm round her, and hesitated. She was Moretone's wife. No—she was not. He slipped his arm round her.

they have only themselves to blame when they got it in the neck."

He shrugged.

"You can't get twopenies for a penny in this world, and that's what all shareholders expect," he added, as Gilbert did not speak.

"Mind if we walk about?"

Mechanically Gilbert fell into step beside him.

"You are the only person to whom I have made myself known," Moretone said.

"I had a feeling that I could count on you not to give me away. You can't—can you?"

"No," said Gilbert. "I can't."

It was a terrible temptation to have this heartless swindler arrested and put out of the way behind prison bars. But that would not help. What about Nancy? She would still be Moretone's wife.

"Good. I knew you would be a sport," Moretone began to talk again, and told him how he had fled to Buenos Aires.

"I have been lying low there all this time, and now I have come back," he said, determined not to tell Gilbert too much.

HE never told more than was necessary, and it was not necessary to tell young Davis anything about the parcel of precious stones which had been entrusted to Nancy's charge.

"How is Nancy—and where is she hanging out?" He came at last to the point.

Gilbert looked at him steadily.

"I don't know," he said.

"Eh? You don't know?" Moretone stopped dead. "I thought you and Nancy were such friends."

"We were," said Gilbert, and swallowed heavily.

It was by instinct, because of that desire to protect her that was always so strong in him, that he had lied. He had no settled plan—yet. His only thought was to keep this brute, whom she hated, away from her—this scoundrel who had not even had the decency to die or face the music after all the harm he had done! Once more Gilbert found himself eaten up by a deadly rage.

"All I know is that she gave up everything and went off to earn her living—couldn't bear to keep a penny of what she regarded as stolen property," he said harshly.

Moretone nodded.

"Yes, I saw that in the papers," he said, not believing a word of it.

"Well, since then I have lost sight of her," said Gilbert. "So I am afraid I can't help you."

"This is a very big disappointment," said Moretone. "In fact, it's a hell of a blow. I made sure that you would still be friends with her, and know where she was. Damn it! Davis, I must find her. That's what I have come back for."

He flung Gilbert a piercing glance.

"I can't understand your dropping her like this," he said suspiciously. "It doesn't sound—"

"I didn't drop her," Gilbert cut in quickly. "It was she who dropped me, and everybody—disappeared—so fed-up with the scandal and the fuss."

Anxious though he was, Moretone half-smiled. That wasn't the reason—that was only Nancy's kid.

"I see," he said thoughtfully. "Well, I've got to find her. I did not want to, but if you can't help I must try another old friend."

The grim determination of his tone made Gilbert shudder. His blood ran cold again. Moretone would find her—easily. He had only to reveal himself to someone else to discover what had happened.

"Why run the risk of being given away?" he asked desperately. "Why not go back to the Argentine while you are safe?"

"I want my wife!" said Moretone—leaving out about the £50,000 he also wanted with her.

Gilbert looked away. If only he could get a few minutes to think.

"How about you finding her for me?"

Moretone suggested. "As you say, it's a risk going to anyone else. You could inquire for her without anyone being suspicious. Hang it! somebody must know where she is."

Gilbert drew a deep breath.

"All right," he said quickly. "I'll see what I can do." He jerked up his wrist and looked at his watch. "Sorry, I must go. A most urgent appointment," he muttered.

"I'll meet you in the same place at the same time—in three days, and tell you how I have got on. That do?"

Moretone thought for a moment, and then nodded. Inquiries would certainly take three days.

"Fine," he said. "It's very good of you, Davis—and I shan't forget, if you succeed. Wait till I am afloat again, and you'll see what I'll do for you. In case you have a bit of luck and find her at once, I'll give you my address," he added. "Then I shan't have to wait three days."

With a trembling hand, Gilbert wrote it down in the notebook he had brought to write down particulars of what Sir Arthur Belmont wanted.

"Instead of meeting you in Beaton Square, I'll call on you at your lodging," Gilbert said. "Saturday morning—eleven. Good-bye."

He drew a deep breath when he found himself alone. Thank God he had got away from the fellow at last! Now he could think this ghastly business out. Its awfulness was staggering.

Nancy was not his wife—

"But she is, she is!" a thought flashed into his brain. "He—her first husband—is legally dead, and dare not come alive! Therefore, she is mine, legally, and in every other way—and he can't do anything, if only I can keep him away from her."

RELUCTANTLY, Gilbert signalled to a passing taxi. The appointment with Nancy must be kept. Somehow, he must go through with it.

He sank down on the seat.

What was he to do?

Roger Moretone was alive in fact, but dead in law. He wanted Nancy; he was determined to find her and make her come back to him. To gain time—to throw dust in his eyes—Gilbert had promised to try to find her for him, and meet him again three days hence.

"If it were for her good, I would give her up," he thought. "But it isn't. She loathes him. She found him out years ago."

What was the right thing to do about this ghastly mess?

The journey was a very short one. With a start he realised that the taxi had pulled up, and Nancy was hurrying towards it.

He opened the door, and she got in, happy and smiling, glad they had met, and that she was going to have the unexpected pleasure of going to his office and lunching with him.

Mechanically he gave the driver his office address.

"Say something! Say something!" an inner voice cried warningly in his distracted brain.

"Well—got my birthday present?" he jerked out.

"It's ordered. 'Fraid I've been rather extravagant. I do hope you like it."

"What is it?" he asked, stupidly.

"You'll know in five days' time—next Monday, Mr. Curious," she laughed.

In three days—on Saturday—he would have to see Moretone again, Gilbert thought.

"Darling, you are looking very pale," exclaimed Nancy. "Aren't you well?"

"Never felt better—must be the light in this taxi," he said, quickly.

He thought of slipping his arm round her, and hesitated. She was Moretone's wife. No—she was not. He slipped his arm round her.



"How did you get on with Sir Arthur Belmont?" Nancy asked. "Was he any good?"

Gilbert shuddered. "No good at all. Just one of those time-wasters we have to put up with."

"Bad luck, darling. I suppose I am a time-waster, too, to-day?"

He wanted to say "yes"—so that he could get rid of her, and think and plan. But he could not say it—could not hurt her feelings.

"You are different—you are the other half of the firm," he said.

"Nice man," said Nancy. "I promise I won't interrupt the architecting too much."

He shivered, and she felt it through his arm, still around her waist.

"I believe you're in for a cold—that's what's the matter with you," she exclaimed.

"Stop fussing. I tell you I am quite all right," he answered, almost irritably.

He was wondering whether she ought not to be told whether it was fair to keep her in the dark?

But if he told her, what would she do? Would she not torture herself into thinking that she ought to go back to Roger, even though she had ceased to care for him?

She was so fine, so straight, so unable to think of herself.

"What are you thinking about?" her voice broke in on his musings.

"You!" he answered, with a touch of grimness in his tone.

No. He was not going to tell her! If she knew, and stayed with him, it would worry her, and poison their happiness. And if she knew, and insisted on leaving him there could be no happiness for her any more.

SUDDENLY he found his mind made up. As long as he could—for ever if he could manage it—the fact that Moretone was alive should be kept from her. It was enough for one of them to bear the burden of that dreadful knowledge.

"It is for her sake—I swear it is for her sake, far, far more than mine," he told himself. Could anyone let her go back to that brute?

"What were you thinking about me?" Nancy demanded.

"What a darling you are, and how I never want you to know an unhappy moment as long as you live," he answered with—to her—surprising solemnity.

"Any messages?" Gilbert asked Miss Robertson.

"Mr. Westerham phoned, wanting to know if you could meet him for lunch," Miss Robertson reported. "I said you would ring him as soon as you came in."

"Ring him for me, and say I am engaged for lunch, please."

"No," said Nancy. "If he wants to see you it may be something important. Lunch with him—I'll come, too. He won't mind."

"All right," said Gilbert. Westerham would amuse Nancy. Westerham's stories would take her mind off him—make her laugh—stop her noticing how worried he was.

"Ring him yourself and tell him you are barging in," he said, and sat down at his desk.

While Nancy was phoning he began to think again—about the Moretone side of her problem.

Just as much as Nancy, Gilbert liked to play the game and give everyone a square deal.

But what was a square deal in such a case, with such a fellow as that?

Gilbert was not going to worry about Moretone's feelings, he told himself. Nancy was his sole concern. He was going on with what he had begun that day—going to hide from Moretone the fact that Nancy had married again—and married him! He would continue to throw dust into Moretone's eyes—and he would move heaven

and earth to get him out of the country again, right away, and put the fear of God into him so completely that he would never dare to come back.

"He says he is quite pleased to have me," Nancy announced, having rung Westerham off. "I say, Lawrie Westerham really is a brick. He's got another client in tow for you—that's why he wanted you to come to lunch."

THURSDAY came to an end. Friday passed, and Saturday came. Gilbert successfully hid from Nancy the weight on his mind. She must not even suspect that he was worrying.

On Saturday morning he called at the address which Moretone had given him. The dinginess of the lodging was a surprise. Gilbert had expected to find a defaulting financier doing better for himself than that. But it was an even greater surprise to find that Moretone was out.

"He said if a gentleman called alone you was to come in and wait," said the woman who answered the door.

Gilbert felt very uneasy as he followed her to Moretone's room.

Where was the man? Why was he out? What was he doing? Surely this was an appointment which nothing should have prevented him from keeping? Was he finding out about Nancy for himself?

Almost at once the door opened again, and Moretone came in.

His absence was only a ruse. Davis, at their previous meeting, had been anything but friendly, and Moretone was not too sure about him. In the end, Davis had promised to help, but all the time his manner had been very snifty, and his departure distinctly abrupt. Moretone could not afford to take risks.

Davis, after having turned on him as he had, might have changed his tune and decided to lay a trap for him. So Moretone had hidden himself in a doorway down the street to see who came at eleven o'clock. If Gilbert brought a detective, or a detective came without Gilbert, he would then be in a position to make a bolt for it.

It was a great relief to him to see that Gilbert came alone.

"Well?" he said, eagerly. "What's the news?"

"Bad," said Gilbert, briefly.

"You mean you have not been able to find her?"

Gilbert shook his head.

"I cannot hear a word of Nancy anywhere." He played the first card of his desperate bluff. "She seems to have deserted everybody. None of her old friends knows where she is. She has completely disappeared."

Moretone tugged at his beard.

"Someone must know what has become of her," he growled.

"Yes. In time, no doubt, I shall be able to come on her track, but it may take months, and meanwhile, what about you? You can't lie low all the while it will take me to discover her whereabouts?"

"Why not?" Moretone snapped.

"Because you are not as safe and forgotten as you think. That is the one thing I have been able to find out."

Moretone flung him a startled, piercing glance.

"The only sensible thing for you to do," said Gilbert, going on with his bluff, and speaking as firmly and significantly as he could, "is to go back to the Argentine, or somewhere where you cannot be touched, and leave me to send Nancy out to join you when I have found her. If you don't you will be caught."

"Why should I be caught, now—if you don't give me away?" Moretone demanded.

"Listen," said Gilbert. "And I'll tell you!"

A duel for Nancy—that was what Gilbert felt that he and Moretone were fighting.

Warily he eyed his man, every nerve tense.

If only he could frighten Moretone into flight, it would be easy enough to keep him out of the way, to go on bluffing him that Nancy could not be found, till ultimately he gave up all hope of ever getting her back.

"You have heard of Inspector Metherington?" he queried.

The story Nancy had told him about the inspector and the missing parcel of precious stones was the lever Gilbert had determined to use.

"What about him?" said Moretone.

"He has found out that you bought fifty thousand pounds' worth of unset stones before you bolted."

Moretone's eyes flickered, and Gilbert, watching him, thought he had got under his guard.

"Knowing that you had not given them to Nancy," he went on, "Metherington's first idea was that you had passed them on to a mistress. He made all sorts of inquiries among your friends and enemies to try to find out who was your mistress, and force her to give them up." He paused deliberately.

"Well?" said Moretone.

"He could not find a mistress."

"Quite. There wasn't one. Since I married there has been nobody else."

The tone in which Moretone said that made Gilbert look away and wince.

"Metherington is no fool," he continued. "He knows quite well that a man would not throw himself from an aeroplane with fifty thousand pounds' worth of precious stones in his pocket—and they must have been in your possession, since nobody else had them."

Moretone gently stroked his beard.

"The long and the short of it is that though everyone else believes you are dead, Metherington does not!" said Gilbert. "He is convinced that your suicide was a fake, and he is determined to get you."

"Who told you all this?" asked Moretone coolly. "Metherington?"

"No. Westerham," Gilbert answered, spotting a trap.

"I went to Westerham to ask him if he could give me any clue to Nancy's whereabouts, and he told me, then," he added. "It fairly put the wind up me on your behalf."

"Then Westerham also suspects that I am alive?"

"No," Gilbert said quickly. "Westerham laughed at him, and that seems to have got the inspector's back up, and to have made him more determined than ever, or so I gathered from what Westerham said."

MORETONE nodded. As usual, he was resolved not to tell Gilbert more than it was necessary for him to know; that was his lifelong habit. Let Davis go on thinking, as he so obviously did, that he himself had that fifty thousand pounds!

At first Davis had really frightened him. He had not allowed it to show, but young Davis had made his blood run cold with terror. But he was frightened no longer. It seemed to him that he had begun to understand things at last.

It was because that confounded detective-inspector was on the track of those precious stones that Nancy had disappeared! The mystery was solved.

No longer need he torture himself with doubts of her. Nancy was lying low, afraid to let anyone know where she was, and afraid to come out to him as arranged, for fear of being spotted and having their nest-egg taken away from her. And, of course, she could not let him know, could only hope that he would guess and understand.

His course was obvious. To go away, as Gilbert had suggested, was right out of the question. Metherington was a danger, but the danger must be risked. He knew who his enemy was, which was half the battle.



And, meanwhile, Nancy must be found, and discreetly joined.

Gilbert, still watching him, and hoping that he was thinking things over and making up his mind to go, was puzzled to see Moretone's face light up with an expression of relief.

"Thanks for warning me, Davis, but I'll chance Metherrington. Don't you worry—I can take care of myself. Meanwhile, you go on looking for Nancy."

GILBERT stared, with a sinking feeling inside. Passionately he began to argue the point, trying to frighten Moretone again.

But Moretone brushed it all aside.

"I am seeing this through, with your assistance," he said curtly and decisively.

"But I can't find her," Gilbert cried, loath to realise that the bluff had failed, and trying another line.

"Have another shot. You have only been at it for three days."

When Moretone spoke again—he had been thinking. Money—he must have money while he waited for Nancy and the fifty thousand. He had scarcely any left.

"By the way, there is something else I should like you to do for me," he said. "I have been looking at the papers. The old war-horse, my boy—can't keep out of the fray. Ring up your stockbroker on Monday morning and buy a thousand Imperials for me for the next account."

"No," said Gilbert sharply. "I can't do that."

"Buy some for yourself, too, if you like."

Gilbert shook his head.

"They will be up there, bob at least before the account closes," Moretone continued blandly. "In spite of that fifty thousand you know about I can't operate myself over here—now, can I? There is nothing for you to be afraid about."

"It isn't that," said Gilbert. "I just don't want—"

Then he was allowed to say no more.

"You won't even have to put up the cash. The deal will be all over before the end of the account. They are going up, I tell you, and I know something about the Stock Exchange; but even if they should go down, I won't let you in. As if I should—my only friend—who is doing so much for me!"

He rattled the silver in his pocket.

"Oh! all right," said Gilbert, changing his mind. He did not want to do anything for Moretone, but he did want to keep him quiet. Speculation was in the fellow's blood; he could not leave it alone. "I'll do it," he added, fearing that if he stuck to his refusal Moretone might try to do it himself under another name, and something would happen and he would be found out.

"You will probably get a wire from me on Thursday morning to sell those shares," Moretone said coolly. "I am expecting a quick rise."

He filled his pipe when Gilbert had left him. The days of half-crown cigars were gone—but they were coming back—quite soon they were coming back!

If those shares went up on Tuesday or Wednesday, he would be on velvet—make a hundred at least, probably more. And if they went down—well, that would be Gilbert's look-out.

He smiled as he drew at his pipe.

"I talked him round," he thought, and mused for a moment about the men in the City he had talked round in the past.

He laughed out loud.

"Yes, I bluffed him properly—quite in the best Moretone vein," he thought.

And Gilbert, who had gone there to bluff him, at that very moment was saying to himself despairingly:

"Somehow he must be got rid of! But how—how?"

Gilbert had failed in his first attempt to get Moretone out of the country, and he was utterly fogged about what to do next.

It was a very unhappy and worried young husband who returned to Oakleigh that Saturday afternoon. But the worry and the unhappiness had to be hidden. It was essential that he should behave as if all were well. Therefore, he drove Nancy to the links for the usual round of golf they played on a Saturday afternoon, when fine.

Nancy whacked him hollow. He could do nothing right.

"Darling, it's not your day," Nancy sympathised with his crushing defeat.

"No. But you wait till next Saturday. I'll have my own back on you then," he answered, pulling himself together.

Perhaps by next Saturday Moretone would be out of the way!

Sunday came, and all the morning Nancy watched him with puzzled eyes. Till after lunch she waited for him to confide in her, and then broached the subject herself.

"Worrying, aren't you?" he said. "Tell mother all about it."

Gilbert started. Heavens! this would not do. But now she had spotted that he was worried, it would not be safe to deny it.

"Only fussing about a job," he said, as lightly as he could.

"What have you been and gone and done, darling? Put a hot and cold basin in a drawing-room, or left out the staircase?" Nancy asked, just as lightly—on the surface.

"Something like that. But it will be all right. I will find a way out."

Nancy kissed him. It was only "architecting," and he did not seem to want to talk about it.

MONDAY came—his birthday. He woke with a sick, sinking feeling, but forced himself to be cheerful. "Now, then, where's that present I have heard so much about?" he cried, after Nancy had kissed him and wished him many happy returns.

"You'll get it at breakfast," said Nancy severely.

"I want it now." He dragged her out of bed. "Give it to me at once."

Nancy fished it out from under the bed, where she had hidden it.

"Here you are—baby," she laughed.

It was a fitted dressing-case—"best pigskin, lined leather, with adjustable strap for fittings at back, also flap in lid for shirts," was the way it was described in the store's catalogue.

Gilbert went into raptures over it, and declared that it was what he had always wanted.

"You have given it to me just at the right moment," he cried. "We are going north on that Scotch trip to-morrow. Isn't that lucky—a chance to use it at once?"

"Gilbert, you might have told me before!" Nancy exclaimed. "I have accepted an invitation to lunch with the Browns for Wednesday."

"I forgot," he answered, looking rather dismayed, for that was something which he certainly ought not to have forgotten to tell her, and never would have forgotten if there had not been such a weight on his mind.

"All right," said Nancy. "I'll forgive you, and put the Browns off. Darling, what fun!"

At the office he phoned to his stockbroker, as he had promised to do, but though it kept coming into his mind all day he found no solution to the problem that was troubling him.

On Tuesday he was so busy clearing things up, because he was to be away to-morrow, that he had no time to think of Moretone, or even Nancy.

But he thought of him again as he lay awake with Nancy sound asleep in the other berth, while the train tore up north.

How was Moretone to be made to leave the country before disaster came upon them all?

"I can't have him hanging about for weeks and weeks, liable to be spotted and arrested at any moment—or even to run into Nancy by chance," he thought—and shivered in his bunk.

ARRIVED at the castle, which was being modernised, Nancy roamed about while Gilbert inspected the progress of the work. Then they drove to the new shooting-box, which was being put up according to Gilbert's plans, and once more Nancy faded away while he signed the contractor's certificate. After that, they went on to a rather belated lunch at the nearest hotel.

Gilbert, who had been very thoughtful, suddenly became very talkative. While they ate he pointed out to Nancy how splendidly the hotel was situated, what lovely moorland there was all round it, and what an excellent and altogether remarkable hotel it was.

One thing led to another. Remarking that he would love to spend a month there, he suddenly put forward the startling proposition that Nancy should stay on, and he would come down to her for the weekend.

"But, darling, think of the journey!" Nancy protested.

"I should probably be able to arrange to catch the Friday night train—that would mean all Saturday and Sunday together in this lovely country," said Gilbert.

"But the expense, Gilbert!"

"We can afford it," he scoffed.

"And what should I do with myself while you were not here, darling?"

"Nancy, there's tons to do. It would be a most wonderful rest for you."

"I don't want a rest. I'd rather come back to Oakleigh with you. Goodness knows what the servants will get up to with only you to look after them."

But Gilbert only went on urging this preposterous plan upon her, declaring again and again that he had fallen madly in love with the place.

So keen was he that at last Nancy gave in.

"Very well, if you are so set on it," she said. "But I do think it's rather mad, darling."

She also felt that it was rather selfish, but did not say so. Because Gilbert had taken this absurd passion for the place, she was to be left up there all alone.

And he was going to spend pounds and pounds in railway fares just to have a couple of days on the moors. Really, men were very trying; but, as she loved him, and always wanted to make him happy, she felt she must let him have his way, hurt though she felt that he should be so willing to leave her.

At the office there was a telegram from Moretone: "Sell for the best."

Gilbert rang up his broker, and a little later the broker rang him to say that the net profit of the transaction was a hundred and twenty-nine pounds. Anxious to complete the matter, Gilbert sent a clerk to the bank for the money.

At three o'clock Gilbert called once more at Moretone's lodgings. Moretone was waiting in for him.

"Well? Any news?" was his greeting.

"You were right about those shares," said Gilbert. "There's your profit!"

He handed over the money.

"Did you do anything yourself?" Moretone inquired.

Gilbert shook his head.

"Ah, that's a pity," said Moretone. "A tip from me is not a tip to be ignored."

Gilbert looked away as suddenly he found himself, seeing red. "Steady, steady," he rebuked himself. He must remember that circumstances were forcing him to pretend to be this conceited swindler's friend.

"I am afraid I have no other news for you," he said quietly. "Of course, I haven't had much time, having been away. But I have been thinking things over, and I am



going to see Westerham again. I have an idea that I did not pump him quite as much as I might have done."

"You think Westerham knows more than he let on?" Moretone asked.

"That's what I want to find out," said Gilbert, who was saying all this deliberately, as part of the plan he had determined on while lying awake during the return journey.

"Westerham was very good to Nancy after you disappeared," he went on, unable ever to mention her to Moretone as "your wife." "He went to her and offered to help. Immediately the news came out."

"I am going straight to him," said Gilbert, "and I will let you know as soon as possible how I get on."

Then he left him.

It was to Westerham that Gilbert was going. He had thought of a way out. Moretone must be thoroughly frightened.

There was only one way to drive him out of the country, and that was to make him think that he was going to be arrested. For Nancy's sake, Gilbert could not afford to have him really arrested, but if he could only make him believe that he was going to be, Moretone would undoubtedly go while the going was good.

And that was where Westerham came in. Westerham, Nancy's and Gilbert's friend, was to be the man who was to put the fear of God into Roger Moretone. Gilbert arrived at Westerham's flat a little after four. After the usual telephoning he was taken up in the lift.

Westerham greeted him warmly.

"Just in time for a cup of tea—I'll ring for it at once," he said. Then it struck him that there was something strange about his visitor's manner. "Nothing wrong, is there?" he asked.

"Everything is wrong," Gilbert answered grimly. "Things are in the most ghastly mess. Westerham, Roger Moretone is alive—in England—in Pimlico; I have just come from him."

**L**AURENCE WESTERHAM, the popular bachelor ornament of society, felt sick with terror. His jaw dropped.

Gilbert regarded him sympathetically, imagining that it was on his and Nancy's account that he was so upset.

"Horrible, isn't it?" he jerked out. "Nancy does not know—and she isn't going to know, if I can help it."

Roger Moretone was alive! The room swayed. Very nearly Westerham fainted. Alive—and only a mile or two away!

"I think—I think—instead of tea, a whisky and soda," he gasped.

Pouring the drinks steadied him a little, but his glass clinked against his chattering teeth when he held it to his lips.

"That suicide was a fake," said Gilbert. "The swine was wearing a crash helmet and a lined suit." He told Westerham what Moretone had told him, and Westerham listened dazedly, though he knew it all already, because of the letter he had opened on the morning when Moretone's disappearance became known.

"And now he is back and he wants Nancy," said Gilbert.

"And my £50,000," thought Westerham. "My God! He will murder me if I don't give up the money!"

"He is not going to have her!" said Gilbert. "Legally he is dead, and as long as he is legally dead Nancy is legally my wife. I am not supposed to tell you or anyone that he is alive, but I owe nothing to him. Nancy is all I am thinking about."

"He doesn't know that Nancy and I are married," added Gilbert. "I have kept that dark. Told him she has disappeared because of the disgrace he brought on her. I am pretending to be trying to find her for him, since he cannot come out into the open himself."

Westerham opened his mouth to speak, and then closed it again without saying anything. "He has come here to make me

give up that fifty thousand," he was thinking, and wondered at the same time how Gilbert had found out that he had got hold of it.

"I have got Nancy out of his way, where he cannot possibly run across her," Gilbert went on. "And now the thing to do is make him clear out—"

"With my money!" Westerham thought—and waited for Gilbert to come to the point and accuse him.

"That's where I want your help, Westerham," said Gilbert. "I have told him I have come to you to make further inquiries, so he will be more than half-prepared to find you chipping in."

"But—but—" began Westerham, and stopped himself just in time from saying that Moretone would not go without his money. Westerham was quite sure that that was what Moretone wanted, far, far more than Nancy.

"I want you to come with me to Moretone's lodgings," said Gilbert—and Westerham's jaw dropped again. "And then, a minute or two after I have gone in you are to knock and force your way in, pretending that you have followed me without my knowing. You are to look at him, and recognise him, and say that my inquiries about Nancy made you suspicious that I was acting on his behalf—and now you have found out that you are right you are going to do your duty and hand the scoundrel over to the police. And then you are to rush off as if you were going straight to Scotland Yard."

Nervously Westerham moistened his lips with the tip of his tongue, more bewildered and frightened than ever.

"You aren't going to the police, of course," Gilbert went on. "We cannot have him locked up, for Nancy's sake. Everything would come out. But that ought to frighten him out of his wits. Directly you are gone he will make a bolt for it. I'll help him—and once he is out of the way he will never dare to come back because he will believe that the police know he is alive and are on the look-out for him."

Having put the plan before him, Gilbert finished his drink and waited for Westerham to speak.

Westerham did not speak. Quaking in every limb, he studied his well-manicured finger-nails, with puzzled, frightened eyes. What he could not understand was why no mention had been made of the little brown-paper parcel of precious stones. Had not Moretone mentioned them?

"Surely you are not going to refuse?" said Gilbert, as the silence began to prey upon his frayed nerves. "There is no risk. Think of the terrible hole that swine has placed us in."

He rose.

"You know how happy we are," he pleaded. "It would break Nancy's heart. I must spare her. Come on—come with me now and get it over."

Very slowly Westerham got out of his chair.

"I am sorry, Davis," he said shakily. "But—but I can't be rushed. I must think this out."

**G**OING north on Friday night, Gilbert found himself thinking rather bitterly of Lawrence Westerham. A weak-kneed blighter, Gilbert called him, not so he was able to agree to do what was wanted of him at once. If Westerham had not temporised and taken that line Moretone would have been got rid of by now! The delay was going to make things very awkward. It meant that Nancy would not be able to come back with him. Whether she liked it or not she would have to stay at that hotel for another week to keep her out of Moretone's way.

However, there was one grain of comfort in the situation. Westerham had not refused. He was only hesitating, which looked as if he would probably say "Yes" in the end. All the time he was in the train Gilbert clung to that hope.

Nancy met him with a hired car. Their eyes lit up as they caught sight of each other.

"Had a good time, Angel?" said Gilbert.

"No," said Nancy. "I've been bored stiff without you."

She took his arm and pressed it against her side as they walked to the waiting car.

"What have you done to me?" she asked affectionately. "I have only been alone two days, and it has seemed like two years."

Can a man's heart sink and swell at the same time? Gilbert's seemed to. He loved her to have missed him so much—but what would she say when she heard that he wanted her to stay alone another week?

They spent the afternoon together on the moors, taking a picnic tea with them. It was great fun. He swore to Nancy that everything was going like clockwork at Oakleigh, and raved about the moorland air and the heather, and how well it made him feel.

"We must do this again next week-end," said Gilbert, while they were lunching in the shelter of a big boulder, and trying to keep warm by huddling close together.

Nancy looked at him rather oddly.

"You don't mean that you expect me to stay here alone for a whole week?" she asked.

"It won't be a whole week, darling," he answered quickly. "And, anyway, I must come down and have another look round at the castle and the shooting-box."

"Gilbert, that's only an excuse! You haven't been near them this week-end."

"That's why I must next week-end, darling."

Nancy bit her lip.

**A**NYWAY, I believe the weather is breaking up," she said, with a glance at the cloudy, wind-riven sky. "Nonsense! It will be gloriously fine to-morrow." He took her hand in his. "Just let me have one more week-end on these topping moors," he pleaded. "You know you like it, really."

"I like it all right when you are here," said Nancy. "But I don't like it when I'm alone, and the thought of a week—"

He stopped her with a kiss. Almost distracted, he felt, but she must, she should stay! The risk of Moretone seeing her was too great. By the time he came down again Moretone would be gone. Westerham should do what he wanted him to do.

"Darling, please humor me," he begged, desperately. "I don't often take such a fancy to a place. Do let me have one more week-end here with you. I promise you you shall go back with me next Sunday night."

Nancy released herself.

"Oh! all right," she said, not very graciously.

But how could she be gracious when she felt so hurt?

They were both very quiet when they drove to the station in the evening. She did not know it, but Gilbert was utterly miserable at having to leave her behind.

At ten o'clock on Monday morning he was at the office, waiting for Westerham, who had promised to look in first thing.

Mechanically Gilbert ran through his letters and issued various instructions to his secretary.

The day was wet, and he hoped it was one in the north, because Nancy, poor dear, would be so dull, cooped up in that hotel if it were raining.

At a quarter to eleven a clerk came in, and interrupted him and Miss Robertson.

"Mr. Westerham to see you, sir," he reported.

"Bring him in," said Gilbert, and signed to his secretary that he wished to be alone with the caller.

Westerham entered, Gilbert shook hands with him, and closed the door.

"Well?" he said eagerly. "You are going to do it?"



WESTERHAM fingered his tie to make sure the knot was in perfect shape. His face was pale, and there were dark shadows under his eyes; unquestionably this morning he looked his age—and more.

He had passed a very uncomfortable week-end. A faint-hearted sinner at the best, his natural instinct was to refuse to do what Gilbert wanted him to do—to keep out of it—to fly from danger rather than face it. He was sorry for Nancy and Gilbert, but he was sorer still for himself.

Trapped, threatened with the loss of his capital and the necessity of starting to earn his living at fifty, he had opened a letter addressed to someone else, and slipped a little brown-paper package into his pocket, convinced that Moretone was dead.

Now ruin was threatening him again—utter and complete ruin, just when he was beginning to feel easier in his mind. If Moretone found out what had happened he would undoubtedly insist on his full pound of flesh—or murder him. Besides forcing him to give up the thirty thousand, Westerham would also have to make good the loss he had suffered in turning those stones into money—he was quite sure of that.

He could, of course, defy Moretone, and go to the police. But he knew that he had not the nerve to defy him, and going to the police would only make things worse. Moretone's arrest was the last thing Gilbert wanted, for Nancy's sake, and all it would do for Westerham was to save him from Moretone's violence.

Every time he thought of Moretone, still alive and so near at hand, his blood ran cold, and the idea of facing him, as Gilbert wanted him to do, made him feel sick with terror. But that plan had points. It was a plan that really seemed to promise to get them all out of their difficulties, Gilbert and Nancy and himself, if only he could screw himself up to play his part.

Moretone, cunning devil, had obviously said nothing to Gilbert about those precious stones, and Gilbert imagined that Moretone himself was in possession of them. Nancy was the danger. Once Moretone met her and discovered that she had not got them, or their proceeds, it would not take him long to get on his, Westerham's, track.

Therefore, nothing could be clearer than that Moretone and Nancy must not meet—the only sure way to prevent it was to fall in with Gilbert's plan. Get Moretone out of the country—make him afraid to come back—and then he could hurt nobody, and do nothing!

Every time he thought it over, that was the conclusion to which Westerham had come. He must do it. It would be the ordeal of his life, but it must be faced.

"Yes," he said, in answer to Gilbert's question. "I am going to do it."

Gilbert's eyes brightened. "Fine!" he burst out. "Westerham, this is most terribly good of you. As long as I live I shall never forget it. God! What a friend to Nancy and me you are being!"

Westerham took his hand away from his tie.

"I'd like to get it over," he said hurriedly. "How soon can we—?"

"At once, if you like," Gilbert cut in eagerly.

"All right. Er—er—supposing he has a gun?" said Westerham nervously. "What I mean is, when I recognise him and threaten him, he might—"

"I'll be watching him like a lynx," Gilbert promised. "I'll see he has no time to shoot, even if he is armed, which, of course, is quite likely."

Westerham shivered, and thought of drawing back. But the instinct of self-

preservation, the fear of being made penniless, stiffened him again.

"I will run over once more what you have to do," said Gilbert. "We don't want anything to go wrong."

Westerham shivered again.

"You are to knock at the door just after I have gone in—enter his room and call out: 'Moretone! So your suicide was a fake, and that is why Davis has been making these inquiries about Nancy? I suspected it, and followed him!'"

Westerham nodded.

"Then you are to tell him what you think of him—I'll keep him off you, if he tries to get at you—and then you are to bolt, swearing you are off to Scotland Yard, and leave him to me. It's quite simple, isn't it?"

Westerham swallowed.

"You won't forget to keep your eye on him all the time?" he said, through lips gone hot and dry.

"No," said Gilbert. "Trust me. I'll see—"

He broke off and went to a cupboard.

"Have a spot to buck you up?" he suggested. "I keep a bottle for some of my clients who can't do business without a drink."

BUT Westerham refused

—all strung up to get the ordeal over, unable to bear a moment's unnecessary delay.

"All right—just as you like," said Gilbert, equally tense. "For heaven's sake don't let your nerve fall you, will you, Westerham! It's my last card. If we make a mess of it—"

"I'll see it through," said Westerham, stiffening again as he thought of all it meant to him.

They went most of the way in a taxi, hardly speaking. Then they paid off the driver, and Gilbert went on ahead with Westerham following a hundred yards or so behind.

He stopped when he saw Gilbert knock at a door.

The door opened, but Gilbert did not go in. Westerham waited with his heart in his mouth, and then, after some conversation with someone whom Westerham could not see, Gilbert turned and came slowly towards him.

"Out?" asked Westerham, with a sinking feeling, afraid that he would never be able to string himself up again.

"Gone!" said Gilbert, tersely.

Westerham's eyes widened.

"Bolted, do you mean?" he asked hopefully.

"I don't know," Gilbert's voice was flat with anxiety and dread. "All his landlady can tell me is that on Friday he suddenly cleared out, saying nothing of where he was going, or why."

They stared at each other.

"I can't understand it," said Gilbert. "Westerham, what a pity you didn't agree at once! Then we should have known where we were."

"Perhaps it is all right—perhaps he has belted of his own accord—saved us the trouble of frightening him off?" Westerham suggested.

Gilbert shrugged.

It might be that. Someone might have spotted Moretone, and made flight necessary. He could not tell.

It might be anything. That was why it was so worrying.

"Well, there is nothing to be done but to wait and see," he said. "The next move is up to him. If he is still knocking about, no doubt he will get in touch with me. Our stunt must be put off till then."

"Yes—I suppose so," muttered Westerham.

"I don't like this," said Gilbert. "I don't like it a little bit."

Westerham did not like it, either. By now he had hoped it would have been all over.

He swallowed.

"You'll let me know if you hear anything?" he said.

"Of course," Gilbert held out his hand. "Thanks, awfully, for being willing to help, and let's hope we shall still be able to pull it off."

"Yes. You—you know where to find me when you want me," said Westerham.

They parted, Westerham to return to his flat, and Gilbert to go back to the office, both of them terribly disappointed and badly frightened. Mystery had now been added to suspense.

Where was he? What was he up to? Gilbert asked himself these questions again and again. Why had Moretone left no message for him at his lodgings, when at any time he must have been expecting him to call there with news? Was it because he had reason to suppose that the police were after him?

Gilbert stared out of the office window, too worried to notice that it had come on to rain again. There was a news-stand just opposite. It was the posters he was interested in, not the weather. Moretone's name was not on them.

"Anyway, he has not been arrested yet, or the papers would be full of it," Gilbert thought, and fervently hoped, if fear of arrest were the reason for Moretone's disappearance, that he would escape from his pursuers. Nothing could be more disastrous for Nancy than for him to be caught.

He returned to his desk, thanking heaven that Nancy was safely out of the way up north.

Resolutely he forced himself to get on with his work. The phone rang, and he started, hoping to hear Moretone's voice at the other end.

But it was only Lord Summerdale.

A post came in, and Gilbert hurriedly opened the letters before Miss Robertson could do so for him.

There was nothing from the man from whom he wanted to hear.

Had Moretone really gone? If so, he would surely have found some way of sending Gilbert a message and giving him an address in case Nancy had been found? No. That was clearly too good to be true.

Had the scoundrel decided that Gilbert was not the friend he had pretended to be, and gone off to set to work on his own?

"I believe it is that!" Gilbert said to himself, and rejoiced again that Nancy was out of the way.

Somehow, he got through the rest of the day.

Somehow, also, he got through the long, lonely evening at Oakleigh. He had taken some plans home with him to work upon, but it was very little that he did to them.

It was a little after eight next morning, while Gilbert was shaving, that he heard a commotion down below, and a voice that caused him to pause, razor in hand.

A moment later the door of his dressing-room was flung open.

"Hullo, darling!" cried Nancy. "Smile and look pleased to have me for breakfast. Yesterday it poured and poured, and they all said that once it started raining up there it went on for days and days—so I felt it was impossible to stick it—and here I am!" Gilbert stared at her blankly.

NANCY had come home!

To Gilbert it seemed the last straw. The thought that she was safely out of the way had been his only comfort since Moretone had disappeared.

He tried to smile, tried to speak, but could only stare at her aghast.

The sparkle went out of her eyes. Touchy was the last thing Nancy could be described as being, but it was impossible not to feel hurt and flattered at a welcome so chilling.

"Gilbert, you didn't really expect me to stay up there in the wet, with nothing to do?" she exclaimed.



"No. Of course not." He made a frantic effort to pull himself together, and behave as a husband should. "It was very sensible of you to chuck it and come back."

Forgetting the lather still on his cheek, he made a movement as if to embrace her. Nancy warded him off.

"Finish shaving first."

Her tone was a little crisp, and her eyes were troubled as she watched him tighten the skin of his face and sweep the razor downwards with quick agitated strokes.

"Darling, I don't believe you are a bit pleased to see me," she complained.

"I am—frantically pleased." He went on shaving. "I was only a bit surprised."

There was a silence while he finished.

"If that devil is on our track—and I believe he is—I think that's why he has given me the slip—good Lord! he may turn up here to-day, while I am out," he thought.

"There! Now I can kiss you," he cried, and seized her in his arms and kissed her and hugged her with a warmth and a fierceness that were really a defiance to Moretone and all the world to take her from him.

Nancy looked into his eyes.

"You do still love me, then?" she murmured.

"Darling, what do you mean?"

"I was beginning to wonder if perhaps you'd got some other girl," she confessed. "And—and that was why you left me behind, and didn't want me back."

"Nancy!" he cried reproachfully.

"These things happen, darling. If there is—you have only to tell me—and—and—"

"My dear! Of course not," he interrupted, tightening his arms about her. "There's nobody else—there never will be."

He kissed her again.

"Silly darling," he said tenderly. "I am all yours, every bit of me."

Happy again, she released herself, and told him to hurry or he would be late for breakfast. But Gilbert was anything but happy. She had made him see things with her eyes, forced him to realise how strange his conduct must appear to her.

Should he tell her? he asked himself. Should he tell her everything, and warn her, in case Moretone turned up?

Gravely he considered the matter while he finished dressing, and decided against it. He did not want her worried, if she could be spared, and he still hoped to be able to drive Moretone out of her life. He might hear from him at the office to-day.

He kissed her again.

"Silly darling," he said tenderly. "I am all yours, every bit of me."

IT was the boredom of lying low that Moretone found hardest to endure. After all, he was a man of action and affairs, who for years had been accustomed to throwing himself with boundless energy into the schemes that had made him first a millionaire, and then a fugitive from justice. To be compelled to hide himself in a dingy lodging, with nothing to do but walk about as unobtrusively as possible, went horribly against the grain.

Once he had had everything—a lovely wife, a noble mansion, sycophants to flatter him, enemies to browbeat and conquer, and power and influence. Life in those days had been very full; now it was utterly empty. He had nobody to defer to him, nobody to impress. He was just a shabby, bearded outcast straining at the leash of his vanity—bitter, scorned, and bored, and all the time afraid.

Even his carefully laid plans had gone wrong. Nancy, the woman he loved as much as he could love anybody except himself, was lost, and he was dependent on the good offices of another to find her for him. Of course, all would be well when Nancy was discovered, and he had once more got possession of her and the money she was taking care of for him—but in the meantime he was sick of the waiting and the humiliation of it all.

He'd looked in the fly-blown glass, wondering what Nancy would think of his beard. Whether she liked it or not, he would have to stick to it till they were overseas.

A thought struck him. Joy! he could not let Nancy see him in these shabby clothes, that still, at times, seemed to him to smell of the cattle-bowl. Supposing Gilbert found her to-morrow: what would she think of him, who had always been so smart in his appearance? The beard was bad enough.

ON the Friday morning he'd gone to Oxford St. There was no time to get a suit built at a decent West End tailor's—ready-mades would have to do.

At a world-famous store he fitted himself out with a smart lounge suit.

He changed in a fitting-room and arranged for his old clothes and the rest of his purchases to be sent to his lodging. Having nothing else to do, he went for a walk, and presently found himself in the Strand. Taxis and motor-cars turning into the Savoy arrested his progress, and suddenly a wild idea, born of the smart new suit and the change it had effected in him, flashed into his mind.

Why not lunch there?

Oh! for a bottle of champagne and the taste of some really good food!

He hesitated. Dare he? So far, the great point of his plan had been to hide himself among the poor, where nobody would think of looking for a defaulting financier who had presumably feathered his nest.

He would risk it.

Boldly he entered the grill-room, found himself a table and gave his order: a pint of champagne, oysters, a small grilled sole, and a steak to follow. How good they tasted! All of them perfect of the kind.

Getting more and more confident as he ate and drank, he began to look about. Society and Big Business, not to mention the Stage, are very fond of that particular grill-room. Moretone recognised at least a dozen people, among them two of his old rivals, and one fellow whom he had stung especially badly, and who would have been overjoyed to give him away.

Exalted with champagne and excellent food, he ordered coffee, a liqueur, and a cigar. Dear little Nancy, lying low for his sake; he would soon find a way to get safely off with the adorable darling and the money.

He toasted Nancy silently and beamed on the whole grill room. It was very full, and as he set down his glass a man came up to his table.

"Mind if I sit here?" he asked politely.

"Not at all. I'm soon going."

The stranger sat down, took a plan out of his breast pocket and began to study it. Moretone removed his cigar. Friends with all the world for the time, he suddenly found himself conversationally inclined, desirous of a little human companionship.

"Architect?" he began.

"Er—yes."

"Know young Davis—Gilbert Davis? He is a great friend of mine. But I haven't seen him for some time."

The stranger looked up from his plan.

"Friend of mine, too, as well as a rival," he said cheerfully. "I dined with him and his wife a night or two ago."

"Oh! he is married?" exclaimed Moretone, surprised.

"Very much," the other laughed. "Nancy Davis is one of the most delightful people I have ever met. I am half in love with her myself."

Something seemed to go click in Moretone's brain. Mellowness fled; the blood sang in his ears.

"Who was she before he married her?" he asked, in a tone that caused the stranger to look at him curiously.

"I've no idea. Haven't asked her her family history," he said quietly, wondering if Moretone were drunk.

"Can you give me her address?"

The other shook his head.

"Why not?" Moretone snapped.

"I don't know it"—coldly.

"But you said you dined with her and her husband—"

"At a restaurant—"

even more coldly.

What was this queer fish after? Was he tight or mad? If Davis were such a friend of his, why could he not ask Davis where he and his wife were living? Thoroughly rattled, the chap looked—spoiling for a row. Well, he wasn't going to have one with him in the Savoy. Gilbert's professional rival absorbed himself in his plan again.

Moretone called for his bill, realising that further questioning was useless. The fellow did not know enough—had only met Gilbert's wife at a restaurant. Gilbert's wife—Nancy. He slapped the money on to the waiter's salver, and gave the man ten shillings for himself. Then he strode out into the Strand.

What was this? Gilbert had always been Nancy's special friend. Why had not Gilbert told him he was married?

Moretone stared in a shop window—stared at his own black-bearded, frightened face.

Steady—steady! No jumping to conclusions. Lot of girls were called Nancy. It did not follow that it was his Nancy whom Gilbert had married; that remained to be proved. And he could prove it in ten minutes—Somerset House, where all marriages were registered, was close at hand. One had only to pay a small fee.

A few minutes later he was staring at the entry, the official record of the marriage of Nancy Moretone, nee Somers, to Gilbert Davis, in the Parish of Brompton, Somerset, by Gilbert's father, the rector.

It was as well neither Gilbert nor Nancy saw the expression on Moretone's face as he looked up from the entry.

WITH clenched fists thrust deep into the jacket pockets of his new suit, Moretone went into the Strand again.

So Gilbert had married Nancy! The swine! Double-crossing him, was he—trying to keep it dark—laying a trap for him, eh? Thought Moretone could not do anything because he was legally dead—thought he could get rid of him, did he? Stick to Nancy, and Nancy's fifty thousand pounds—that was the idea, was it?

And what about Nancy, the wife he loved and had trusted with everything?

Instinctively, for his pride's sake, frantic though he was, he began to make excuses for Nancy. It was Gilbert who had got round her—Gilbert, the sly, good-looking fortune-hunter, who had so long been her friend.

"And, of course, he has not let her know that I have come back!" he thought, with one true flash of insight. "He's keeping that from her, damn him!"

Mechanically he had been making his way home, and finding himself on the Embankment he stopped, leant on the parapet, and stared at the river.

Whether he was right about Nancy or not, whether she had done it willingly or been tricked into it, he meant to have her back, and the money, too.

He strode on again, thinking a little more clearly.

The thing to be done was to get at Nancy without Gilbert knowing. He could deal with her—he had always been able to deal with her—and he would deal with her! Stand no nonsense—just take her away, money and all, before Gilbert knew anything about it.

He quickened his step. The sooner he was out of that lodging the better.

He paid his bill and left, found a better room in Chelsea without any difficulty, being now in a position to pay more for it, and then faced the problem of how he was to discover where Gilbert and Nancy were living.



The simplest way seemed to be to hang about Gilbert's office on Saturday and follow him home.

All the morning Moretone hung about, but Gilbert did not appear. He was in Scotland, but Moretone did not know that. "One of those slackers who play golf all Saturday, is he?" he snarled to himself when he had to give it up.

Now he must wait till Monday. He waited till Monday, grim and determined, and on Monday evening he was there when Gilbert came out, tortured with anxiety as to what had become of him, so worn out with the emotions of that disappointing day that he jumped into a taxi instead of walking to the station as usual. Moretone's luck was out. There was not another taxi to be seen in which he could follow.

"To-morrow, then," he said to himself implacably. But on the Tuesday morning he had an idea. This following business was very risky. Why not ring up Gilbert's father, who had married them? Surely the rector of Bemersham would know his son's private address?

He put through a trunk call. "It is Sir Arthur Belmont speaking," he said, repeating the ruse that had worked so well before. A country rector would be impressed with a title. "I am a friend of your son, Gilbert, and I have just got back from abroad. Could you be so kind as to give me his home address? He has been married while I was away, and I want to call on him and his wife."

"Oakleigh, Lissen Avenue, Streatham," replied the kindly old man, of whom Nancy was so fond, and to please whom she had been married in his church instead of in a register office.

"Thank you very much," said Moretone, and rang off.

Got it—at half-past ten in the morning, when Gilbert was safely out of the way!

He held up his hand and summoned a passing taxi.

AS it happened, Nancy opened the door to him herself. Cook was busy in the kitchen, and the house-parlor-maid was upstairs. One does not expect visitors at eleven in the morning.

"I'll go," Nancy called out when the bell rang. She looked at the dark, bearded man on the step.

"Yes?" she began—and then felt suddenly all frozen up inside as his eyes met hers.

"Roger!" she burst out—and her hand moved on the instinct to slam the door in his face. But she restrained it, gave a little gasp, and said: "You had better come in."

Her knees were trembling as she led the way to the drawing-room. Moretone followed her without speaking, and even when the door closed he did not speak—just stood looking at her—a sinister, implacable figure.

"So you are alive," said Nancy, more to herself than to him, trying to get a grip on herself.

"Yes," said Moretone grimly. "I am alive all right."

Nancy dropped into the nearest chair.

"Listen," said Moretone. "I know what has happened, and so far as you are concerned I am prepared to let bygones be bygones. Davis made out to you that I was dead—persuaded you to marry him. I know all about it. He has been trying to fool me—pretending to be looking for you for me. But I have bowled him out, and here I am—come for you and what you have of mine—and quite ready to forgive and forget."

Nancy drew a deep breath. So Gilbert knew! And Gilbert had been hiding it from her. That was why he had been so strange lately—that was why he had tried to bury her in Scotland, and had been so startled when she came back this morning.

"You are my wife," said Moretone, "and I still love you as much as ever I did—more, Nancy. All the time I have been waiting for you—"

"Be quiet!" she broke in. "Don't talk like that. You must be mad to think that I would come back to you."

"Of course, you are coming back to me!"

"No. Never." She sprang to her feet and faced him with blazing eyes. "I'd sooner die. This is too much—that you should add this to all your other crimes against me. I did my best to give you a square deal, even when I had ceased to care for you and found you out; but a square deal is what you have never given me."

NEVER had he seen her look so lovely, so desirable. He took a step forward, obviously intending to take her into his arms.

"Keep back!" Swiftly she eluded him, moved as if to put a little table between them. "The harm you have done, the ruin you have caused—"

"Cut that out!" he cried angrily. "You had your share. Everything that a woman could desire, I gave you—"

"That is exactly what I can never forgive," she flashed. "I didn't know that you were just a swindler, a crook, and that all you gave me was stolen."

"Forget it. Keep to the point," he cut in. "The point is that you are my wife, and I have come here for you."

"I am not your wife. I am Gilbert's—all Gilbert's. You are nothing to me, and he is everything," Nancy answered. "You have got to understand that. I will not come back to you—do you hear? I will not! You made out that you were dead—you are legally dead."

"Now don't you start trying to put that bluff across me," he broke in. "It won't work."

"It will work—and it is not a bluff. You can't make me come, and I won't come of my own accord."

"I tell you, you are coming!"

"And I tell you, I am not!"

She dropped her hands to her sides and threw her head back. By every line of her figure, as well as by her words, she challenged and defied him, faced him and faced her problem with characteristic courage.

"It would be a sin to return to you. I loathe you, and I love Gilbert, and I am going to stick to him," she said. "Threaten and bluster as much as you like, I don't care—that is what I am going to do, and you need not think I shall ever change my mind, because I shall not. Go away—go away and never come near me again!"

Moretone stared at her amazed, white with fury. Once again things had not gone as he expected them to go. Here was Nancy defying him, when he had been so sure that he would be able to deal with her. Madly though he wanted her, she would not come back, and was taunting him with his powerlessness to make her!

"And what about my money?" he demanded.

"I gave everything up. I didn't keep one penny," Nancy informed him coldly.

"I am not talking about that stunt, and you know it. I mean the parcel of precious stones."

"What parcel of precious stones?"

"Nancy, come off it," he said, viciously.

"If you think you are going to get away with this—going to keep that fifty thousand for yourself and your—your paramour—then all I can say is that you had better think again!"

"Gilbert is not my paramour—he is my husband," said Nancy. "And I haven't the least idea what you are talking about."

A red mist swam before Moretone's eyes. Just in time he took a firm grip on himself.

"I wrote to you before I went on board

that plane," he said, "telling you everything I wanted you to do—"

"I never had that letter."

"In it I told you about the stones in my desk and enclosed the key—"

"That letter never reached me!"

"Nancy!" Blazing eyes proclaimed his disbelief. "Nancy, you try to 'do' me like this," he cried reproachfully, and then snapped at her fiercely: "What have you done with those diamonds that were in my desk?"

"Nothing. I never saw them."

"My God! Nancy, be careful and don't drive me too far! You never saw them, though I left them in my desk for you to take care of! I mean to have them, or the money you sold them for, I must. It's what I have been counting on to make a fresh start."

"I know nothing about them," said Nancy.

"All I can tell you is that after you disappeared I told Inspector Metherington, of Scotland Yard, that he could break open your desk and help himself to anything useful to him in his investigation into your affairs. If you want to know anything further you had better go to him!"

Moretone's jaw dropped, and then, suddenly losing all control, he sprang forward and seized her by the wrist.

"Liar!" he stormed. "This is too much! The truth—the money—quick!"

NANCY went whiter still, with indignation, not fear. She was, also, puzzled.

"Roger, let go of my wrist!" she commanded.

"No!"

"But there's something wrong—something I cannot understand, and I can't think it out while you are holding on to me like this."

Her bewilderment was so genuine, it was so obviously not a ruse to get away from him that he released her.

"Don't speak!" She sank into a chair, and tried to collect her thoughts.

So far, Nancy had been acting by instinct rather than by reason in all she had said and done since this terrible surprise had been sprung upon her. Confronted with the crisis, her heart made up her mind. Long ago she had ceased to love this man who had come back, and she did love Gilbert, and Gilbert loved her. Legally Roger was dead, legally she was Gilbert's wife; asked to choose between the two, she had not hesitated for a moment.

It was all Roger's fault—from start to finish he alone was to blame—so let him go away again, and stay dead, while she and Gilbert went on being happy.

She was convinced that she had come to the right and just decision. It was not that that was puzzling her, but this mystery of a letter and a parcel of precious stones, which Roger seemed to think she was trying to steal, or had stolen from him.

What did it all mean?

She had seen nothing of them, and if she had she would certainly have handed them over to the creditors with everything else.

Why had that letter failed to reach her? Had the police intercepted it?

No—because Roger said the key of his desk was in it, from which it was clear that if Inspector Metherington had had the letter he would not have needed to ask her permission to break the desk open.

Had the inspector found the missing stones and taken possession of them? No—no. If he had she must have heard about it either from the inspector or through the solicitor.

She put her hands to her forehead to help to clear her distracted mind—with Moretone glancing on, one half of him a hateful, determined bully, the other half an adoring, longing lover—of a sort.



Most decidedly the inspector had not found them. How stupid she was not to have remembered before. Inspector Metherrington had discovered the purchase of the stones in Hatton Garden. He had come to her to ask her if she knew what had become of them. At first he had blatantly suspected her of trying to conceal them, and then he had suggested that Roger must have given them to his mistress, and asked her if she knew who was Roger's mistress!

"Well," barked Moretone impatiently, tugging at his beard.

"I was wrong in telling you to go to Inspector Metherrington just now," said Nancy coldly. "I had forgotten something which proves they were not in your desk. He found out some time afterwards that you had bought them, and thought at first that I had them, and then that you must have given them to a lady friend."

"I know all about that," said Moretone roughly—but before he could say any more Nancy interrupted him with a question. "Did you have a lady friend, Roger?"

"No." Gruffly he brushed that aside.

"If you had, you hid her from me very well," said Nancy thoughtfully.

"I hadn't," he snapped. "Only you."

A pang of pity shot through her. After all, once she had thought she loved him, and he, brute, swindler and fugitive from justice though he was, cared for her still.

"I wish you had," she said. "Then perhaps you could have taken up with her again now."

Moretone's eyes glittered with fury.

"To hell with that! Keep to the point," he cried. "What I want to know is what has become of that fifty thousand pounds' worth of stones?"

He came towards her again.

"You are bluffing me—trying to confuse the issue. You took them!" he accused her.

"You are trying to keep them for your lover! They are what he married you for." Pity passed; indignation took its place.

"Thank you," said Nancy. "But I am not like that. If I had found them I should have given them up. But they were not there!"

"They were! With my own hands I put them there!"

"No doubt," she said icily. "But obviously someone took them before I let the inspector break open your desk."

"You!" said Moretone, seething red.

"No. The person who got hold of that letter you say you wrote to me!"

**M**ORETONE stared at her.

"Who would open a letter addressed to you?" he demanded. "And then go to my desk and help himself?"

"I don't know," said Nancy. "But it certainly looks as if someone did."

"Nancy, will you swear that you are speaking the truth?" he cried.

"I have told you, Roger, over and over again that I did not have your letter. I remember that I was surprised there was no message. I even looked to see if there was a letter." She paused for a moment and then added: "If I had found those stones, as I have also told you, I should have given them up. The money that paid for them was stolen money. I would not have kept them either for myself, or for you."

Moretone turned away from her and stared out of the window.

He believed her; he could not help but believe her. But what a ghastly thing to have happened! The robber had been robbed. Someone had got in ahead of Nancy and that damned inspector!

"Roger, you had better go. It is no use your staying here and no use your coming back!" said a cold, firm voice behind him.

"I am sorry for you, in a way," she added, as he did not speak. "But that is how the matter stands."

Hard? Who cared if she was being hard, she thought. How could she help it? Gilbert was the one who mattered, the one she must consider—not this disappointed schemer, this deflated bubble-man. This wrecker of so many homes should not wreck the one that Gilbert had made for her. She had suffered enough through Roger Moretone.

Still Moretone did not speak. Still he continued to stare out of the window with his back towards her, thinking in parallel lines of her and the missing nest-egg. He had two problems to face—Nancy and how to recover that fifty thousand pounds—but each of them meant so much to him that it was impossible to think of them separately.

Taking this line with him, was she? Calmly ordering him to go away and never come back!

By God! she didn't know him—she had still something to learn about him!

"Roger, please go!"

The repetition of the command steadied him, cleared his mind. Still he did not speak, but suddenly he saw his way. First he must get the money back—concentrate on that. For the present Nancy must be made to believe she had won, and she and Gilbert must be left alone. But after he had found the thief and compelled him to disgorge, he would tackle Nancy again—when he was ready to go back to the Argentine—and she would come with him—he would make her.

He turned and looked at her.

"You stick to it, that you will not come back to me?" he asked.

Nancy shook her head.

"Then I am afraid that I shall have to do as you say. For the present, you win," he said bitterly—and walked out of the house.

Nancy shivered. She did not move, but her eyes strayed to the window, and she saw him pass, a sinister figure, that made no attempt to look in.

"I won't be frightened—I won't. I won't," she thought. "He can't do anything to us—not a thing—if only we stand firm."

Before Moretone reached the end of the avenue it came to him—the clue he wanted. The person who had opened that letter and used the key inside it must have been someone in the house. The butler, of course!

Perkins would have already seen in the papers what had happened. Collecting the letters in the usual way to take them to the study, he had noticed one in his master's handwriting and opened it. What more easy than to throw the letter into the fire, use the key, and make himself a rich man? Nothing could have seemed safer. "He took it for granted, of course, that I should be killed," Moretone thought.

"And that's where he was wrong," he said aloud.

The situation seemed clearer. His way was plain. The first step must be to find Perkins and get the money out of him.

Neither finding Perkins nor forcing him to make restitution ought to be very difficult—nor need he fear that Perkins would give him away. He would not dare. He couldn't, without confessing his own theft.

Yes—first Perkins, and then Nancy again. Moretone nodded.

He'd show them—he'd show them!

**T**HE rest of the day was for Nancy an agony of doubt. With Moretone she had been cool and resolute.

Was she right? Was it possible for her and Gilbert to go on? Whose wife was she really?

"Gilbert's," she assured herself over and over again.

It seemed clear that Gilbert thought so, too—for Gilbert knew that Moretone was still alive and had been keeping it from her

to spare her. Never mind; it would be easier for him now that they both knew.

But would it? Doubt crept in again.

Perhaps this knowledge that Roger was still alive would poison everything for them, hang over them like a shadow, make them feel guilty and constrained?

"It shan't!" Nancy told herself fiercely, a minute or two before Gilbert was due to arrive home.

Presently she heard him come in, and rushed out to meet him.

They looked at each other, Gilbert strained from a blank and worrying day, for he had heard nothing; Moretone had made no attempt to communicate with him.

"Well, darling, how's things?" he said trying to brighten up.

"I've had a visitor," said Nancy. "Roger."

**G**ILBERT stared, aghast. It had happened, the thing he had struggled so hard to prevent.

"Come into the drawing-room, and I'll tell you about it," Nancy said.

He followed her, closed the door, and stood looking at her without speaking.

"It was horrible," she said.

Gilbert slipped an arm around her waist.

"Well?" he said huskily. "What happened?"

"He told me how you had been trying to keep him away from me—"

But it was not what Moretone had said that Gilbert wanted to hear. He wanted to know what Nancy was going to do.

"What did you tell him?" he interrupted.

"To go away," said Nancy.

Gilbert's arm tightened about her.

"For good?"

"You didn't think I would leave you—for him?" she said, on a note of affectionate scorn.

"I didn't know. I didn't mean to let you, but I didn't know what you would feel you ought to do."

"I told him to go, and never to come back."

"Darling!"

"I told him that he was nothing to me and you were—quite a lot."

Gilbert kissed her, and for a long moment they clung together. Then:

"He went?" Gilbert asked.

"He had to," said Nancy quietly. "He could not make me come, if I wouldn't. I was terribly frightened, but I realised that. He can't do anything—can't really hurt us, because he dare not own up that he is alive. So I just sent him away."

Gilbert laughed, as he hugged her again. It was not a real laugh, but merely the only way in which he could express his relief.

"Marvellous little person," he said adoringly.

"No," said Nancy gravely. "not marvellous—just yours, and not wanting to lose you."

She broke away from him, and gave him a terse, hurried account of the whole interview, including all the talk there had been about the missing stones.

"And now let's forget him—let's swear to put him right out of our minds," she cried.

"We have no need to be afraid of him, and no need to worry about our position."

"I wish now that I had told you before," said Gilbert. "If only I had known that you would take this line with him right away—"

"You ought to have told me, darling," Nancy interrupted. "The trouble with you is that you will think I am so soft and will try to shield me."

She looked up into his eyes.

"We are not going to worry. We are not going to be unhappy about this. I shan't spoil things—shan't make the least difference," she cried.

Gilbert frowned.



"Darling, aren't you making just a little too light of it?" he asked. "It isn't so simple as all this, my sweet—to be settled after your seeing him just once and telling him to go. What about his money—what about those missing stones? I thought he had them—"

"They are nothing to do with us. Forget them, forget him, forget it all," said Nancy swiftly. "I am not afraid, and I am not going to worry—nor must you."

**D**ETERMINED to have the money actually in his possession before he tackled Nancy again, and incidentally, square his account with young Davis by taking her away from him, Moretone set to work to discover the whereabouts of his old butler.

A fellow who had not away with fifty thousand pounds' worth of precious stones was sure to be on the phone, he reasoned, and looked him up in the London Directory.

Owen Wesley Perkins was the butler's full description, and there was nobody of that name there.

Moretone was not disheartened. Probably Perkins had set himself up in style in the country—so he tried Trunks and Toll Inquiries. But neither Trunks nor Toll was able to help him.

Moretone remembered that it was through a well-known West End servant's registry that he had obtained his butler, and rang them on the chance that they might know where Perkins had retired.

His voice was very authoritative, and he made the request sound very reasonable by declaring that he had been abroad for some time, and was very anxious to look up an old servant of whom he was very fond.

"Just a minute, sir."

The minute seemed more like ten to Moretone waiting impatiently at the other end.

"Yes, Mr. Owen Wesley Perkins is on our books," news came through at last. "We found him a place some months ago with Sir Reginald Blayton in Tite Street, Chelsea, and as far as we know he is still there."

Moretone thanked them, and rang off, very puzzled.

What was this? A fellow who had pinched fifty thousand pounds' worth of unset stones was not likely to take another place as a butler. Or had he only taken the place while he was getting rid of them?

Very uneasy, he rang up Sir Reginald Blayton's.

"Hallo!" said a voice—which Moretone was almost sure he recognised.

"Is that Sir Reginald Blayton's butler speaking?"

"Yes, sir."

"Perkins?"

"Yes, sir."

Good Heavens! He was there!

"Will you tell Sir Reginald that I shall not be able to keep my appointment?" said Moretone quickly.

"What name, please?" the butler inquired. But he got no answer. Moretone had rung off.

Why was the man still in service when he had stolen a very handsome fortune? Hadn't he stolen it?

He must have. Nobody else could, Moretone assured himself.

But he felt decidedly uneasy.

The doubt was very worrying. If Perkins were the thief, Moretone need have no fear in making himself known to him, since obviously Perkins would not dare to give him away. But if he were not—

Moretone strolled round to Tite Street and hung about. Once he saw the door open, and watched the admittance of a caller by a black-coated, dignified man, who was undoubtedly Perkins.

At five minutes to nine Perkins came out for a stroll.

"Perkins. Just a minute."

Perkins stared at the black-bearded man who had stopped him. But the street was not very brilliantly lighted, and he did not recognise him.

"I'm afraid I don't—" he began.

"It's Roger Moretone, Perkins," Moretone interrupted. "Come on to the Embankment. I want to talk to you."

"Good Lord!" Perkins ejaculated.

Moretone, who had been watching him closely, took his arm.

"Startles you, eh?" His voice was harsh and challenging. "You thought I was drowned when I jumped out of the aeroplane?"

"I certainly did, sir," said Perkins.

"And that's why you imagined it was safe to take that little brown-paper parcel out of my desk, eh?" Moretone let him have it.

"Sir! I haven't the least idea what you mean," Perkins protested indignantly.

Moretone dragged him across the road, and halted him by the parapet before he spoke again.

"I am pretty desperate," he said threateningly. "Don't try to fool me, or you'll find yourself in there!" He pointed to the river. "The game's up, Perkins. You've got to fork out."

Perkins eyed him sideways. He was rather excited, and not so very surprised now the shock was over. Perkins had never had a high opinion of financial gentlemen, and after all the other tricks this one had got up to, a faked suicide, Perkins felt, was only what one might have expected. What annoyed him, though, was that Moretone was evidently under the impression that he had taken something.

"I never touched a thing of yours—not even a box of cigars," he said coldly.

"Perkins, if you value your life—don't lie!" Moretone, began, and then Perkins cut him short.

"There's a policeman in the middle of the road by the bridge, directing the traffic," he said quietly. "And another at the corner. If I was to shout, they'd be here in a tick, and very interested to know who you are, Mr. Moretone."

Was he bluffing? Moretone stared across the water at a bright red sign, high above the river, advertising a certain brand of bread. Obviously he had failed to put the fear of God and himself into Owen Wesley Perkins. Why? Because the man was innocent?

"I'm not sure I ought not to call them, anyhow," said Perkins, thoughtfully. "If I don't, it's only for the mistress's sake, she having had enough to bear, poor lady. Does she know that you are still alive?"

**C**UNNINGLY, Moretone changed his tactics, convinced against his will that Perkins was innocent.

"Of course she knows that I am alive," he said. "And she is just as worried as I am about what is missing. It is all she and I have to make a new start with. Perkins, I wrote to her telling her what was happening, and asking her to take something out of my desk and hide it for me. The key was in that letter, but neither the letter nor the key ever reached her. I apologise, Perkins, if I have made a mistake in thinking it was you who took what was meant for Mrs. Moretone, but I could not think who else it could be. Can you, Perkins?"

Perkins shook his head.

"Did you notice a letter from me when you took in the post?" Moretone asked.

"I can't say I did, sir. I was too upset through what I had read in the papers. I just put the lot down in the study."

"Who went there before Mrs. Moretone returned?"

"Nobody, sir. The maids had done it out as usual before breakfast. Nobody went into the study till Mr. Westerham

called to see what he could do, and I showed him in there to wait for Mrs. Moretone."

"Eh?" exclaimed Moretone, stiffening. "Westerham? Westerham was in the study, with the letters, before my wife got back?" His voice shook with excitement. "Good God! Perkins, he's the thief, not you!" he cried. "I see it now."

"No, no," exclaimed Perkins, almost as shocked as he had been to discover that Moretone was alive. "Mr. Westerham would not do such a thing. He's a gentleman."

"How long was he left alone in the study with the letters?" Moretone rasped.

"I can't say. Twenty minutes—perhaps half an hour."

Time to look them over—spot the one from him—hesitate—and then open it and go to his desk, Moretone thought.

"What the devil did he come for, anyhow?" he snapped.

"To comfort Mrs. Moretone, sir, and see if he could help. Why, his last words to me, when I let him out, were that I was to be sure to do all I could for her, as she was so cut-up."

But Moretone had not really wanted that question answered. It was more to himself than to Perkins that it had been addressed.

Moretone looked at his old butler sharply. It was time to get rid of Perkins—after having made sure that he would not split.

"Perhaps I am wrong about Westerham. I suppose I must be," he said, as if Perkins had convinced him of the absurdity of suspecting Westerham. "Probably it was the police who suppressed the letter and got hold of the stones."

He paused.

"You are not going to give me away, are you, Perkins? It would break your mistress's heart if, when I have won through so far, I should be sent to prison in the end."

Perkins shook his head.

"No," he said. "I shan't say anything." Moretone thanked him.

Perkins looked at him coldly.

"It was the mistress I liked," he said, and started to walk back to Tite Street.

Moretone had visited Westerham several times at his flat in the past. He knew the rules about asking for a tenant at the office, and having one's name telephoned up. But if one chose to ignore them, looking as presentable as he did in his new suit, and just got into the lift or marched up the stairs as if one belonged to the place, it was not likely that one would be stopped.

For safety's sake Moretone climbed the stairs—and reached the door of Westerham's flat without seeing anyone. He was about to knock when the door opened and one of the service maids came out. The time was ten-fifteen.

Quick as a flash Moretone smiled and nodded to her, and walked in.

Westerham, at home that evening because he had a bit of a cold, heard him.

"Is that you, James?" he called out, thinking it was his man.

Moretone flung open the sitting-room door.

"No. It's I!" he cried dramatically from the doorway.

Westerham sprang out of his chair by the fire. He was wearing a dressing-gown because of his cold, being a great believer in taking care of himself.

"Roger Moretone—in case you don't recognise me!" snapped the bearded figure.

"I—I—d—do," said Westerham, through chattering teeth.

Moretone closed the door, and Westerham made a big effort to conquer the icy fear that was gripping him. After all, he was not surprised: this was what he had been



dreading ever since Gilbert had informed him that Moretone was alive, and near at hand.

"You know what I have come for!" said Moretone fiercely.

Westerham did know, but he made a poor, futile effort not to admit it.

"No. Wh-what have you come for?" he stammered.

"What you stole from me," said Moretone. "The goods or the cash."

He leant on a chair with folded arms.

"You mean thief—opening a letter addressed to my wife!" he snarled.

"It was my money," Westerham faltered.

"That be hanged for a tale," said Moretone. "If you chose to give me your money to invest, that was your look-out."

"It—it wasn't your property," said Westerham weakly. "It—they belonged to your creditors."

"Same thing. You stole them, damn you—"

"But—the stones were bought with my money!" Westerham protested.

"Don't argue!" Moretone roared at him. "You are a thief and you are going to make restitution—or—"

"Or what?" Westerham demanded, putting up what fight he could. "You can't send me to prison."

"No," said Moretone, only too willing to have the point made clear. "Neither of us can betray the other. But don't think for a moment that that means that you can get away with it. You can't."

He folded his arms again.

"Make any trouble, and I'll swing for you," he added, with horrible intensity. "I mean that, Westerham. I have got to have that money—every penny of it."

Westerham shuddered.

"I—I only got thirty thousand," he confessed.

"What?" Moretone cried.

"I know you said in your letter they were worth fifty, but they wouldn't give me another penny."

"Damned incompetent fool!" said Moretone, contemptuously. "You will have to make good that twenty thousand."

Westerham cowered away from him.

"I can't. I haven't got it," he faltered. Moretone glowered at him.

"Is that true, that you can't raise another twenty thousand?" he demanded. Westerham nodded.

"What's the thirty thousand in?"

Westerham, all confused and frightened, looked at Moretone blankly.

"Gilt-edged or industrial?" Moretone explained, contemptuously.

"Oh! I see, Gilt-edged."

"Good. The price is up. You will instruct your broker to sell out in the morning, and the proceeds will be handed over to me, in cash."

"Moretone—you're not really going to take everything from me?" Westerham put in a sudden plea for mercy. "I shall be completely ruined. What will become of me? Think what it means to me, at my age!"

"I am thinking of the fifty thousand you tried to steal from me, and the twenty thousand loss you have let me in for," Moretone answered grimly.

"It was my money, Moretone. You got the money out of me to buy those stones—"

"Don't say that again. You make me tired."

"I must say it—"

Westerham began, only to be interrupted by a stern:

"Well, say it, then! But understand that you pay over that thirty thousand—or I finish you."

He eyed him in silence for a moment, and then:

"Well, that's all for to-night," he added.

"I'll look in again to-morrow, to see that you have communicated with your stock-broker. Make it clear to him that the deal is to be put through as quickly as possible."

He turned to go, but Westerham, who had found his arrival so terrifying, simply could not let him leave.

"Moretone, wait a minute," he pleaded. "I shall have to do it, if you say so. But—"

—but can't you do something for me? I don't believe you understand what this means to me. I'm nearly fifty-one. I shall be penniless. I've never worked—and I know I shan't have the pluck to cut my throat. I shall have to go to the institution, or whatever they call it."

"That's a better place than a cattle-boat," said Moretone grimly. "I had to come over in a cattle boat all through you. If you hadn't chipped in, Nancy would have had that letter, and everything would be different."

Westerham winced. It was the first time he had thought of Nancy, married to Gilbert. He wondered about Gilbert's scheme. Would it still be possible to drive Moretone out of the country as they had planned? No—not now—not without that thirty thousand pounds—His mind went back again to the money and his own position.

"Moretone, couldn't we go shares?" he begged. "I say it is my money, but anyhow it is not yours. On fifteen thousand I could just scrape along, by expending some of the capital, year by year—"

"Fifteen thousand is no good to me," said Moretone. "I have been counting on fifty!"

"Moretone, don't be too hard on me. If you take everything—"

And then suddenly the worm turned.

"I won't do it," he cried. "I won't. I shall stick to what I have. Kill me, if you like. I don't care. I'd sooner be dead than give it up."

"You will die all right if you stick to that," said Moretone grimly.

"I mean it!"

"No, you don't—or you won't next time you see me," said Moretone, contemptuously.

Then he frowned, and began to stroke his beard, thinking hard. An idea had come into his scheming brain. Suddenly he had seen his way to make use of Westerham in two directions.

"Listen," he said sharply. "I will do something for you, if you will do something for me."

Westerham leant forward, all attention.

"It's a big blow to me to find the fifty thousand I had counted on is only thirty—through you, Westerham. I want fifty, at least, to go abroad with again."

The old arrogant ring came into his voice.

"If there is anyone who can make money on the Stock Exchange, I can," he boasted. "Only, of course, I cannot operate over here. But I could, through you, Westerham—and that's what I am ready to do. Use you as my dummy, and go shares with you in whatever I make. Not mark you, because I am sorry for you, but because it suits me."

"But there's a condition attached to the offer," Moretone went on. "I shan't double-cross you, and I really shall kill you like a dog if you try to double-cross me. This is the condition: you must swear to do all I tell you about a certain scheme for getting hold of Nancy that I have just thought of. Well, what about it?" he asked, and then started, as he heard someone come into the flat.

"Who's that?" he asked, nervously, as if suddenly fearing a trap.

Before Westerham could speak the door opened, and a third person came into the room.

Moretone kept his back to the door, every nerve taut.

"Oh! sorry, sir," said a voice behind him. "I didn't know you had anyone with you."

It was only Westerham's man.

"I just looked in to tell you I was back, sir, and to know if you wanted anything further."

"No. Nothing. You can go to bed, James," said Westerham, jerkily. "This gentleman will probably be staying for some time, so you need not wait up. Good night."

"Good night, sir."

The valet departed, and Moretone shrugged.

"That gave me a bit of a fright," he said coolly. "I feel all right in the street but being shut up in a room with people is nervous work."

BUT Westerham was not listening.

Utter ruin, or the chance to make a large sum of money quickly: that was the choice which Moretone had put before him. Go into partnership with Moretone, and become a traitor to Nancy and Gilbert—that was another way of putting it.

He frowned.

Rubbish! It was absurd to feel a cad, he told himself. One must look after oneself. Moretone was a scoundrel, who had ruined him, and here was an opportunity to get something back. And as for Nancy, well, as long as Moretone was alive, she was undoubtedly Moretone's wife.

It was for better, for worse, that Nancy had taken Moretone—so was it not her duty to stand by him, whatever he had done?

You never know what you can do—or think—till the test comes.

Lawrence Westerham, who had opened that letter and used the key he found in it, had no difficulty in persuading himself to accept Moretone's offer.

"It's a bargain," he said tersely, in a hurry once more to burn his boats.

He had a feeling that they ought to shake hands on it—but Moretone only nodded.

"I think I will have that drink you spoke about," he said.

Westerham poured out whisky and soda for them both.

"Here's luck to us," said Moretone, raising his glass.

Westerham drank the toast with him. One travels fast, downhill.

"As a matter of fact, I can put you on Nancy's track at once," he said. Partners must not conceal anything from each other.

"I have seen her," said Moretone grimly. Westerham stared.

"Then you know that she has married Gilbert Davis?" he exclaimed, surprised. "And that Davis has been trying to kid you?"

"I do."

Westerham finished his drink.

"How did you find out?" he asked.

"Got a cigar?" said Moretone.

"Sorry," Westerham fetched a box, and watched Moretone carefully select a cigar and light it.

"It was a deuce of a jolt for Davis, and me, too, when we went to your lodgings and found you had disappeared," Westerham said.

"What exactly was the idea?" Moretone inquired.

Westerham explained the plan.

"Would it have worked?" he asked.

"It might," said Moretone dryly—registering another notch against Gilbert. Young Davis was cleverer than he had thought. If that scheme had been put into execution, Moretone did not see how he could have spotted that it was a plot. He would have been well away by now, with the wind up. Davis' luck had been out, and his had been in. Another proof that his luck had changed.

"What happened when you saw Nancy?" inquired Westerham.

There was no answer.



"She wouldn't come away with you—said she was going to stick to Gilbert?"

"Yes—she did," snapped Moretone.

"Does—does she know about me and the letter?" faltered the egoist who had changed sides reddening as he stammered it out.

"No."

"Good. Moretone, tell me," he went on, "what is this scheme of yours for getting hold of her? What do you want me to do?"

Moretone slowly removed the ash from his cigar.

"I will tell you that when the time comes," he said. "For the present we will concentrate on the instructions you are to give your broker in the morning. Get a pen and some paper, and write down what I tell you."

He never told a fool too much.

Obediently Westerham rose. His new partner had snubbed him, but he could not afford to be touchy or proud. Death or the workhouse no longer threatened him; Moretone was going to make money for them both.

"By the way," said Moretone. "Before we begin you had better sack that man of yours in the morning. Tell him you are hard up, and can't afford to keep him any longer. I want to be able to run in and out."

"I say—is that really necessary?" Westerham protested. "I shall be lost without a man."

"Of course it is necessary," Moretone answered, "or I should not tell you to do it. He has seen me here before, and he must also have seen my photo, dozens of times in the papers. Do as I say."

**N**OTHING had happened at Oakleigh. A week had passed, and Moretone had made no sign. Gilbert could not understand it. It seemed incredible to him that the matter could have been settled so easily. Even the obvious conclusion that Moretone was too busy trying to find out what had happened to those missing precious stones did not satisfy him.

The question of the legal ownership of the stones was not, Gilbert considered, his affair. What he wanted to know—what he must know before he could really be happy with Nancy again—was whether Moretone had really accepted his dismissal and intended to leave them alone, and whether, with or without the stones, he was leaving the country, never to return.

What was Moretone up to? Where was he?

Nancy was, also, very uneasy. She had vowed that this shadow that had come over their lives should make no difference, but it did make a difference; it darkened things, as shadows do.

Everything was so horribly complicated.

Believing she loved Roger, she had married him, for better, for worse. Did it matter what he had done? He wanted her back—and if he had come to her before she had married Gilbert she would have gone back to him, even though she would have hated having to do it.

In other words, was she giving him the square deal she had always vowed to give him?

"No, no. I can't go back to him," she told herself again and again. "How can I when I love Gilbert? What about Gilbert if I did?"

But that did not resolve Nancy's doubts. Gilbert, she felt, was too biased, and gradually the desire to consult someone else became stronger and stronger.

What about Lawrie Westerham? He knew about Roger's return—he knew everything. Gilbert had even rung him up, and told him of Roger's visit to Oakleigh, and he had been very upset about it.

"I will," said Nancy to herself, with a little nod.

**W**ESTERHAM smiled a welcome as Moretone walked into his sitting-room. To make things easier for his partner, Westerham had given Moretone a key of the flat—the key his dismissed man had had.

"Things are going well, aren't they?" he said cheerfully, looking up from the financial page of a daily paper.

"Not too badly," Moretone dropped into a chair, and produced a sheet of paper. "Ring up your broker. That's what I want you to say to him."

Westerham read his instructions through. The financial wizard was justifying his name. With the thirty thousand as "cover" behind him, Moretone, even in a week, had begun to make his weight felt in the Stock Market. It really did seem that his luck had returned, and shares must go up or down at his nod, as they had done before his fall.

"Imperials?" murmured Westerham, reading the memorandum that had been given to him. "We are going to tackle them now?"

"Yes. They are old favorites of mine." Westerham turned to the phone, but before he could lift the receiver the bell rang. "Mrs. Gilbert Davis to see you, sir," said the voice at the other end, in the office exchange downstairs.

Westerham started and hesitated. Moretone, watching and listening, noticed his embarrassment, and quickly put his hand over the mouthpiece.

"What is it?" he asked, suspiciously, as if he had a right to know, and as if, too, he did not entirely trust his dummy.

"It's Nancy," said Westerham nervously.

"Wants to see you?"

Westerham nodded.

"What about?"

"I don't know."

Moretone's eyes hardened.

"Have her up and find out," he commanded.

Westerham's bedroom opened out of the sitting-room.

"I shall be there—with the door ajar." He nodded towards the bedroom. "It will be very interesting to hear what she has to say."

Westerham reddened.

"Moretone—really—I can't—" he began, and then:

"Get on with it," said Moretone sharply.

He had issued his orders.

A minute or two later, when Nancy came into the room, Westerham was apparently alone. He greeted her with considerable embarrassment, but that only seemed natural to Nancy in the circumstances.

"Oh! Lawrie," she exclaimed, for that was what she had taken to calling him since they had made friends again. "Isn't it all too sad-making and horrible for anything? I am so unhappy, and so frightfully worried. I haven't heard another word from Roger since I sent him away. Lawrie, I want you to give me your honest opinion. You know all the facts of the case. Ought I to stick to what I said, and stay with Gilbert—or ought I to go back to Roger? What would you do in my place?"

**N**ERVOUSLY Westerham looked over Nancy's shoulder. He had sent her with her back to the door of his bedroom.

"It is difficult, very difficult," he said slowly. "I suppose you will think me very old-fashioned, but I have rather changed my mind about it all."

He paused.

"You mean you think I ought to go back?" Nancy asked.

Westerham's eyes were still on that not-quite-closed door, behind which Moretone was listening. He cleared his throat.

"Frankly, I do," he declared. "You see,

after all, Moretone is your husband, and to say that he isn't is only a legal quibble which it is hardly right to take advantage of."

"He made the difficulty—I didn't," Nancy interrupted restively. "If Roger had not pretended to commit suicide I should not have married Gilbert."

Westerham's eyes flickered. If he had not opened that letter and taken possession of that little brown-paper parcel—?

"Yes, I know," he said, quickly. "But you married him for better or worse, and you must have cared for him when you did so."

"I don't now," said Nancy crisply.

"He still cares for you. He's down, and he wants you. You belong to him, not to Gilbert. It does not matter what he has done, he's your husband."

"You have turned right round!" exclaimed Nancy.

"I can't help it. Now that I have had time to consider the matter, that is what I think, since you have asked me."

"The fact that your conscience is troubling you, and you have come to me about it, proves that I am right," he added—glad to think that, too.

"But it isn't troubling me, it's stopped!" said Nancy.

**I**T had. She had come to ask his advice, but now that he had given it, she was not going to take it.

She realised now that she had only come to him in a moment of weakness, wanting him to confirm her decision—and he had done it—the other way round.

"You are all wrong, Lawrie," she cried, "just being stuffy. Once I did care for Roger—I must have—but I don't now. I haven't for a long time, as I found out for certain on the night he disappeared. That night Gilbert and I discovered that we loved each other, and said good-bye, because I was determined to give Roger a square deal."

Westerham's jaw dropped.

"I can't go back to him, and I won't," Nancy went on. "I am sorry for him, in spite of what he has done, but I don't love him. I love Gilbert. I would sooner die than live with Roger again."

Her eyes were averted, and her head was thrown back—but Westerham was not looking at her. His eyes were gazing over her shoulder at his bedroom door, expecting to see Moretone dash out, when his own treachery would be revealed.

But nothing happened. The door did not move, and no sound came from behind it.

Nancy rose, half-smiling.

"I am sorry, Lawrie," she said. "Don't be angry with me for coming to ask your advice and then turning it down. That's what usually happens, when it isn't the advice one wants, isn't it? I shan't wobble again."

"Nancy, really I think you are doing the wrong thing," Westerham faltered.

She held out her hand.

"I know you do, but I am not—or if I am, it is the only thing I can do. Don't you worry, Lawrie, Gilbert and I will be all right. Roger cannot really hurt us."

Westerham dropped her hand as if it were burning him.

"I have told him I cannot have any more to do with him," Nancy went on, "and if he begins to bother, well, it is he who will suffer. God knows, I don't want to give him away, but if he forces me to, for Gilbert's sake, well, he must go to prison, and then, after the divorce, Gilbert and I can be married again. Does that shock you, Lawrie? It wouldn't if you knew what really being in love meant. There is noth-



ing I won't do—nothing, do you hear, to keep Gilbert—"

"I'll take you to the lift," Westerham stammered, opening the door for her to precede him.

On the landing, just as he was about to ring for the lift, Nancy stopped him. "By the way, there is something I wanted to ask you," she said. "When I saw Roger he was very upset because a letter he had posted before he went off in that plane had not reached me."

"Letter?" gasped Westerham, taken aback. "I know nothing about any letter." "Do you remember if the letters were in the study when you arrived, or whether they were brought in while you were there?" Nancy asked.

Westerham got a grip of his frayed nerves and thought hard for a moment. "They were already there, I think," he answered.

"Nobody came in and touched them while you were waiting for me?"

He shook his head. "It is very strange," said Nancy. "The police cannot have intercepted it, or they would have let me know, and it seems too remarkable that that particular letter should have been lost in the post. I shall have to get Gilbert to try to find out what has become of Perkins, and see if he can throw any light on the mystery. You wouldn't think Perkins would do anything dishonest, would you, Lawrie?"

Westerham felt his palms grow moist, and worked his fingers against them with a panic-stricken movement.

"Perkins? No—no—most respectable old chap," he jerked out.

"So I think. But someone stole that letter and a lot of valuable stones, and Perkins is the only person I can think of who could have done it," explained Nancy. "I want to find them—for Roger. They are not really his, but if he had them, perhaps he would not mind so much about me and Gilbert. I told you I was sorry for him. I expect I am shocking you again, but even though I know it isn't exactly right, it is the only way I can think of to make up for things a bit to him—"

The lift appeared without having been rung for. Seeing them stand there, the lift man stopped and opened the door.

"Good-bye," said Nancy, and got in.

Westerham watched the cage descend, still convulsively working his fingers against his hot, moist palms.

**M**ORETONE had come out of the bedroom and was waiting in the sitting-room. He had helped himself to one of the Westerham's cigars and was smoking furiously when Westerham entered. "I did my best, as, no doubt, you heard," Westerham began embarrassedly, and then Moretone cut him short.

"Yes, I heard," he said grimly. "And, like most listeners, I did not hear much good of myself."

"Out there—by the lift," said Westerham jerkily, "she began to talk to me about those stones." He swallowed. "She thinks Perkins must have stolen them, and she is going to try to find him—to to get them back for you."

"For me?" snapped Moretone, with a piercing glance at Westerham's worried face.

"She said so."

"You didn't let on that you were the thief?" said Moretone cruelly.

Westerham flushed.

"Now look here, Moretone, I object to that," he cried, stung. "They were mine—bought with my money—"

"To hell with that! Are you sure she did not suspect you?"

"Of course not!" Westerham answered, indignantly.

"Thought you were too much of a gentleman to open other people's letters, and pinch—"

"Moretone—stop it!"

"That gets you on the raw, eh, like Nancy got me?" Moretone sneered.

"Oh! so that's what is the matter with you?" exclaimed Westerham.

"You didn't expect me to be pleased, did you, at what I heard her saying to you?" Moretone scoffed.

"I wish you would think what is to be done about this notion of hers about seeing Perkins—"

"Don't want her to bowl you out, eh? Don't worry, Westerham. It won't matter. If she does, you can tell her that I am dealing with you!"

Westerham dropped into a chair. The complete egotist, he had so far been too absorbed in his fear that Nancy would discover his treachery to realise Moretone's state. It dawned upon him now, however, the black, bitter, terrible fury the man was in, and realising that he could do nothing with him till Moretone had cooled down he stayed silent.

Moretone rose and began to walk up and down the room.

The silence began to get on Westerham's nerves.

"I was afraid that any moment you would come bursting out of my bedroom," he remarked.

"Not such a fool." Moretone stopped his restless pacing, and pointed his cigar at him. "You've got to get busy. I have decided on a change of plans."

**H**E put the cigar back in his mouth and blew a cloud of smoke.

"You will have to go down to Gravesend and charter a yacht," he commanded crisply. "There are always several there. One with a good wireless sending and receiving equipment, so that I can keep in touch with you. Every night you will send me the market report on the shares we are interested in, and every morning I will give you instructions, if any are needed."

Westerham stared.

"But—but what's the idea?" he asked.

"Nancy is coming with me, you fool!" Moretone flung his cigar into the grate. "Now, don't say what about the crew? I'll manage the crew! She's my wife, isn't she, and isn't a wife's place with her husband?"

Westerham got up out of his chair.

"Moretone, you are mad!" he cried. "You can't kidnap Nancy like that. You will be caught for a certainty. What about Gilbert? How can you possibly get her on board, let alone keep her there? Be reasonable, man."

"Nancy is going to walk on board of her own accord!" said Moretone. "And then the next thing that will happen is that she will find herself locked in a cabin and the yacht putting to sea. After which she will knuckle down and get used to her husband again. She will have to. And as for Gilbert, he can't do a damned thing once I've got her."

He folded his arms.

"But—but how—" began Westerham.

"How is she to be got to walk on board?" Moretone took him up. "That's where you come in, Westerham—that's what you are going to arrange for me, in the simplest and most natural way in the world."

After dinner that evening, while Gilbert sat in an armchair in front of the fire and Nancy sat on a pouffe close to him, she told him about her visit to Westerham.

"Goof!" said Gilbert, gently pulling one of her ears. "Of course, we are doing the only possible thing. Well, I am glad Westerham helped you to make up your mind. Don't wobble again."

Nancy shook her head.

"I shan't," she said.

Gilbert bent forward and kissed her hair.

Behind those few words was their whole case, all their difficulties and their worries, the alternation of shadow and sun that was now their lot.

**T**HEY sat silent for some moments, staring into the fire.

"I can't believe that Perkins stole those stones—he was always such a dear," Nancy said at last. "Couldn't you get hold of him, and find out—and, if he did, make him give them back? I should like Roger to have them. It is technically wrong, I know, darling, but he has lost—everything. Perhaps the money would make up to him a bit, and he'd go away, and then we could forget."

Gilbert promised to see what could be done.

There was no need to say any more. He understood all that was in her mind. That there should still be a certain amount of pity there for Roger Moretone was entirely natural; the man was so utterly down. In a way, Gilbert pitied him, too. The stones, or their value, were but a drop in the ocean of Moretone's liabilities. Let him have them, or what they had been sold for—and then, perhaps, he would trouble them no more.

"All the same, like you, darling, I can't believe that old Perkins is the culprit," he said.

There was another silence. Then:

"Do you remember how you and Moretone got Perkins?" Gilbert asked.

"I think it was through the Piccadilly Registry Office. We always got our servants from there."

"Good. Then I will begin with them."

Gilbert called at the Registry Office in the morning, and after a little difficulty obtained the information that Owen Wesley Perkins was now butler to Sir Reginald Blayton, in Tite Street, Chelsea.

Feeling that it would be better to see Perkins at his own office rather than at the house of the man's employer, Gilbert wrote to him and asked him to call, if possible, any time on the following afternoon.

Perkins neither came nor sent a card or note to explain his failure to keep the appointment.

Gilbert, who had decided that the fact that the butler was still at work looked as if he were innocent, naturally began to wonder if Perkins' failure to reply meant that he was guilty.

"Find Sir Reginald Blayton's number for me, please," he instructed his secretary, and then rang up the house, intending to ask for the butler, and inquire if Perkins had received his letter, and what he meant to do about it.

But it was a caretaker who answered, with the information that the family were away in the country, and all the servants on holiday. They would not be back until the end of the week, when Sir Reginald was expected to return.

It was very irritating. But life is like that. There was nothing to do but to wait, as Perkins had made no arrangements for his letters to be forwarded, and the caretaker had no idea of his address.

Westerham got into the car that he had hired by Moretone's instructions.

"I want you to call first at Oakleigh, Lissen Avenue, Streatham," he said to the driver, as the man shut the door after him.

"Very good, sir."



The door clicked, the driver got into his seat, and the car moved off, with Westerham's back pressed hard into the cushion behind him.

He hated the job that he was about to do. "Hell! Of course you can do it—and if you don't, or if you make a mess of it, you lose everything," was all the sympathy he had received from Moretone.

Mean, Westerham felt, and treacherously low.

He had already rung up Nancy to inquire if she were free for the afternoon, learned that she was, and told her that he wanted her to do something for him, and was coming to her in a car to tell her about it.

Frowningly he regarded the driver's back, and gradually became more and more absorbed in his old trick of thinking what he wanted to think.

After all, was he doing something that was so very mean? Was it not ridiculous for him to feel so ashamed of himself? Was he not really doing the right thing?

The end justified the means. It was a wife's duty to be with her husband, stand by him through thick or thin. There could be no doubt who was Nancy's husband. And in tricking her into going back to Moretone, and rescuing her from Gilbert Davis, was not he, Westerham, doing something that he ought to feel proud of rather than small about?

He nodded to himself.

Women were very difficult—a wrong-headed, impulsive lot; one had to "manage" them for their own good. Lawrence Westerham, the middle-aged bachelor, told himself. Probably, in the end, when Moretone was a rich man again, Nancy would be very grateful to him for forcing her hand, as he was about to do.

**H**IS eyes brightened. Considerably comforted, he lit a cigarette. By the time the car reached Oakleigh he was almost his usual cheery self.

"Well, Lawrie, what is it that you want such a shocking person as me to do for you?" Nancy inquired, as they shook hands.

"To come and look at a yacht I have chartered," said Westerham.

"What?" exclaimed Nancy, in laughing surprise. "Have you come into a fortune, Lawrie?"

Westerham did not flinch.

"I want a little holiday, and I fancy a yachting cruise," he said evenly. "But I can't quite make up my mind if the boat I have in view is really suitable for me and my friends—"

"I don't know a thing about yachts," Nancy interrupted. "In the old days Roger was always talking about buying one, but he never did."

"Oh! it isn't expert advice I want," explained Westerham. "The boat and the machinery are O.K. It's the interior arrangements that I am doubtful about—the accommodation, the domestic side. As an old bachelor I don't know very much about that, and I thought if I got a woman to run an eye over her—" He let the sentence finish itself.

"I see," said Nancy. "Sounds as if it would be fun. Not thinking of asking me and Gilbert for the cruise, are you?"

"Er—er—no," Westerham answered, with momentary embarrassment.

"Oh! I am not fishing," Nancy laughed. "I was only going to say that Gilbert is so busy that he could not possibly come."

"Yes, that's what I thought," Westerham murmured. "Well, what about it, Nancy?"

"Where is this yacht you want me to look at?"

"Lying off Gravesend. I have a car outside. It won't take us much more than an hour to get there."

**N**ANCY looked at the clock and saw that it was ten minutes past three. She made a swift calculation.

"I ought to be home well before Gilbert arrives," she remarked.

"You'll do that easily," said Westerham, looking away. "Especially if we start at once," he hinted, anxious to get off.

"I won't keep you a minute. By the way, what is the name of the yacht, Lawrie?"

"Seaspray," he answered.

"Nice name," commented Nancy.

She went up to her room to get ready, and while she was busy in front of the mirror a thought struck her. The expedition might take longer than Westerham anticipated. To be on the safe side it would be better to ring up Gilbert. Then he would not worry if she were not in when he arrived home.

There was an extension telephone in the room, and she went to it and rang up Gilbert's office.

Miss Robertson, his secretary, answered.

"It is Mrs. Davis," Nancy explained.

"Oh! good afternoon, Mrs. Davis," responded Miss Robertson. "I am sorry, but Mr. Davis is engaged. I have orders that he is not to be interrupted by anybody, and no calls are to be put through to him till he is free. Shall I give you a ring as soon as his visitor has gone?"

"No, thanks—don't trouble, I can't wait," Nancy answered. "Give him a message, please. Tell him that I rang up to say that I am going to Gravesend with Mr. Westerham to look at Seaspray, a yacht he is thinking of chartering, and if I should be a few minutes late in getting back he is not to fuss about what has become of me."

"Very good, Mrs. Davis. I won't forget."

"Who is it that is with him?" Nancy asked, for naturally she took the greatest interest in Gilbert's "architecting," and imagined that this visitor, who must not be interrupted, must be a very important client.

"A Mr. Perkins is with Mr. Davis," Miss Robertson answered.

"Oh!" exclaimed Nancy. "Well, goodbye. I must fly."

"Now that's very interesting," she thought. So Gilbert had got into touch with Perkins at last! Now she understood why he did not wish to be disturbed.

"I do wonder what he will have to tell me when he comes home to-night," she thought, and then:

"If dear old Perkins opened a letter addressed to me and stole those stones, I'll never believe in anyone again!" she told herself, as she ran down stairs.

"Have I been long?" she smiled at Westerham.

"No. For one of your sex you have been remarkably quick," he replied, somewhat constrainedly. "All ready now?"

Nancy nodded.

"Come along, then."

He took her out to the car. The driver sprang down to open the door, but Westerham waved him away and ushered Nancy in himself. Then he got in beside her.

"Awfully kind of you to come," he murmured, as the car moved off.

So far, good! He had done what he had been told to do. Nancy had been got out of the house without the slightest suspicion having been aroused in her mind. Nobody knew where she was going. It had all gone like clockwork.

"Neither Gilbert nor I have heard any more of Roger," Nancy remarked conversationally, not wishing Westerham to think she was any of the subject.

"No?" He looked out of the window.

"And I still think exactly as I told you I thought the other day, Lawrie. Nothing on earth will ever make me go back to him."

Westerham adged with the window strap.

He did not answer.

In a short while she would be on board the yacht with the husband to whom she vowed she would never go back.

All the details of the plan had been most carefully drilled into him.

A boat would be waiting to take them on board. Moretone would not be visible. Nancy was to be taken below and shown the saloon. Then she was to be led to the biggest, double-bedded stateroom, known as the "owner's cabin."

Directly she was inside Westerham was to slip out and turn the key, which had been placed on the outside of the lock for the purpose. Then he was to go ashore again and Seaspray would put to sea.

**T**HE hour's run to Gravesend was an experience that grew more and more painful to Westerham with every mile the car travelled. Nancy was so friendly and so unsuspecting, and so eager to help him with the slight service of which he had pretended to be in need.

"Will the steward be on board?" she asked, as they sped along.

"I expect so."

"Perhaps you would also like me to have a talk to him about the stores? I suppose you want to do your guests pretty well, Lawrie, and stewards, as a class, haven't much domestic imagination."

"You sound as if you know a great deal about this sort of thing," Westerham murmured.

"I do. I was brought up at Torquay, you know. The solicitor I worked for had a yacht, and through him I got to know lots of yachting people."

"I—I seem to have come to the right shop," said Westerham, lamely.

"I love cruising. I do wish Gilbert and I could have come," Nancy answered.

Characteristically, she had dismissed everything from her mind, but the job in hand, and was throwing herself heart and soul into it.

"This is going to be great fun," she said.

Westerham frowned at the buses, lorries, and trams crowded about them. He wanted to get on, wanted the journey to be over, and the job to be done.

Nancy went on talking about the yachts she had known in those old Torquay days that seemed so far away—and they passed through Bexley Heath.

"Rotten way out of town. All these tramlines," Westerham grumbled.

At Dartford, Nancy lit a cigarette, and Westerham reproached himself for having been so absorbed in his own thoughts that he had not realised what she was doing, and provided her with a match.

Only a few more miles to go—

He leant forward and called to the chauffeur through the speaking tube to put on all the speed he could.

"You're like a child with a new toy, Lawrie," Nancy laughed.

Immediately after she had seen the caller, who had given his name as Mr. Perkins, pass through the outer office, Miss Robertson went in to her employer.

"Mrs. Davis rang up while you were engaged," she reported, and faithfully repeated the message that Nancy had left with her.

Gilbert looked at her with a very odd expression.

He did not say anything, just went on staring at her as if she were not there—looking right through her while he drummed with his fingers on his desk, a thing she had never seen him do before, as if he were playing the piano.

Then the drumming stopped, and he pressed so hard with his fingers that the bones in his knuckles showed whitely through the skin.



Nancy had gone to Gravesend with Westerham to look at a yacht called Seaspray! If Perkins had not just left him, Gilbert would have thought nothing of it. But Perkins had just left him, after a long and very surprising interview.

In the first place, Perkins had completely cleared himself of all suspicion of having had anything to do with the missing precious stones. And in the second place, Owen Wesley Perkins had given Gilbert a series of very unpleasant shocks, as soon as he discovered that Gilbert knew that Moretone was alive.

**M**ORETONE, Perkins explained, had himself seen his old butler, and accused him of being the thief. Then, convinced that Perkins was not, he had accused Westerham, and questioned Perkins very closely about the time that Westerham was alone in the study.

Perkins had scouted the idea that a gentleman like Mr. Westerham could do such a thing, and Moretone had then appealed to him not to give him away, on the ground that if Perkins did, it would break Mrs. Moretone's heart, thus blurring Perkins into the impression that his old master and mistress were already reunited.

But that was not all. Perkins, thinking things over, had come to the conclusion that, incredible though it seemed, Mr. Westerham was the only person who could have opened that letter and made use of the key of Moretone's desk that had been enclosed in it.

It had seemed to him that it was his duty—"for the mistress' sake, sir, you understand—Mrs. Moretone was the one I liked"—to see Mr. Westerham about the matter.

"It was a liberty in some ways, I admit that," Perkins had said, in his grave way. "I should have preferred to put the matter in the hands of the police, but in the circumstances that was out of the question. And yet, at the same time, I could not stand by and see my old mistress robbed, when, as you might say, I had been in charge of the house and the letters."

So Perkins had gone to the flats, and learned that Westerham was out—and while he was waiting about for him, he had seen Westerham and Moretone arrive together.

"After that, I did not trouble Mr. Westerham, sir," he explained. "It was plain that Mr. Moretone himself had the matter in hand. They did not see me, so I slipped away. But I must say that it was a great shock to me to find that a gentleman I had looked up to and respected, as I had Mr. Westerham, could have done such a thing."

"But you don't know that he did it," Gilbert protested. "Just because you saw them together is not proof—"

"Not legal proof, sir. But I felt it in my bones," broke in Perkins solemnly. "Anyway, I could do no more, except hope for the best for the mistress' sake."

That had been Perkins' story, and it had left a very unpleasant taste in Gilbert's mouth. He, too, felt "in his bones" that the butler was right. Suddenly, a great many things about Westerham, and Westerham's manner, had become clear to him. He even remembered that time when Nancy had told him how strangely Westerham had behaved to her, and how sure she was that he had something on his mind—which the present of the cocktail-set had, as it were, obliterated. Westerham's reluctance, too, to face Moretone, when Gilbert had made that plan to drive Moretone out of the country, also pointed the same way, as did a dozen other things when he came to consider them in the new light that Perkins had shed on the situation.

"Yes, Westerham took the stones, and Moretone has bowled him out," Gilbert decided, and was trying to think just

exactly what this meant to him and Nancy, when Miss Robertson appeared with her message.

Instantly the whole complexion of affairs was altered. None of the other points that remained to be considered mattered a scrap. One thing stood out above everything else. A man who had presumably been forced to disgorge fifty thousand pounds was not likely to be chartering a yacht for himself. But Moretone, who wanted to get out of the country—Good heavens! It simply stuck out!

This was Moretone's plan to get away and take Nancy with him! Westerham, because of what he had done, had been bullied and threatened and frightened into leading her into the trap! Nancy was to be lured on board—kidnapped!

Gilbert's face went white, and the eyes that were looking through Miss Robertson glittered with a fierceness that made her wonder if her employer had suddenly gone off his head.

Without speaking, he snatched his hat and his coat, crammed the hat on his head, and hurling himself into the overcoat as he went, rushed out of his office, leaving Miss Robertson gaping.

Like one demented, he tore to the nearest taxi-rank, and ran those fierce eyes over the vehicles waiting to be hired. The attendant tried to put him into the first cab on the rank, but Gilbert brushed him aside. It was too old; only a fast, new taxi would serve his purpose.

"Gravesend—as quick as you can! A fiver if you get me there in time," Gilbert snapped as he got in.

"What time?" asked the driver gruffly.

"Go on, man! Go on!"

**T**HE hired car stopped by the river, and Westerham helped Nancy out.

"Is that Seaspray?" inquired Nancy, pointing to a graceful, white-painted motor-yacht.

Westerham nodded. As arranged, a boat was waiting, manned by a man with Seaspray embroidered on his blue jersey.

"She's lovely," exclaimed Nancy. "Lawrie, you are spending rather a lot aren't you?"

"Oh! I'm getting her pretty cheap."

He handed her into the boat, and Nancy stared at the graceful lines of the yacht all the time they were being rowed out to her.

"I do wish I were going in her," she said enviously.

Without waiting for anyone to help her, she scrambled on board.

Westerham followed nervously. He felt as if his heart were in his boots. A sailor was coiling the capstan; otherwise there was nobody on deck. A big cargo boat in ballast was passing slowly down the river.

"Better come straight down below," said Westerham.

But Nancy was staring at the cargo boat, reading her name, and wondering where she was going.

"Isn't that a cattle-boat?" she asked, as Seaspray rocked violently in her wash.

Westerham coughed impatiently as Nancy began to wander about the deck, admiring the brightly polished brass rails over the skylights, and poking her head into the wheelhouse.

"She really is lovely," she exclaimed. "Lawrie, I'm going greener and greener with envy! One day I shall make Gilbert charter a yacht—he's doing awfully well—perhaps next summer—"

"I want you to see the cabins," Westerham interrupted, desperately anxious to get it over. "This way, Nancy."

She went down the companionway backwards, and smiled up at him as he stood above, waiting to follow her. That smile positively hurt him. His lips were pressed hard together as he began to descend.

"This is the saloon," he said awkwardly. "Terribly nice," Nancy said approvingly. She examined the fittings, the sideboard, the settees, the easy chairs, the clock, the stove, and the cupboards and the decoration scheme of brown and white.

"It's millionairish! You couldn't want for anything better," she cried enthusiastically. "Now let's see the galley and the steward."

"I would like you to see the cabins first," Westerham spoke with the utmost difficulty, for suddenly his lips and throat were parched and dry.

"Very well."

Nancy opened a door for herself.

"Oh! this is the bathroom!" she exclaimed, and went into ecstasies over the silver-plated fittings and the shower.

Westerham flung back another door.

"This is the owner's cabin, Nancy."

He stood back for her to enter first. The key, he observed, was on the outside, as Moretone had told him it would be.

Unsuspectingly, Nancy went right in, and Westerham tautened every nerve in his body.

Now for it!

Nancy turned to make some comment, but what she intended to say he never heard.

Bang went the door, and with trembling fingers he turned the key.

"Lawrie!" an indignant, rather than a frightened, cry came to him through the locked door. "That's not a bit funny." The handle rattled. "Let me out at once!" The handle rattled again. "Lawrie! Do you hear?"

Without answering, Westerham went slowly up on deck.

A head was looking out for him from another hatchway. In a moment Moretone was beside him.

"Well?" he rasped. "All correct?"

Westerham nodded, quite unable to speak. From below there came the sound of someone hammering on a door.

"Good," said Moretone. "Off you go ashore, then." He walked briskly to the hatchway from which he had just appeared and called down it:

"My wife is on board, and all ready. Get the engines started, Skipper."

**A**YE, AYE, sir," a voice below replied to Moretone's order to get the engines started, and Westerham found his tongue again.

"Look here, Moretone, what about the crew?"

"They're all right. Leave them to me." He laughed shortly. "The noise of the engines will drown the noise she is making now, and once we are at sea Nancy will give no further trouble. She will know that it is no good. I'm her husband, and I know how to manage her."

There was a leer in his eyes that made Westerham shudder. And a queer thing happened. Suddenly, he seemed to see again Nancy's face smiling up at him as she went down the companion to the trap he had led her into. His hands, clutching the rail, began to tremble.

"Get on with it. The boat's waiting," said Moretone roughly. "We are going to up-anchor as soon as the man gets back." That hammering sound was still going on down below.

Westerham turned towards the companion-way.

"Here, where are you going?" asked Moretone sharply.

"To open that door and let Nancy out," Westerham answered.

"Rattling, eh?" snarled Moretone, and quickly blocked the way. "Get into that boat," he commanded.



"Not without Nancy," said Westerham. "It is no good, Moretone. I can't let this happen, even if it means utter ruin!" Moretone glared at him, breathing hard through his nostrils.

"It will mean that, all right, if you don't do what I tell you," he said grimly. "What has happened to you, man?"

"I don't know," said Westerham. "I think I have woke up." His tone hardened. "Never mind about me. The point is—this plan is cancelled. Nancy is going back with me—and you can do what you like about it."

Livid with fury, Moretone produced the revolver he always carried in case one day he should be recognised. Never should they put him in prison. That revolver should either make an end of the man who wanted to arrest him, or an end of him—

**H**E pointed it at Westerham, the worm who had turned in this surprising way, and who must be bluffed into obedience.

"Get into that boat—quick!" he snapped. "You can't frighten me with that thing," said Westerham. "You know you dare not use it."

"If you don't get into that boat by the time I count three—"

"Moretone, it is no use, I tell you. I am going to let Nancy out. Stand aside."

"One," said Moretone.

"Do as I say—or I shall shout to the people ashore, and call on the crew—"

"Two," said Moretone.

Sinister and terrifying, he looked—but the tool who had so belatedly found his manhood did not flinch.

Moretone gritted his teeth.

He had no intention of shooting. Even in his rage at the way Westerham had turned on him, he knew that he dared not shoot. But Westerham had to be bluffed into thinking that he would shoot—that was the only way of dealing with him!

"Now then—for the last time—into that boat, or at 'three' you are a dead man!" he cried.

Neither of them noticed that another big vessel had gone down the river—a liner on her way to Bombay.

Determined to put an end to the scene, Westerham sprang forward, to thrust Moretone aside, as the wash reached the yacht. Seaspray rocked violently in the sudden swell—both men staggered as they met, lost their balance for a moment—and the revolver went off.

With a groan, Westerham collapsed on the deck. Bluff had become reality. Moretone's jaw dropped as he stared at the man at his feet. Heavens! what had he done?

He had not meant to fire—He felt the blood leave his face. They would never believe him—and even if they did believe him he would still have to go to prison. He must be found out now—

Startled by the sound of the shot, someone was shouting ashore, and two of the crew had come up from below. Moretone stared at them blankly as they advanced towards him. It was not till they were almost upon him that he realised their intention. They meant to disarm him.

"Stand back," he cried, and raised the revolver threateningly.

They halted, obviously at a loss what to do next. For a second or so all three stared at each other. Then, swiftly, Moretone turned the muzzle to his own temple, and fired.

Horried, the two men started forward. A boat that had been racing out from the shore bumped against the side—and Gilbert sprang on board.

White-faced and tense, he looked at what had to be seen; then a groan from Westerham caused him to kneel beside him.

"Nancy—shut up in the cabin," Westerham faltered. "Sorry, Davis—I've been a most awful cad. Glad you are here—don't know how you—never mind—"

He tried to raise his head.

"I was going to set her free, and Moretone was pointing a gun at me—I don't quite know what happened. It went off—accidentally, I think—and—then I saw him shoot himself. Sorry, Davis—frightfully sorry about everything. Tell Nancy. Frightfully sorry."

His voice died away.

Shakily Gilbert rose. He could hear a noise of someone beating at a door below, and faintly a voice crying out.

"I have signalled for the River Police," said Seaspray's skipper, "and sent a boat ashore for a doctor."

Gilbert realised that the skipper wanted to know who he was, and what he was doing there.

"My wife is on board—they tried to kidnap her," he said tersely.

The skipper stared. But it was not a time to ask or answer questions.

Gilbert went below. His hand shook as he turned the key in the cabin door.

Wild-eyed and trembling in every limb, Nancy stared at him.

"Oh! my dear, my dear, thank God you are not hurt!" she gasped. "I thought he had killed you!"

Gilbert put his arm round her shoulder.

"Steady, sweet, steady," he murmured.

Still trembling, Nancy clung to him.

"I was shut up in here," she gulped. "I saw you come up—out of a porthole."

It was screwed up, and I could not open it, and the glass was too thick to break. And then I heard a shot—two shots—and—Oh! my dear, my dear, thank God you are safe!"

Gilbert shuddered as he realised what she had been through during the last few minutes.

Then he told her what had happened.

**I**T was impossible to hide anything, Gilbert, ever the protective lover, tried, for Nancy's sake, to let the affair go through as a case of accidental murder and suicide. But Roger Moretone was not buried in the name of John Mitcham, which was the name by which he had been known in Seaspray. Inspector Metherington intervened.

Naturally, the affair attracted considerable attention in the newspapers, and it did not take Metherington long to decide that there was something for further investigation on his part. An attempt to kidnap Mrs. Gilbert Davis, who had once been Mrs. Roger Moretone—Lawrence Westerham, whom he had visited several times in connection with the Moretone case, shot by a mysterious John Mitcham, who had then blown out his own brains. Obviously, considering the fact that Roger Moretone's body had never been found in the Channel, this was something that needed looking into.

So Inspector Metherington went down to the mortuary—and the papers had another sensation when it was made public that the dead man had been identified as the financier who was supposed to have been killed by jumping from an aeroplane.

"I am very sorry for you, Mrs. Davis," said Inspector Metherington to Nancy. "But I must do my duty. The best thing you can do is to be perfectly frank with me and tell me everything you can." He looked at Gilbert. "And you, too, Mr. Davis. It is useless for you to try to hush anything up."

He nodded to himself when they had obeyed.

"I always swore I would find out what became of those precious stones," he remarked.

For Gilbert and Nancy it was, of course, all very unpleasant, but there was a silver lining behind the cloud. Roger Moretone was really dead; he could trouble them no more. For a while they were numbed with the horror of what had happened; then they began to think of themselves. The shadow had lifted—love called.

"We had better get married again," said Gilbert.

"I suppose you are sure you want to?" said Nancy.

Gilbert asked her what she meant.

"Well, if you are tired of me, darling, this is your chance to get rid of me," Nancy pointed out.

"That had not occurred to me," said Gilbert. "I must think that over."

He pretended to.

"There's no hurry, if you would like a day or two," said Nancy.

"No. I have made up my mind. I shan't give you the sack," he announced solemnly.

Nancy thanked him.

"The same thing applies to you," he reminded her. "If you feel that you have had enough of me—?"

"Oh! I should like to be married again," said Nancy. "I love weddings. This will be my third."

"Well, that's settled then," said Gilbert. "I'd hate to stand between you and your hobby, honey!"

The words were light, but the feeling was deep.

He kissed her.

"I suppose it had better be a register office?" he said.

"Couldn't it be Bembersham again?" Nancy suggested. "Your father did his bit quite nicely; don't you think he might like to have another shot at making a job of us? He has been terribly kind about everything, and he doesn't like register office marriages."

"There might be rather a fuss with the Bishop," said Gilbert.

"Well, let's go down to your father and ask him, darling. Then, if he wants to, he can wangle the Bishop."

"All right," said Gilbert. "Let's."

**T**HEY went down to Somerset and discussed the matter with Gilbert's father and mother.

"Of course, I should like to have another shot at making a job of you," said the rector, who seemed rather tickled by Nancy's phrase.

He interviewed the Bishop, and the end of the matter was the issue of a special licence for Gilbert and Nancy to be re-married by the Rector of Bembersham.

So, once again, Gilbert and Nancy stood at the altar of the little country church, and, once again, Gilbert's father made them man and wife. Only Gilbert's mother and the verger were present as witnesses, and after the quiet, simple ceremony Gilbert and Nancy went off for a second honeymoon. It was Nancy who insisted on that.

"You owe me a honeymoon—the other one doesn't count," she said naughtily. "It was only a trial run."

But what she really meant was that Gilbert looked so tired and worn out by all the worry he had gone through that it was really necessary for him to have a rest and a holiday—only if she had said so nothing would have induced him to take it!

That night they stood by the sea and looked out over the waters on which the moon was making a silver path.

"Happy?" said Gilbert.

"My dear," said Nancy.

There was a silence. Then:

"Now it really is all over," said Gilbert.

"Now it really has begun," said Nancy.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

Printed and published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd., Macdonell House, 221 Pitt Street, Sydney.